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THE

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A View of the State of Parties in the United States of America; being an Attempt to account for the present Ascendancy of the French or Democratic Party in that Country, in two Letters to a Friend. Edinburgh, Ballantyne. 1812.

IN the message of the President of the United States, communicated to Congress on the 5th November last, Mr. Madison concludes a long string of complaints against Great Britain, with a recommendation that they should assume 'an armour and an attitude demanded by the crisis.' Whether any or all of these complaints are well or ill grounded, one thing at least must be quite obvious to those who have paid any attention to the proceedings of the American government, namely, that, ever since the accession of that stout republican and stern philosopher of the new school, Thomas Jefferson, there has existed a strong disposition on the part of the American executive to quarrel with Great Britain; to seize every occasion of exciting a hostile feeling between two nations, whom their relation to each other in point of origin, of language, and of habits, to say nothing of ommon interest, ought to predispose to amicable intercourse, and mutual good will; and whom it is equally obvious that it is the interest of France to disunite and to array against each other.

Of the origin of this spirit in the American government, we shall say a few words hereafter. At present it will be our business to examine into the truth of the allegations of the President's message, and the object of those menaces held forth in the report of the committee, to whom that part of it relating to foreign affairs was referred. Setting aside some points of minor importance,

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the wrongs complained of by Mr. Madison may, we conceive, be comprehended under the three following heads :

1. The assumption of new principles of blockade, and, on the part of Great Britain, the rigorous execution of certain orders in council, in violation of neutral commerce and neutral rights.

2. The right of search claimed by Great Britain, and the wrongs sustained by America in the execution of it.

3. The impressment of American seamen.

The first point, however, it would seem, embraces the heaviest of their grievances. The member of the senate who brings up the Report of the committee, is stated to say that, in the opinion of the committee, the 'orders in council were of themselves a sufficient cause of war;' that 'British encroachments were such as to demand war, as the only alternative to obtain justice;' and that 'it was the determination of the committee to recommend open war to the utmost energies of the nation.' The report, to be sure, is sufficiently warlike. It states that 'France, availing herself of the proffers made equally to her and her enemy by the non-importation law of May, 1810, announced the repeal, on the 1st of the following November, of the decrees of Berlin and Milan;' and that in consequence thereof, 'it was confidently expected that this act, on the part of France, would have been immediately followed by a revocation on the part of Great Britain of her orders in council;' but that, 'in this reasonable expectation, however, the committee had been disappointed;' and it goes on to say, 'it affords a subject of sincere congratulation to be informed, through the official organs of the government, that those decrees are, so far at least as our rights are concerned, really and practically at an end.' The President, however, in his message, not venturing to go the whole length of this assertion, expresses only a '*hope* that the successive confirmations of the extinction of the French decrees, so far as they violated the neutral commerce of the United States, would have induced the government of Great Britain to repeal her orders in council.'

The 'hope' and the 'expectation' held out by the President and his committee, would have been 'reasonable' enough provided the grounds of them had been true. But Mr. Madison knew perfectly well, and his committee also knew, if they knew any thing of the subject, that during the whole of last summer, French privateers, in the Baltic and Mediterranean, took every American vessel they fell in with, and carried them for condemnation into the ports of Italy, Dantzig, and Copenhagen. He knew that every week American ships and cargoes had suffered *sequestration* in the ports of France, which woeful experience had taught him to consider as pretty nearly the same thing with *confiscation*. Nay, at the very moment

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moment when the committee were making their report, a small squadron of French frigates that had escaped from the Loire, were pillaging and plundering American vessels in the Atlantic. In fact, all America knew that no decree nor proclamation had ever been issued by Buonaparte, announcing the revocation of the Berlin and Milan decrees; and that Mr. Madison had availed himself of a mere conditional communication made to General Armstrong, which, from its nature, must have been nugatory, as the condition was one which no person could expect to be performed. The President, indeed, is compelled to acknowledge that no proof whatever had yet been given by France, of any intention to repair the *other wrongs* done to the United States, 'and particularly to restore the great amount of American property seized and condemned under edicts, which, though not affecting their neutral relations, and therefore not entering into questions between the United States and other belligerents, were nevertheless founded in such unjust principles, that the reparation ought to have been prompt and ample.' This, being only a French aggression, is kindly taken on the part of Mr. Madison: and though he cannot conceal that 'the United States have much reason to be dissatisfied with the rigorous and unexpected restrictions to which their trade with the French dominions has been subjected;' yet, against England only and her 'hostile inflexibility,' he thinks it necessary to recommend to Congress to put the United States into 'an armour, and an attitude demanded by the crisis.'

It may be useful to inquire how the fact really stands between the two belligerents and neutral America, and against which, as the original and principal aggressor, if she really be aggrieved, the hostility of the latter might be expected to be pointed. We have no intention to discuss over again the merits of the various orders in council. The question to be now considered is one of fact rather than argument. The circumstances, in which neutrals are placed by the peculiar character of the present war, are entirely novel. France has done her utmost to extinguish neutrality altogether; that of America has survived only by the intervention of the Atlantic. At an early period of the war, the skill and valour of our seamen had nearly swept from the face of the ocean every ship, whether of war or commerce, belonging to the enemy; but while her colonies in the eastern and the western hemisphere remained in her possession, she continued to enjoy the benefits of a commerce with those colonies without any of its risks, through the channel of neutral America. The French marine, it is true, was, in like manner, nearly driven from the sea in the war which commenced in 1756; and they had recourse then, as now, to the employment of neutrals for supplying their colonies, and bringing back their produce. Our prize courts, however, condemned this new species of neutrality,

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on the principle 'that a neutral has no right to carry on a trade with the colonies of one of the belligerent powers in time of war, in a way that was prohibited by that power in time of peace.' On this principle We acted during that war. The same rule was adopted on the breaking out of the revolutionary war, when the ports of all the colonies of France were thrown open to every neutral flag. The Americans raised a clamour against the rule on the pretence of its having been abandoned during the American war. This, however, was not true: far from being abandoned, it was actually put in practice; and the temporary relaxations it underwent were owing, in the first instance, to the French being able, in a great measure, to carry on their own colonial trade; and, secondly, to their having falsely asserted that they had entirely changed the colonial system and meant to throw open that trade to foreign nations in time of peace. Mr. Madison goes a step beyond this, and asserts that the principle was, for the first time, introduced by the English in the war of 1756; that it has no pretension or title to an *ancient* rule; and that, instead of being an *established* principle, it is well known, he says, that Great Britain is the only nation that has acted upon or otherwise given a sanction to it. One might, in the first place, have expected that the date of the year 1756 would be sufficient to satisfy an American as to the rights of a country which was then his own. But, in the second place, it is to be observed, that the principle and the practice of capturing and condemning neutrals carrying on the colonial trade of a belligerent, were neither introduced *for the first time* in 1756, nor is Great Britain the only nation that has given a sanction to them. In the war of Queen Anne, ending in 1713, the French employed the Dutch to carry on their colonial trade; but five out of the six vessels so employed were captured and condemned by us; yet, neither the French nor the Dutch complained of the practice or the principle, which are, therefore, at least a century old.* The same rule was acted upon, without any relaxation, in 1793. In 1794, it is true, an indulgence was granted, as to American intercourse with the West Indies: and a farther relaxation took place in 1798, allowing the produce of the West India colonies to be brought by neutrals to the ports of this country, or to some port of the neutral country. These spontaneous acts of indulgence, on the part of Great Britain, and the liberal construction put upon his Majesty's order by the prize courts, laid the foundation of the unexampled prosperity of American commerce. The same system of liberality was pursued on the renewal of hostilities in 1803. The commanders of his Majesty's ships of war and privateers were instructed 'not to seize any neutral vessels which

* Appendix to Vol. VI. of Robinson's Admiralty Reports.

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should be found carrying on trade directly between the colonies of the enemy and the neutral country to which the vessel belonged, and laden with property of the inhabitants of such neutral country; provided that such neutral vessel should not be supplying, nor should, on the outer voyage, have supplied, the enemy with any articles contraband of war, and should not be trading with any blockaded ports.'

The able and well informed writer of 'War in Disguise,' has laid open the enormous frauds and abuses to which this indulgence gave rise. It will be sufficient for our purpose to observe, that so far was the rule of 1756 relaxed, that the ports of the United States of America became so many entrepôts for the manufactures and commodities of France, Spain, and Holland, from whence they were re-exported, under the American flag, to their respective colonies; they brought back the produce of those colonies to the ports of America; they re-shipped them for the enemies' ports of Europe, they entered freely all the ports of the United Kingdom, with cargoes brought directly from the hostile colonies; thus, in fact, not only carrying on the whole trade of one of the belligerents, which that belligerent would have carried on in time of peace, but superadding their own and a considerable part of ours. Valuable cargoes of bullion and specie and of spices were nominally purchased by Americans, in the eastern colonies of the enemy, and wafted under the American flag to the real hostile proprietors. One single American house contracted for the whole of the merchandise of the Dutch East India Company at Batavia, amounting to no less a sum than one million seven hundred thousand pounds sterling. The consequence was, that, while not a single merchant ship belonging to the enemy crossed the Atlantic, or doubled the Cape of Good Hope, the produce of the eastern and western worlds sold cheaper in the markets of France and Holland, than in our own.

'We defend our colonies,' says the writer to whom we have alluded, 'at a vast expence; we maintain at a still greater expence, an irresistible navy; we chase the flag of every enemy from every sea; and, at the same moment, the hostile colonies are able, from the superior safety and cheapness of their new-found navigation, to undersell us in the continental markets of Europe.'

Not satisfied with this unexampled state of prosperity, to which the commerce of America had attained, through the munificent concessions made in her favor, she practised still farther on the forbearance of Great Britain, by sending large and numerous cargoes, which might fairly be considered as contraband of war, direct into the ports of France; such, for instance, as 'three and four-inch' deals, spars, iron and other materials employed in fitting out, and

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equipping, that very flotilla, which was avowedly preparing for the invasion of this kingdom. One hundred and fifteen thousand Frenchmen were encamped on the heights of Boulogne, in the highest state of discipline, and commanded by the choicest officers in the French service; one thousand two hundred vessels were ready to transport them to the pillage of the British capital. Yet, because the British government at length thought proper to with-hold its forbearance, and to place the ports of France, between Ostend and Havre de Grace, under strict and rigorous blockade—the Americans thought proper to join in the clamours of France against, what they were pleased to call, our new principles of maritime law, the violation of neutral rights, and blockades ruinous to neutral commerce.

In April, 1806, it was found necessary to declare the ports of Prussia in a state of blockade, in consequence of the king of that country having, in violation of every principle of honour and justice, (since, how severely expiated!) seized upon Hanover and shut the ports of the German sea against the English flag; but this blockade was removed in September following. Yet this just retribution was deemed a fit subject for American interference.

In the same year the government found it expedient to declare the whole coast of France, from the Elbe to Brest, in a state of blockade; but it was explained by Mr. Fox, in a note to Mr. Monroe, 'that such blockade should not extend to prevent neutral ships and vessels laden with goods not being the property of his Majesty's enemies, and not being contraband of war, from approaching the said coasts, and entering into and sailing from the said rivers and ports,' &c. A concession almost exclusively made in favor of America.

These blockades, legitimate in principle, and effectually kept up by an adequate force, were called by Mr. Jefferson '*paper* blockades;' 'an usurpation of maritime jurisdiction;' and he took that opportunity of more than hinting a doubt of our right of search, by asserting the French principle, that 'free ships make free goods.'

The death of an American seaman, by an accidental shot from the Leander, afforded another opportunity of increasing the clamour which Mr. Jefferson had contrived to raise against England. He issued a proclamation, in which he accused Captain Whitby of murder, and interdicted our ships of war from the waters of America. His purpose was completely answered by the violent and inflammatory resolutions that were passed in Congress, and which ended in an act for excluding the manufactures of Great Britain from the ports of the United States, to be carried into effect however at a distant day,

In the meantime, commissioners were appointed to adjust the existing commercial differences between the two governments; Lord Holland

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Holland and Lord Auckland on the one side, and Mr. Monroe and Mr. Pinckney on the other. A treaty was concluded on just and liberal principles of reciprocal benefit, and sent over to America for ratification; which Mr. Jefferson thought fit to refuse, unless this country should consent to admit into it 'new principles of maritime law,' correspondent with those *soon afterwards* declared by the French, and contrary to those long established by the law of nations.

The whole tenour of Mr. Jefferson's administration had excited strong suspicions of a secret understanding between him and France; and these suspicions were considerably strengthened by this rejection, and suggested alteration of the treaty concluded by his authorized minister here, at the very moment of the notification in that country of the Berlin decree. It happened also that this decree was contemporaneous in its operation with the non-intercourse act against England; which, though passed in May, was not to take effect until November. The very language employed by America in her remonstrances and negociations with England, was exactly similar to that made use of by France. Every step she took seemed to confirm the existence of collusion between Mr. Jefferson and Buonaparte.

England however continued to bear the ill humour, and even the menaces of America, not indeed with indifference, but with that calm and dignified moderation which is naturally inspired by consciousness of rectitude combined with consciousness of power.—Even the Berlin decree of the 21st November, 1806, appeared to make no change in her system of legal blockade, as it regarded France, or of concession and relaxation in favor of America. By this decree, the British islands were declared in a state of blockade. All British subjects, found in countries occupied by French troops, were ordered to be seized and made prisoners of war; all British property to be confiscated; all trade in British produce and manufactures was prohibited; and all neutral vessels, which had touched in England or any of her colonies, were made liable to confiscation.

There were, we think, two obvious ways of treating this declaration of war against all commerce, but more particularly against British commerce.—Either to consider it as one of those empty menaces so frequently fulminated against us in those moments of temporary insanity to which the present ruler of the French is subject; and to take no notice of it whatever, at least till it had clearly been ascertained what its operation would be, and to what extent neutral powers would acquiesce in so odious a decree;—or, to make him feel at once the full force of our naval power; to put forth the strength of this mighty arm, and lay waste the whole line of coast

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from Ostend to Bayonne; to keep his armies perpetually on the march to the various points of attack; to spread terror and alarm among the inhabitants; to drive the French fishermen within the mouths of their rivers, and compel their master to supplicate, as Henry IV. of France had done before him, for permission to catch a few soles on the banks in the Channel for his own table. Unfortunately our government did neither. It contented itself with issuing an order in council on the 7th January, 1807, by which, after stating his Majesty's unwillingness to follow the example of his enemies, by proceeding to an extremity so distressing to all nations not engaged in the war, yet urging the necessity he felt to restrain this violence and to retort upon them the evils of their own injustice, it was ordered 'that no vessel shall be permitted to trade from one port to another, both which ports shall belong to, or be in possession of France or her allies, or shall be so far under their control, as that British vessels may not freely trade thereat.'

This feeble effort at retaliation totally failed in restraining the violence of the enemy, while the restrictions it imposed on neutral commerce served as a pretext for a grievance on the part of America In point of fact, America not only evaded the orders, but turned them greatly to her advantage; while the commerce of England became every month more languid and prostrate, till reduced, as justly observed by a member of the House of Commons, 'to a state of suspended animation.'

If America had any ground of complaint on this occasion, it was that only a few days before the issuing of the order in council Mr. Monroe had been told 'that his Majesty's government could not believe that the enemy would ever seriously attempt to enforce such a system; but that if the enemy should carry these threats into execution, and if neutral nations, contrary to all expectation, should acquiesce in such usurpations, his Majesty might probably be compelled, however reluctantly, to retaliate in his just defence, &c.'

The Berlin decree, which had been held by many as 'an empty menace,' was soon discovered by the administration which came into power about April 1807, to bear a very different character; that 'nations in alliance with France, and under her control, were required to give, had given, and did give effect' to that decree. They found that the order of the 7th January issued by their predecessors, 'did not answer the desired purpose either of compelling the enemy to recal those orders, or of inducing neutral nations to interpose with effect to obtain their revocation, but, on the contrary, the same had been recently enforced with increased rigour.' It was therefore ordered, on the 11th November, 1807, that 'all the ports and places of France and her allies, or of any other country at war with his Majesty, and all other ports and places in Europe from which,

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which, although not at war with his Majesty, the British flag is excluded, and places in the colonies, belonging to his Majesty's enemies, shall, from henceforth, be subject to the same restrictions, in point of trade and navigation, (with certain exceptions,) as if the same were actually blockaded by his Majesty's naval forces, in the most strict and rigorous manner.'

As soon as this order in council reached Buonaparte, at Milan, he issued his decree of the 17th December, 1807, by which 'every ship, to whatever nation it may belong, that shall have submitted to be searched by an English ship, or paid any tax to the English government, is declared to be *denationalized*, and to have become British property—that such ships are good and lawful prizes—that every ship, of whatever nation, and whatsoever its cargo may be, sailing from England, or the English colonies, or countries occupied by the English troops, is good and lawful prize—these measures to cease to have effect with respect to those nations who shall have the firmness to compel the English government to respect their flag.

There can be no doubt that these two orders of the belligerents bore hard upon the only remaining neutral. The British orders in council, however, contained many exceptions in her favour; while the decree of Milan was calculated to sweep every ship of hers from the ocean. Not only were the British orders in council modified and mitigated in their original conformation, for the purpose of relaxing, in favour of America, that general prohibition of all trade with the enemy, which a strict retaliation would have justified; but when it was found that some of the relaxations which were intended for this object were more obnoxious to America than the prohibition itself, those relaxations were repealed. It had been permitted to neutrals, by the original orders in council, to trade with the enemy, on condition of previously touching at a British port, and paying a trifling duty. The object of this duty was not to collect revenue for this country, still less to impose a tribute on America, as was vehemently and angrily contended in that country. It was simply a mean of ensuring and registering, with respect to each vessel, the fact of its so touching at an English port.

The principle of the orders in council was this. Our enemy says there shall be no trade with England. We have a right to say in return—there shall be none with our enemy:—and this prohibition, if we had thought fit to adopt it in its full extent, we had the power of enforcing. If the neutral had thus been excluded from all trade whatever, the fault would have been so obviously in the original aggressor, France, that against that original aggressor, the complaints of America must have been directed;—at least, as loudly as against this country. It is a whimsical fact, that Great Britain became exposed

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exposed to that most unequal share of obloquy which has been poured upon her by America, only by having mitigated the strictness of a principle upon which France continued to act without mitigation. And it is really edifying to observe with what ingenuity Mr. Madison has contrived to represent all such relaxations on the part of Great Britain in favour of neutral trade, of the exercise of a right by the strict enforcement of which it must have been crushed and extinguished, as 'badges of humiliation,' as regulations 'violating equally the neutral rights and national sovereignty of America,' as measures not only 'stabbing her interests, but superadding, under the name of indulgencies, a blow at their national independence, and a mockery of their understandings.'

But while all the instructions of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison to their minister in London, teem with violent and opprobrious expressions, those to Mr. Armstrong at Paris are, to be sure, querulous enough, but gentle and supplicatory, without one expression of indignation at the original aggressors and authors of all the ills of which they had to complain. Nay, Mr. Madison finds even an apology for the French decrees; they are 'merely municipal regulations,' not affecting, by their operation, the neutral rights of America. He lent a willing ear to the deception practised upon him by the French minister, 'that the placing of the British islands in a state of blockade made no alteration in the existing French laws concerning maritime captures.' The seizure and confiscation of American ships on the high seas and in the ports of France, made it indeed impossible long to remain deceived: yet even then her minister was instructed to be particularly careful to 'leave the way open for friendly and respectful explanations, if there should be a disposition to offer them.' The burning of their ships at sea Mr. Madison is pleased to designate 'as the most distressing of all the modes by which belligerents exert force contrary to right;' yet provided 'hostility of intention' be disproved, he seems to think that the offence would be wiped off by 'an indemnification to the injured individuals.' And at the very moment that he represents the decree afterwards issued at Bayonne 'as a sweeping stroke at all American vessels on the high seas,' he directs General Armstrong 'to avoid a stile of procedure which might co-operate with the policy of the British government, by stimulating the passions of the French.' The return for this tame and submissive conduct was precisely what might have been foreseen.—So far from 'indemnification being made to injured individuals' for the property *destroyed* by the incendiaries, the plunder *saved* out of the ship, was condemned as good and lawful prize.

But the climax of French rapacity and American endurance was yet to come. A decree was issued at Rambouillet in March, 1810, by

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by which all vessels sailing under the flag of the United States, or owned wholly or in part by any American citizen, which, since the 20th May, 1809, had entered, or which should thereafter enter any of the ports of France or her colonies, or countries occupied by French armies, should be seized. This act was carried into immediate execution; the number of sequestered ships amounted to one hundred and sixty, the value of which was calculated at one hundred millions of franks, 'a sum,' says Mr. Armstrong to Mr. Madison, 'whose magnitude alone renders hopeless all attempts at saving it.' 'If I am right,' he continues, 'in supposing the Emperor has definitively taken his ground, I cannot be wrong in concluding that you will immediately take yours.'

General Armstrong knew very little however of the enduring temper of his government so far as France was concerned. To England its insolence seemed to increase with the increasing aggressions of France. Every adventitious occurrence, every little collision between British and American officers, was laid hold of to enflame the minds of the rabble against Great Britain. In all the discussions on the orders in council, matters wholly irrelevant thereto were artfully introduced to check the progress of negociation. The shot from the Leander, the affair of the Chesapeake, the search of neutral ships, the impressment of American seamen, were all brought forward, and on all occasions. All the papers which are before the public, evince the decided partiality of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison towards France, notwithstanding the robberies and insults they have invariably suffered from that government, which has even gone so far as to stigmatize them as 'men without policy, without honor and without energy, who would rather fight (if they could be brought to fight at all) for interest than for honour.'

At length however Buonaparte thought fit, obviously in the hope of deciding the angry, yet timorous government of America to a war with us, to change his tone towards that country; and he did it with a sudden and impudent consistency truly French. 'His Majesty,' says Champagny, '*loves* the Americans.' A proposal of marriage to a desponding damsel, could not be more acceptable than this declaration of the imperial lover was to Mr. Madison. It was altogether amusing to observe with what eagerness and joy he threw himself into the arms of France; and with what an air of triumph he announced to his subjects the happy tidings of the revocation of the Berlin and Milan decrees. This pretended revocation was to take effect on a future day, the 1st of November, 1810. Without waiting to see whether their operation had actually ceased on that day, and whether there appeared to be any disposition in the French government to redress the *other wrongs* and restore the vast property

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property of which America had been robbed, Mr. Madison sends forth his proclamation on the very next day, the 2d of November, asserting that 'the said edicts *have been* revoked,' and that 'the enemy *ceased* on the first day of that month, to violate the neutral commerce of the United States.' This prophetic annunciation of the President in America of what had been transacted the preceding day in France, this intuitive anticipation, supposed by some to be the effect of sympathy between congenial souls though far separated, was deemed of sufficient authority to be incorporated in the message to Congress. But, alas! Mr. Madison's sympathy deceived him; there was in fact no revocation of the decree. The declaration which the French minister had made to Mr. Armstrong was merely to this effect. 'At present Congress retraces its steps. The act of the 1st of March is revoked*, the ports of America are open to French trade; and France is no longer shut to Americans. Congress in short engages to declare against the belligerent which shall refuse to recognize the rights of neutrals. In this new state of things,' says the French minister to Mr. Armstrong, 'I am authorized to declare to you that the decrees of Berlin and Milan are revoked; and that from the 1st of November they shall cease to be executed, *it being well understood*, that in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their orders in council, and renounce the *new principles of blockade* which they have attempted to establish, or that the United States shall cause their rights to be respected by the British.' Mr. Madison has no occasion to be told what is here meant by the 'rights of neutrals,' and the 'new principles' of blockade. He has Buonaparte's own explanation of the terms. Buonaparte has declared the Berlin decree to be the 'fundamental law of the empire, until England has acknowledged that the rights of war are the same at sea as on land,' that is to say, that merchant ships, enemies as well as neutrals, shall pass unmolested, 'that free ships make free goods, and that no vessel whatever shall be searched; that no place shall be considered as blockaded unless invested by land as well as by sea.' These are the 'invariable principles which' General Armstrong was informed 'have regulated and *will* regulate the conduct of his imperial Majesty in the great question of neutrals.' Can then Mr. Madison be guilty of the egregious folly of supposing, can any of his advocates in this country for a moment suppose, that Great Britain would listen to such insulting and degrading terms, and thus tamely surrender to France that maritime power, which the exertion and valour of her children have established at the expense of so much blood and

* The non-intercourse as far as it regards France.

treasure?

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treasure? Are these the conditions on which we are to seek conciliation with America?

We have little doubt that the tone assumed by America is encouraged by speeches and writings on this side the water. We every day hear the orders in council stigmatized as illegal, impolitic, and equally injurious to ourselves and America. We hear them represented as inconsistent with the municipal laws of the realm; as contrary to the spirit and practice of the constitution; as violating the *great charter*, and as infringing the wholesome provisions of the navigation act. With all deference for the wisdom of our ancestors, we conceive that cases and circumstances may arise and have arisen, of which they could entertain no fore-knowledge, and against which they could make no provision. The measures of an uncontrolled despot, who regards no laws human or divine, can only be effectually opposed by 'retorting on himself the evils of his own injustice.' The *wisdom of our ancestors* was probably as sound and practical in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as in any period of our history; and yet, with the advice of her Privy Council, she took precautions for the security of the kingdom, quite as strong, and certainly as unconstitutional, as our orders in council; for instance, when the Spaniards in 1589, the year after the destruction of their famous armada, were meditating a fresh descent upon England, the queen issued a proclamation, and sent monitory letters to her allies and neutrals, forbidding them to supply the enemy with grain and naval provisions, on penalty of forfeiting ships and goods. Notwithstanding this, the Hans towns fitted out sixty sail of vessels laden with corn and naval stores, 'which passed,' says Camden, 'on the north of Scotland, by the Orcades, Hebrides and Great Western Ocean, on the back side of Ireland, a long and dangerous passage, to avoid being intercepted in the channel by the queen's ships.' The queen's ships however did intercept them, not before a blockaded port, but on the high seas, and they were confiscated as good and lawful prize; yet the Englishmen of that day applauded the *wisdom* of the measures, and acknowledged the care and vigilance of the queen.

The best answer to the charge of the *impolicy* of the orders in council is to look at their practical effects on the commerce of the neutral, the enemy, and on our own. We need no better criterion of the state of American commerce than the receipts of her treasury, because nine-tenths of her revenues are derivable from custom-house duties. Now it appears from the inaugural speech of Mr. Jefferson, delivered in 1805, that the receipts of the preceding year, ending September, 1804, amounted to 11½ millions of dollars. In 1805 the revenues are represented in a flourishing state at 13 millions.

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lions. In 1806 they rose to 15 millions. In 1807 to 16, and in 1808 they were expected to mount up to 18 millions. We have not before us the receipts of 1809 and 1810, but in the latter of those two years Mr. Madison in his message of 1809, prepares Congress for a diminution; not from the pernicious effects of our orders in council, but from 'the suspension of exports, and the consequent decrease of importations,' that is to say, from their own embargo, their non-intercourse and non-importation laws. Yet in spite of the operations of these laws and the orders in council, the trade from England to the United States remained almost in the same state. The amount of our exports to that country in 1807, before the operation of the orders in council, was £7,921,120. In 1810, three years after the operation of the orders, they amounted to £7,813,317. Mr. Madison, after much lamentation of the ruinous effects of the system adopted by the belligerents against the American trade, states the receipts of the year 1811 at 13½ millions. If the receipt of 13 millions in 1805 'fulfilled the expectations' of Mr. Jefferson, we see no ground for the querulous wailings of Mr. Madison in 1811, with half a million more.

We need not go far out of our way to see what the effects have been of the orders in council on the enemy. We have the testimony of Buonaparte's own ministers in the annual Exposé of the state of France, for the privations and distress which are felt by all classes of the community on account of the almost total extinction of foreign commerce. In 1808, when the orders in council were in full operation, the Minister of the Interior is obliged to notice 'the almost absolute cessation of the maritime relations, and the many privations for the French merchants, manufacturers, and consumers.' We need not be told, indeed, that the French merchant, the manufacturer, and the agriculturist, are all reduced to the most ruinous and deplorable condition; that the capital of the first is totally unemployed, his ships rotting in port, and his warehouses empty; that the manufacturer has no vent for his goods, nor the farmer for his produce.—How is it possible to persist in asserting that the blockade of the continent has had no effect on the condition of the enemy, when we hear that his custom-house revenues have fallen from 60 millions of livres in 1807, to 18 millions in 1808, and still farther in 1809 to 11 millions, that is to say, to less than one fifth part of their amount before the orders in council took effect?—when we see this hater of all commerce, employed in calculating how many myriagrams of this article, and killograms of that, will pacify the clamours of the merchant, the mechanic, and the labourer? enacting penal statutes to force the cultivator of the soil to employ his land in endeavouring to raise certain products in a climate ungenial to their growth? to plant beet instead of corn, and

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and cotton, and tobacco, and indigo, where nature never intended them to grow?

The inference to be drawn from the statements advanced by the advocates of America, on this side the Atlantic, is nothing more nor less than this—that all the distresses of our manufacturing towns are entirely owing to the orders in council. The increase of the poor in Liverpool, the decrease in the demand for the pottery ware of Staffordshire, the riots at Nottingham, are all to be ascribed to the orders in council. As we profess nothing more than plain matter of fact dealing, we content ourselves with transcribing the return to an order of the House of Commons of the 16th of May, 1811, for the value of all imports into, and all exports from Great Britain, from 1805 to 1810 inclusive, ordered to be printed 18th February, 1812.

		Official value.	Real value.
Imports in	1805	£30,344,628	£53,582,146
	1806	28,835,907	50,621,707
	1807	28,854,658	53,500,990
	1808	29,629,353	55,718,698
	1809	33,772,409	59,851,352
	1810	41,136,135	74,538,061
Exports -	1805	£34,308,545	£51,109,131
	1806	36,527,184	53,028,881
	1807	34,566,572	50,482,661
	1808	34,554,267	49,969,746
	1809	50,286,900	66,017,712
	1810	45,869,860	62,702,409

This return, in our opinion, speaks sufficiently for itself. The diminution in 1807, and particularly in the exports, was in no degree whatever owing to the orders in council, whose operation had not then taken effect; but is sufficiently explained, as Lord Sheffield observes, by the hostile proceedings of the United States in consequence of the President's violent proclamation, interdicting British ships of war from their ports, and the distrust which such a proceeding occasioned among our merchants here; to the peace of Tilsit, which concluded the disastrous campaign of the North; to the rupture with Denmark; the Russian declaration of war; the declaration of Prussia; the irruption of the French into Portugal—all of which occurred in the course of the year 1807—yet with all these disasters, and the Berlin and Milan decrees to boot, interdicting the introduction of British commerce and manufactures from the shores of the Adriatic to the White Sea, the diminution in the real value of the exports scarcely exceeded £500,000. But we are told that the custom-house books are false and unworthy the least attention; that nobody is interested in their being correct; none responsible

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sponsible for any errors they may contain. Let us then turn to the amount of the customs actually received at the Treasury. The gross amount of those receipts in the five consecutive years was as under, exclusive of the war taxes:—

In the year 1806, - - -	£9,456,255
1807, - - -	9,573,060
1808, - - -	9,214,131
1809, - - -	10,532,989
1810, - - -	10,773,869

So that the calamitous year of 1807 occasioned in the receipts of the customs of 1808 a diminution only of £358,929, while in the two following years an increase of more than a million each year took place.

We mean not to assert that the extraordinary increase of the value of imports and exports in the years 1809 and 1810 was owing to the orders in council; but we think that we shall be borne out in assuming that the orders in council have at least had no tendency to ruin our commerce or distress our manufacturers. That our manufacturers suffer distress is deeply to be lamented; but those who lead them to suppose that their distress arises from the orders in council grossly deceive them. So long as Buonaparte decrees that British produce and British manufactures, 'wheresoever found and to whomsoever belonging,' shall be seized and confiscated, it would answer no good purpose to ourselves to revoke our Orders and remove every restriction. The orders in council might be right or wrong in point of belligerent policy; they might be right or wrong in point of inter-national justice: but it is utterly absurd, it is mere perverseness to contend that our passive acquiescence under the blockade decreed against our trade and manufactures would have been less injurious to them than even an imperfect, or otherwise questionable measure of retaliation.

Among other evils attributed to the orders in council, is the mass of fraud, forgery, and perjury connected with the licence trade. On the subject of that trade we have had occasion, in a former number, to deliver a free opinion: and we must here repeat the objection we then stated to the filiation by which that trade is represented as the offspring of the orders in council. They have no necessary connection with each other. The licence trade may exist, and has existed, and does exist, wholly independent of those orders. The fraud and perjury with which it is accompanied existed in as great a degree or perhaps greater before the birth of these calumniated orders, and among the same class of men to which we believe it is still principally confined, then known by the name of 'neutralizing agents,' or as an indignant American calls them, 'Nonation

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nation scoundrels.' It is now principally carried on in the Baltic, where the orders have no operation.—Wherever it co-exists with the orders in council, it is not as a consequence of them; but in derogation to them. It complicates the process, obscures the principle, and brings into doubt the justice of the original orders: while it shares, in common with the other relaxations of those orders, and we think more justly than any of them, the fate of being thanklessly accepted by those for whose benefit it is professedly intended. If no relaxation had taken place in the orders in council of November, 1807, and no licences whatever had been granted, the effect of the naval power of Great Britain would have been felt by the enemy more severely, and might even have given a different turn to the war. We cannot but regret that the experiment was not tried upon the northern powers, by hermetically sealing the Baltic, and not suffering a single vessel of any description to pass or repass the Sleeve, which could effectually be done by a small squadron of frigates. A single season of such complete exclusion, would have brought Russia and Sweden to sue for our alliance; whereas, by the licence system, they have enjoyed all the advantages of carrying on, without restriction and without risk, a trade which to us has been a trade of mere necessity, discouraging to the increase of British shipping and to the growth of British seamen. Had the orders in council been rigidly carried into execution, had the licence system never existed, and had America, instead of thwarting, seconded the views of Great Britain, we believe indeed that 'the evils of his own injustice' would have been retorted on the enemy; and that neutral commerce would long ere this have been restored to its ancient footing.

2. We now proceed to the right of search. Grotius, Puffendorff, Vattel, and others, on whose opinions the practice of all the foreign courts of Europe has been founded, condemn, as lawful prize, any neutral ship resisting search, on the ground that such resistance alone affords a presumption of her being employed in an unfair trade. If a neutral were permitted to supply one of the belligerents with the means of carrying on the war, he would become to all intents and purposes a party in that war, and could have no just ground of complaint if treated as an enemy by the other party. But the fact of merchant vessels carrying articles contraband of war, can only be ascertained by visiting them. The inconvenience arising to any vessel, so searched, is no more than a momentary detention on her voyage; it extends only to an inspection of her papers, unless strong suspicions of fraud should appear.

The right of search for seamen is precisely of the same nature as that for goods contraband of war. It is an instruction, as ancient as the navy itself, to the commanders of his Majesty's ships, to

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search foreign vessels for English seamen, and to compel their masters to deliver them up, and to pay them their wages. Similar instructions have at all times been given by the French to the commanders of their ships of war. The practice is perfectly conformable to the law of nations. Every sovereign has a right to the services of his subjects; but if, on the breaking out of a war, these subjects avoid his service, by running on board neutral vessels, which perhaps may be employed in aiding the enemy, the right would be a dead letter if the power were denied of visiting neutral vessels, and taking them out wherever found. This right is, and always has been, thus exercised by Great Britain. Every commander of a ship of war is instructed,

'When he meets with any foreign ship or vessel, to send a lieutenant to inquire whether there may be on board of her any seamen who are subjects of his Majesty, and if there be, he is to demand them, provided it does not distress the ship; he is to demand their wages up to the day; but he is to do this without detaining the vessel longer than shall be necessary, or offering any violence to, or in any way ill-treating, the master or his crew.'

It is hardly necessary to observe, that, in the present day, merchant vessels only are intended by that instruction. It is distinctly pointed out, not only by whom, but in what manner, the search is to be made. If it be done by any officer below the rank of a lieutenant—if it be done in a violent and unbecoming manner—if the vessel searched be detained longer than necessary—or if, by the removal even of his Majesty's subjects, she be distressed, the commander of the king's ship is guilty of a breach of his instructions, and becomes responsible for any ill consequences that may befal the neutral. The American government, of all others, has the least reason to complain of any tardiness, on the part of that of Great Britain, to punish offenders in this way, or to render ample justice to the injured party. We need scarcely remind it of the immediate removal of Captain Bradley from the command of the Cambrian, for impressing, which he had a right to do, some English seamen from an English ship, but lying within an American harbour, before the President of the United States had time even to prefer a complaint—of the trial of Captain Whitby, by court-martial, for the murder of an American seaman, killed by an accidental shot from the Leander—or of the removal of Admiral Berkeley from his command, upon his own statement of the affair of the Chesapeake, and before any complaint from America reached England.

Before the disavowal of the British government had reached America, it might be possible for the American government to suppose that the act of Admiral Berkeley was authorized by his instructions; and consequently that it was intended by Great Britain

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to set up a 'new claim,' or rather (properly speaking) to revive our old claim to search ships of war. But that disavowal was founded on the very ground that such a claim was not intended to be set up; and was expressly recorded in a solemn proclamation issued by his Majesty within a few weeks after the affair of the Chesapeake was known in this country, containing instructions for the exercise of the right of search, from which ships of war were specifically exempted.

After so plain and anxious an exposition of the principles maintained by the British government on this subject, it might have been hoped, that the imputation of intending to act upon the 'new claim,' as it is called, would be silenced. But as not only the French, as might be expected, still maintain this assertion; it has also been argued upon here, by writers who are in the habit of finding most things wrong in the conduct of their own government, it may not be amiss to say a few words on the history of the claim in question; which, as we have already stated, so far from being a new claim now advanced, is a very old one, long since abandoned. In the instructions given by the Earl of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral of England, to Sir John Pennington, dated the 4th April, 1640, is to be found the following article.

'As you meet with any *men of war*, merchants, or other ships or vessels belonging to any foreign prince or state, either at sea, or in any road or other place, where you or any of his Majesty's fleet shall happen to come, you are to send to see whether there be any of his Majesty's subjects on board them; and if any seamen, gunners, pilots, or mariners (either English, Scotch or Irish) shall be found on board any of them, you are not only to cause such of his Majesty's subjects to be taken forth, committed, or disposed on board, or otherwise, in such sort, as they be forthcoming, and answer their contempt of his Majesty's proclamation in that kind; but also friendly to admonish the captain, and other principal commanders and officers in such foreign ships and vessels, that they do not receive nor entertain on board any of their ships, no more of his Majesty's subjects, that his Majesty may have no cause to resent it at their hands, &c.'

This instruction, so far from being grounded on 'a new claim,' even at that time, had invariably been acted upon, not in *two cases* only, and no more, as the writers above alluded to assert, but in twenty others. We shall content ourselves with *three*:—The first is, that of Sir Thomas Allen, who, in 1667, took several British seamen from three French men of war in the Channel, commanded by Monsieur de la Roche.

The second case is that of Captain Jenifer, of the Saudadoes, who, in consequence of four Englishmen on board the Dutch admiral's ship, (which, with two or three more men of war of that nation, were lying in the Downs,) having written to pray that he

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would demand them, took them, on being refused, by force. This occurred in the year 1676.

In 1687, a Dutch man of war, coming into the Downs, was visited by the English guard-ship, and four Scotchmen and a boy taken out of her. The Dutch ambassador to the court of London complained of this in a memorial, which he addressed to the secretary of state. The memorial was referred to Sir Richard Raines, then judge of the Admiralty Court, who 'argued the point' in a very able manner. He defended the principle on the natural right which sovereigns have to the services of their subjects, and on the practice which had been followed in all ages. He contended that 'his Majesty having this right, must be allowed to have the liberty of means effectual to this end, which means are, to compel his subjects to do their duty, otherwise the right is vain and so are the means, if they must be used only by words and proclamations.' The memorial complained that this practice might be inconvenient to foreign ships in time of danger and stress of weather.—'As if his Majesty,' says the learned judge, 'should omit his own present right and interest, in regard of some future contingent inconveniences, which may, by the wind and the weather, happen to some foreign ships, and should provide against their dangers, but not his own.' The memorial goes on to allege that the practice would deprive foreign ships of their men, and hinder merchant ships in their voyages, and men of war in their expeditions—'As if his Majesty,' observes the judge, 'must be deprived of the use of his own subjects, for his own expeditions, that foreigners may make use of them in theirs;'—and he concludes, 'I do, with all humble submission, think, that a grant of what is prayed in the memorial would make the sovereign right of no effect, and at one blow destroy all the precedents and continued practices, by which hitherto it has been exercised and confirmed.'

The complaints of the Dutch of our unfriendly treatment of them, in visiting ships of war, in search of English seamen, had indeed induced King Charles II. to bring the matter under serious consideration. In 1677 it was discussed at the Board of Admiralty, at which the king, as was not unusual in those days, presided in person. The standing instructions being read, and the first point, regarding the search of foreign ships of war for English subjects, and the demanding and taking them out, being submitted, it was resolved—'*It is our right, and to be continued.*' It appears, however, from the Pepysian Papers, ultimately to have been settled that, although the practice was too ancient, as well as justified by the king's natural rights, to make any variation in the instruction, with respect to the demanding them from foreigners, yet it was judged advisable to leave out the clause which compels the master to pay them their wages,

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wages, as being unreasonable on many accounts; and though the article of examining foreigners was to continue in the public instructions, yet Mr. Pepys was directed to draw out a private article, instructing our commanders to be discreet in the execution of it to foreign merchantmen; and as to men of war, only to make use of such fair means as they could, without any force; to inform themselves of the number and names of his Majesty's subjects on board them, and, if refused to deliver them up on a fair demand, to report the matter to the Admiralty, in order that the king may demand them together with satisfaction for their detention. (*Pepys' MS. Collection.*) We are not aware that any instructions subsequent to the reign of Charles II. authorized the searching of men of war, nor do we know of a single instance of the kind having occurred since that of 1687, till the affair of the Chesapeake.

The conduct of Admiral Berkeley in this business was, as we have stated, wholly disapproved by his government, and he was immediately removed from his command. 'For this unauthorized act of force, committed against an American ship of war, his Majesty did not hesitate to offer immediate and *spontaneous* reparation.' In the mean time Mr. Jefferson, instead of waiting the result of his representations to the British government, issued a violent proclamation, calculated to irritate the minds of the American people against the English;—and interdicting the waters of America to all British ships of war: an interdiction which was itself a measure of hostility, forasmuch as the ships of war of the French, the other belligerent, were at that time, in full enjoyment of the shelter and convenience of the American harbours. Even after the voluntary offer of reparation, twice repeated, to the utmost possible extent of the injury, with the single proviso that this hostile proclamation of Mr. Jefferson should be recalled, it was not till a few months ago that the petulant and perverse humour of the American government would accept the reparation; and not even then without an insulting and offensive observation from Mr. Robert Smith, who is charged by the President to say, that 'while he forbears to insist on any farther punishment of the offending officer, he is not the less sensible of the justice and utility of such an example, nor the less persuaded that it would best comport with what is due from his Britannic Majesty to his own honour.' There is something so ludicrous in Mr. Madison's instructing his secretary to convey lessons of honour to his Britannic Majesty, that we feel anything but indignation at the intended insult.

We are at a loss to discover what could have prevailed on Mr. Madison to insert in his message any notice of the affair of the Lille Belt, in the shape of a complaint, since his own officers have proved, by their evidence, that Commodore Rodgers was the aggressor.—

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It is proved that Commodore Rodgers bore down on the Lille Belt; it is proved that he endeavoured to place his ship in a position for raking the Lille Belt; it is proved that Captain Bingham wore three times to avoid the President's taking this advantage. Commodore Rodgers avows that he 'took a position to windward on the same tack, within short speaking distance,' and that '*the chace* appeared, from his manœuvres, anxious to prevent it.' The aggression then is on the part of Commodore Rodgers. But which of the two fired the first shot? If we consider the difference of force, we must set down Captain Bingham as a madman, before we can consent to allow the Lille Belt to have given the first shot. The minutes of a court of inquiry, held at Halifax, prove the President to have fired first; the minutes of the American court-martial prove the Lille Belt to have fired first. Hence the *quantity* of proof is pretty nearly equal; as to the *quality* of the evidence, we shall not make one single observation. But there were two seamen on board the President at the time of the aggression, who have voluntarily made oath as follows. *William Burkett*, an Englishman, sworn at Deptford, deposes that the President fired the first gun by accident; that he turned round to acquaint the lieutenant with this circumstance, but that, before he could do it, the whole broadside of the President was discharged; and that immediately after, a general order was given to 'fire away as quick as possible.' *John Russell*, an American, sworn at Bristol, deposes that he was on board the President at the time of the action; that the first gun was fired by accident from the President: that the guns had locks, and were all cocked; that, after the action, he was informed by the men in the waist, that a man had been entangled with the lanyard of the locks, which occasioned the gun to go off. But we really do not think it worth an argument who fired first; the true question is, who chaced? who took an hostile position? who placed the ships in that situation in which even the accidental firing of a gun, must inevitably produce decided warfare? who came down with his ship cleared for action,—the crew at their quarters,—guns double-shotted, matches lighted? The neutral! He who had not an enemy on the seas, makes a display of all this 'pomp and circumstance of war,' and then complains of the hostility of those who had used all their endeavours to avoid his *double-shotted neutrality*. If to all these circumstances we add the important consideration that Captain Bingham was directed, by Admiral Sawyer's instructions, 'to be particularly careful not to give any just cause of offence to the government or subjects of the United States of America;' and that Mr. Madison has thought fit to conceal the orders under which Commodore Rodgers chaced the Lille Belt, we think it is pretty clear, that the wisest policy of the American govern-

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government would have been to have wrapped up the conduct of their Commodore in profound obscurity, and covered, with the veil of discretion, this uncalled for effusion of American valour.

England has voluntarily and distinctly disclaimed the practice of searching ships of war. Not content with this concession, the United States set up the pretension that 'free ships make free goods,' and 'claim the right to use the ocean as the common and acknowledged highway of nations.'

This claim, we presume, is put forward either to deny the 'right of search' of merchant vessels, or to provoke a discussion of the English title to the dominion and sovereignty of the seas. It will not be our misfortune, we sincerely hope, to see the day when the former shall be abandoned. As to the latter, we are of opinion that the pretensions to this right, set up by Selden and others, went no farther than that right which conquest, and an uninterrupted superiority of naval power, had achieved, and which had obtained the sanction of most of the nations of Europe.

Great Britain never pretended to any legal and possessory right, to the exclusion of others. The first idea of sea dominion seems to have been taken from the ordination of the laws of Oleron, which were promulgated from that island by Richard I. on his return from the Holy Wars, obeyed by all seafaring people in the western parts of the world, and made the common standard of right and wrong in the maritime law of nations. It must, however, be observed that Richard was Duke of Aquitain and Normandy, and, in right of the latter, lord on both sides the English Channel; for which reason a code of laws was necessary to regulate the intercourse between his English and French subjects and those of his allies, and for the more speedy and impartial determination of all controversies which might occasionally arise. The laws of Oleron are but, in fact, a transcript of the old Rhodian laws to which all the surrounding nations conformed; and the adoption of them in England infers no more a sea dominion, than it conferred on the Romans the sovereignty of the Mediterranean, for conforming themselves, in their maritime affairs, to the laws of the little republic of Rhodes. The ordinance at Hastings, made by King John in the second year of his reign, ordered all ships laden or empty, 'to strike their sails at the command of the King's governor or admiral, or his lieutenant.' King John, being in possession of Normandy, was lord of both shores; and it has never been disputed that he is lord of the intermediate river who is lord of both banks. This, therefore, was nothing more than a mere municipal regulation for merchant vessels, and implied nothing whatever of sovereignty.

The right of the flag was demanded from all nations in the British seas, from a very early period of our naval history.

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Philip II. of Spain was shot at by the Lord Admiral of England, for wearing his flag in the narrow seas, when he came over to marry Queen Mary.

Sir William Monson says, that, in 1605, he met with a Dutch admiral in Dover roads, and made him not only strike his flag, but keep it in all the while he was in company.

In the Earl of Northumberland's first voyage to sea, the Happy Return, meeting the Spanish fleet, consisting of 26 sail, between Calais and Dunkirk, made them strike on their own coasts.

In 1647, a fleet of Swedish men of war, and ten merchantmen, bound for Constantinople, refusing to strike to some of our men of war off the Isle of Wight, an engagement ensued, and they were all brought into the Downs, but soon released.

In 1672, the Count D'Etrées, vice-admiral of France, joining the Duke of York, with a squadron of 34 men of war, saluted him with 13 guns, and struck his flag.

In 1663, Sir R. Holmes, going down the Swin, in the Charles, met the King of Denmark's brother coming into the river with his flag flying, and suffered him to go by without striking, for which he was sent to the Tower.

In 1675, Captain Joseph Harris, commander of the Quaker ketch, having struck his topsail to a Spanish man of war, in the bay of Biscay, was tried at a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot to death; and he was accordingly brought upon deck, and men stood ready with their muskets to shoot him; but was pardoned, under the great seal, in consideration of his former good services, and known proofs of courage.

King Charles II. in his declaration of war against the Dutch in 1671, observes, 'The right of the flag is so ancient, that it was one of the first prerogatives of our royal predecessors, and ought to be the last from which this kingdom should ever depart, &c.—Ungrateful insolence! that *they* should contend with us about the dominion of those seas, who, even in the reign of our royal father, thought it an obligation to be permitted to fish in them!' And King William's declaration of war against France, in 1689, has these words: 'The right of the flag, inherent in the crown of England, has been disputed by his (Louis's) orders, in violation of our sovereignty in the narrow seas, which, in all ages, has been asserted by our predecessors, and which we are resolved to maintain for the honour of our crown, and of the English nation.'

In the general printed instructions to the commanders of ships of war, issued by order in council of 1734, and continued down to 1806, the article runs thus:

'When any of his Majesty's ships shall meet with any ship or ships belonging to any foreign prince or state, within his Majesty's seas, (which extend

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extend to Cape Finisterre,) it is expected that the said foreign ships do strike their topsail and take in their flag, in acknowledgment of his Majesty's sovereignty in those seas; and if any shall refuse, or offer to resist, it is enjoined to all flag officers and commanders to use their utmost endeavours to compel them thereto, and not suffer any dishonour to be done to his Majesty."

But the right of the flag, as well as that of searching ships of war, has been abandoned. When the glorious victory of Trafalgar had swept every hostile fleet from the ocean, the new general printed instructions, issued immediately after that battle, dropt the article respecting the flag altogether. How far this concession of a right so highly prised by our ancestors, was wise or politic, we will not trust our feelings to argue. But it is, at least, a refutation of the charge so frequently brought against us of being 'the tyrants of the sea.' Possibly, indeed, it is not our injustice, but our too great concession and moderation which has produced or encouraged these captious complaints. Had England maintained the state of her naval throne, America would never have dared to refuse obeysance and reverence to her power.

The modern Charlemagne, however, talks of 'restoring the liberty of the seas.' A specimen of what that liberty would be, were the French flag triumphant, the Americans have already had in the destruction of their merchant vessels by French incendiaries. Let Mr. Jefferson himself furnish the description. Speaking of French armed vessels, (but concealing the name,) some with, some without, and others with illegal, commissions, 'they have captured,' says he, 'at the very entrance of our harbours, as well as upon the high seas, not only the vessels of our friends, coming to trade with us, but our own also: they have carried them off under pretence of legal adjudication; but not daring to approach a court of justice, they have plundered and sunk them by the way, in obscure places, where no evidence could arise against them, maltreated the crews, and abandoned them in boats in the open sea, or on desert shores, without food or covering.'* Yet it is by these people that America expects her 'maritime rights' to be respected; these are the apostles of the liberty of the seas.

3. The impressment of American seamen furnishes an inexhaustible topic of appeal to the passions of the multitude. In the last message, Mr. Madison adverts to it only in a general way among those other wrongs 'of which America has to complain;' but the committee make ample amends for the President's silence.

'While we are laying before you the just complaints of our merchants against the plunder of their ships and cargoes, (by the French, let it be observed, though designed as a charge against England,) we

* Jefferson's message to Congress, in December, 1805.

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cannot refrain from presenting to the justice and humanity of our own country, the unhappy case of our impressed seamen. Although the groans of these victims of barbarity for the loss of (what should be dearer to the Americans than life) their liberty; although the cries of their wives and children, in the privation of protectors and parents, have of late been drowned in the louder clamours at the loss of property, yet is the practice of forcing our mariners into the British navy, in violation of the rights of our flag, carried on with unabated rigour and severity.'

Bold and often repeated clamours, however groundless, seldom fail in making their impression; and as this is a subject that must ever be a source of irritation, we have taken some pains to ascertain the true state of the case, from which we think it will appear that the *Americans* are not the aggrieved party.

We presume it will not be denied that the king has a right to the services of every British seaman; that all British-born subjects owe him allegiance, which they cannot shake off, but which follows them wherever they go; and that no *rights* of citizenship conferred on them by a foreign sovereign can exempt them from the *duties* which they owe to their own. Those duties they are called upon to perform by the king's proclamation, during war. The officers of the navy are directed, by their instructions, to search for such British seamen in foreign merchant vessels, and to take them out whenever found. By the same instructions his Majesty's officers are forbidden to impress foreigners, who are in fact protected by act of parliament; as well as by the law of nations. There is no difficulty whatever in discriminating British seamen from all foreigners, except Americans. The American tonnage has more than doubled itself within the last ten years. This vast increase of tonnage not only affords employment for British merchant seamen, but encourages desertion from the British navy. In such a state of things, it would be madness to forego the only means of reclaiming to the service of the sovereign the multitude of British seamen, whom not any unnatural preference for a foreign service over that of their own country, but accidental circumstances, the love of novelty and change, and temptations held out to them of superior advantages (held out, but never fulfilled) have seduced into the American mercantile navy.

Where similarity of language and external appearance produce so great a difficulty in discrimination, it would be idle to pretend that no mistake is ever committed; but a very slight consideration is sufficient to shew that for one wrongful assertion of the claim, there are and must be a thousand cases in which our just claims are eluded.

An act of Congress, entitled 'An Act for the Relief and Protection of American Seamen,' passed no doubt for the purposes which it

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it professes, requires that every vessel leaving the several ports of the United States, should be furnished with a 'certified list' of the crew, to be granted by the collectors of the customs, on the oaths of the masters of the respective vessels to whom it is given; describing the persons, place of birth, and residence of the individuals composing the crew. It is fair to presume that a seaman found on board an American vessel, and not entered on the 'certified list' is not an American citizen. In such a case, therefore, it is usual for our officers to reclaim him. But his name being on the list is no proof whatever that he is an American: the master only swears 'to the best of his knowledge,' or 'as far as he has been able to discover,' that A. B. is a citizen of the United States; and where it is his interest not to know or not to discover, it cannot be supposed he will take much pains to undeceive himself. But the 'act of Congress' farther provides, 'that the collector of every district shall keep a book or books, in which, at the request of any seaman, being a citizen of the United States of America, and producing proof of his citizenship, authenticated *in the manner hereinafter directed*, he shall enter the name of such seaman and shall deliver to him a certificate,' &c. But by some strange omission, the '*manner hereinafter directed*' is not directed or described at all, nor is there any farther mention made about *proof*. The consequence of which is, that those 'collectors certificates' are profusely issued without any proof at all.

Two examples, out of two thousand that we could give, will be sufficient to shew with what ease these 'certificates' are fraudulently obtained. The first is that of an English seaman who had protected himself ten years from the impress by a 'collector's certificate' obtained in the following manner.

'Henry Donaldson maketh oath and saith, that he procured a protection of Joshua Sands, collector of New York, on the 15th of December, 1800, then assuming the name of Henry Kent, which he obtained on the affidavit of a woman who swore for several other Englishmen on the same day; that an objection was made at the time by some person in the custom-house to the validity of this woman's oath, *she having sworn to so many in so short a time*; but that the collector said, as the woman had sworn to them, he must sign them. He says the woman was charged with having sworn to some hundreds in a short time. Sworn at Liverpool, 17th of May, 1810, before me,

(Signed) *Thomas Golightly, Mayor.*'

Another man, impressed at Liverpool at the same time, carried about with him a 'certificate' of birth, &c. signed by Mr. Graaf, deputy collector of Philadelphia, which he obtained by giving an old man four dollars for swearing 'that he knew his father and mother, &c.' the man had neither father nor mother, as described in the affidavit, and had never been in America before.

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But the evil extends still farther. It is not even necessary to go to America to procure these 'certificates;' they are to be purchased at most of the sea ports of the United Kingdom. The crews of American vessels are not only entered on the 'certified list,' but are also furnished with these individual protections; frequently in duplicate, and even triplicate; they are offered for sale to British seamen; the age and description are altered and erased to suit those of the purchaser; a ceremony however, which is not always observed, as it is by no means uncommon for a man with blue eyes and sandy hair, to carry about with him a 'collector's certificate' describing a mulatto.

If to the vast number of protections thus issued from the American custom-houses, with so little caution and without any proof, be added the numerous forgeries of this kind of document, and the protections that are granted by the American consuls and vice-consuls, and notaries public, it is not surprizing that English seamen, in the disguise of Americans, should be met with in almost every English vessel that navigates the ocean.

We have partly the means of ascertaining the extent of the injury sustained by Great Britain from the profuse supply of documents we have been describing. We have seen a 'collector's certificate' of Philadelphia bearing a number above 20,000, and one of New York exceeding 12,000, of Boston above 8,000. We should underrate the other ports collectively at 40,000 more; and taking into the account the forged certificates, the duplicates and triplicates, the certificates of consuls and notaries, we are certainly within bounds in estimating the outstanding number of 'protected' American seamen at 100,000. What proportion of these may be real American *native* seamen, or born of American settlers, it would be difficult to determine. The whole tonnage of Great Britain in the merchant and transport service employs about 120,000 men. To allow to America one-third of this number would probably be allowing her too much; but to keep within bounds, we will admit it to be one-half: there would still remain 40,000 British seamen navigating merchant ships of our own and neutrals, under cover of American protections.

It appears from a correspondence that took place between Mr. Monroe and the Secretary of State in 1804, that about one-fourth part of those seamen, whose discharge from the British navy had been applied for by the consul at various times, had produced satisfactory proofs of American citizenship; the remaining three-fourths were really British seamen. Taking the number of nominal Americans serving in the navy at 4,000, which we understand is beyond the calculation, we cannot on these data reckon the number of Americans serving in the British navy at more than 1,000.

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If this statement be correct we are injured in a forty-fold proportion to America, by the effect of the 'Act of Congress for the relief and protection of American seamen.' It would be little short of madness then, we repeat, and an act of political suicide, to give up our right of search for British seamen, and to admit the American flag to protect all those sailing under it. We have heard indeed that it has been more than once suggested, by the American government, that some compromise or modification of the exercise of this right might be devised, which should equally with the actual search itself, secure the object of retaining to Great Britain the services of all her seamen. If the American government has any such arrangement to propose, there will of course be no indisposition on the part of this country to examine it. But we cannot forbear to express our extreme apprehension that the substitution of any other less simple mode of enforcing this undoubted right would be found to multiply the opportunities of evading it. We protest against any scheme of paper security, any accumulation of certificates and of oaths, of which we have but too much already. And seeing no other that has been, or (as far as we know) can be devised,—we content ourselves with observing on this proposal of the American government, that it clearly, unequivocally, and in a manner more satisfactory than a direct and naked acquiescence, admits the legality of the right, and the necessity of the practice for which it offers a substitution. Against this right, therefore, surely America will not go to war.

What then can be her motive for assuming her present hostile attitude towards Great Britain? It cannot be the wantonness of wealth, since their Secretary of the Treasury tells them that the state of their finances is not even equal to the peace establishment. Mr. Jefferson, in a message to Congress in 1805, observed;—'It may be the pleasure and pride of an American to ask, what farmer, what mechanic, what labourer, ever sees a tax-gatherer of the United States?' We leave to Mr. Gallatin the *pleasure and pride* of answering the 'American's' question.

Can it be the love of conquest? This is a very natural object for a great military power: but for a power whose army is yet a project on paper, it seems *prima facie* not a very intelligible one. We learn, however, from the gentleman who brought up the report of their Committee, that they will take Canada. What proportion of the 25,000 men which they are to raise, they will be able to bring against Quebec, after having conquered 500 miles of territory, and garrisoned Montreal, and all the intermediate forts, after all the casualties of so long a march, of partial skirmishes, and regular sieges, we do not venture to calculate; nor even to hint at the opposite supposition, that the invading force, if it should ever reach the capital

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pital of Canada, might possibly arrive there as captives rather than as conquerors.

As to the capture of the British West India colonies, it may be just sufficient to observe that the warlike navy of America, as enumerated in their official reports, does not appear to be quite competent to such an achievement.

The confiscation of the debts due from American citizens to British subjects (the third great belligerent measure of America) is unquestionably more within their power. But of this, it must be remembered that it is equally within their power in peace as well as in war; and for aught that we see, or have heard, or read of the practice of civilised nations, would be equally justifiable. The hint, however, has, we think, been improvidently thrown out by America; for, anticipating as we do with no less anxiety than any of our fellow subjects, the renewal of commercial intercourse with the United States, we are not without our apprehensions that the very circumstance of such a measure as this confiscation of individual debts, having been in contemplation, may operate here as a warning against the extravagant length of credit which our merchants have been in the habit of giving to their American correspondents.

Considering the war on the part of America, as a war for commerce, we are not aware what advantages she designs to herself from it. Her trade, it is true, may be cramped by the present state of the European world: but her exports still amount, as we learn from Mr. Gallatin, to more than forty-five millions of dollars; and of these exports more than five-sixths are carried to Great Britain and her allies.

The following is the statement made by Mr. Gallatin, of their 'goods, wares and merchandize of domestic growth, and manufactures exported in the year ending September, 1811,'

	Dollars.
To Great Britain - -	20,308,211
Spain and Portugal - -	18,266,466
Baltic - - - - - -	3,055,833
France and Italy - - -	1,194,275
Other countries - - -	2,469,258
Dollars.	45,294,043

But a calculation of the balance of injuries, which the belligerent parties would probably sustain, can furnish but a miserable motive for going to war. How much more rational and politic and just is it to appreciate duly the vast advantages of remaining at peace! War must inevitably injure both England and America. The only power that would be benefitted by such a rupture, is at work

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work to stimulate America to provoke hostilities with England. We trust, however, that England will still bear with the froward humour of America. Her character will not suffer by her forbearance. We deprecate a war with America on every consideration; we could even wish that some sacrifices should be made on our part to remain at peace with her; but we would not be bullied into the smallest particle of concession. If America does not expect (as surely she cannot) that by placing herself in 'a warlike armour and attitude,' she can frighten England out of her maritime rights; does she hope that an alliance with Buonaparte will remove all restrictions on her commerce? Does she not know that Buonaparte hates commerce and all its concerns? Has she forgotten the answer he made to a deputation of the merchants of Hamburgh on their humble representation that 'his measures would involve them in universal bankruptcy, and banish commerce from the continent?' 'So much the better,' exclaimed the tyrant, 'so much the better; the bankruptcies in England will be more numerous, and you will be less able to trade with her. England must be humbled, though the fourth century should be revived, commerce extinguished, and no other interchange of commodities than by barter.'

Here we have a complete exposition of the doctrines and the views of this implacable foe to all free governments. His frequent allusions to the 'dark ages of the fourth century,' and the 'return to barbarism,' are not so much the angry effusions of the moment as the settled purpose of his soul; they are 'the scope of all his actions, the tenour of all his discourses.' All his regulations and restrictions are directed to the annihilation of commerce, and to the prevention of intercourse between different nations, as the most effectual means of extinguishing liberty among mankind. But above all the commerce of England is hateful to him, because, as the sensible author of 'War in Disguise' has observed, 'while it is light at Dover, it cannot be wholly dark at Calais.' Destruction and desolation are his attributes. War, eternal war, is his motto, till the last spark of European liberty has been extinguished, and the last vestige of a free government obliterated by the tread of a colossal despotism.

Next to England, America is his bane and his terror. The people of this country being derived from the same stock, speaking the same language, breathing the same spirit of liberty, have qualities quite sufficient to rivet his hatred. The American gentleman, who has so ably written 'on the genius and dispositions of the French government,' and who, from his situation in Paris, had every opportunity of hearing what the public opinions were, declares that every person, whether in or out of office, who had any intimate connexion

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nexion with the government, spoke the same language of contempt and menace on the subject of the United States.

'The Americans were a nation of fraudulent shop-keepers; British in prejudices and predilections, and equally objects of aversion to the Emperor, who had taken a fixed determination to bring them to reason in due time.' 'The British,' he continues, 'he hates, and dreads, and respects. The Americans he detests and despises. He detests them as the progeny of the British; as the citizens of a free government. He despises them as a body of traders; according to his views, without national fame or national character; without military strength, or military virtues.'

To what then are we to ascribe the partiality of America towards France? There is no natural attachment between them, no community of sentiment, no mutual relation of benefit. If partiality towards France be denied, whence then, we would ask, proceeds the angry and blustering tone against England? The 'view' taken by the writer of the 'State of Parties,' ascribes the conduct of America, not to our blockades, our orders in council, the searching of their ships, or impressing their seamen, but to internal causes entirely arising out of the peculiar structure of the American government.

It is well known that America has long been divided into two parties; the federal, and the anti-fedral. The former comprizes a majority of the men of fortune, talent, and education: of this party were Washington, Adams, Hamilton, and many others, by whom the federal government was established, and conducted for twelve years, in the course of which America made a most rapid progress in prosperity and reputation. The anti-federal or French party, a turbulent democratical faction from the beginning, is said to be composed of adventurers from all countries, men of desperate fortunes and ruined characters, leaders of the rabble with whom they familiarly mix, whose manners and dress they affect to imitate, and whose services they command whenever they find it necessary to raise a clamour or collect a mob. The superior vigour and activity of this faction, in 1800, raised Mr. Jefferson to the presidency. This gentleman is described as being, in the strict sense of the phrase, a modern *philosopher;* a pupil of Rousseau; a reasoner on universal liberty, and universal philanthropy, whom all the horrors of the French revolution, and the total annihilation of liberty by the military despotism which it engendered, were insufficient to drive from his preconceived idea, that virtue could exist only in democracy. Fugitives from all parts of the world were received with open arms by this patron of cosmopolites. French regicides, Irish rebels, and malefactors of every kind, who had fled from the offended laws of their country;—'deodands of the gallows,' (as they

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are significantly called by an American author,) 'who had left their ears on the whipping posts of Europe'—found an asylum in America. Whole shoals of this description flocked to the President's standard; many of them were admitted to his confidence; some were employed in the inferior departments of government; some were thrust into Congress; and to others was entrusted the conduct of the press, that great instrument of factions in America. A democratical journal is published in every little town; in some of the larger, eight or ten, all teeming with abuse of England, and of the federal party, who are reproached for a supposed attachment to the land of their forefathers. Mr. Madison, it is said, imbibed the principles, and follows up the views of his master. His policy is represented as fluctuating with every batch of news that is wafted from Europe across the Atlantic; and as vibrating to the feelings and the sentiments of a set of adventurers in the seaport towns, men without character and without a country; as appealing to the opinion of the mob, and the nbending to that opinion.—In one word, America is said to be, at this moment, as much swayed by the clamorous rabble and the democratic clubs of the seaport towns, as the Directory of France was in the very worst periods of the Revolution.

If this be a true description of the present state of parties and of the government in America, we can easily account for the loudness of the war-cry which is now raised there. We trust, however, that there is equal truth in the assurance, which we have received from good authority, that the respectable part of the United States desire nothing more anxiously than the preservation of peace with England; and although the large majorities in Congress on the resolutions for war measures, may seem to disprove this statement, and although we confess ourselves by no means satisfied with the manner in which these majorities are accounted for by some persons who profess to be in the secret of American politics, and who tell us of a settled plan of the federal party to urge on the democrats to the brink of a war, as the surest means of getting the government into their own hands, and rescuing the country from destruction; a conduct in our opinion of dangerous and doubtful policy; we trust nevertheless, that better counsels will yet ultimately actuate America—she will open her eyes to her true interests, she will see her own prosperity in the prosperity of Great Britain; and in those maritime rights, against which she joins with France, at this moment, in clamouring so loudly, she will see, not merely the safeguards of British power, but the surest protection of American independence.

'They that will needs bear all the world before them by their *mare liberum*, may soon come to have *nec terram, nec solum, nec*

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rempublicam liberam,'—was the postscript to a pamphlet written on the breaking out of the Dutch war in 1672. Let America ponder it; and consider how long her territory, her soil, and her form of government would be free, if the freedom of the seas were established, in the sense in which France calls for it, by the destruction of the British navy.

ART. II.—*The Life of the Right Reverend Beilby Porteus, D. D. late Bishop of London.* By the Rev. Robert Hodgson, A.M. F.R.S. Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, and one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to his Majesty. Second edition. London, Cadell and Davies, 1811. Prefixed to an Edition of Porteus's Works.

The Life of Dr. Beilby Porteus, late Lord Bishop of London; with Anecdotes of those with whom he lived, and Memoirs of many living and deceased Characters. By a Lay-Member of Merton College, Oxford. London, J. Davies, Essex-street. 1810.

BISHOP Porteus was sufficiently 'great in his generation,' and sufficiently distinguished by his talents and virtues, to make it desirable that the attention of the public should be fixed upon him by some authentic and judicious detail of his life and character. We have two biographical sketches of him before us. One of them, 'by a lay-member of Merton College, Oxford,' (of what class above the porter, does not appear,) is an ill-written, inaccurate, and meagre performance. The author tells us, that his object was to do justice to the memory of a deserving character, and to hold up the example of his virtues for the benefit of society. We have only to express a wish, that he had well considered his competence to the task. Had this been the case, the public would not have been informed, that Bishop Porteus was born in America, though he was really born in England,—that he made no advances in mathematical study at Cambridge, though he took the degree of tenth wrangler—that he obtained the Chancellor's prize for a classical essay, which prize never existed—that 'his person was tall and commanding,' (p. 252,) whereas he was a thin slender figure under the middle size, &c. Nor would they have had before them, under the title of a life of Bishop Porteus, a strange medley of various matters, dissertations on Yorkshire schools, on academical education, &c. mixed up with desultory ill-digested observations and opinions—together with endless memoirs of Bishop Horsley, Lord Thurlow, and others, inserted for no other apparent reason than that they were his contemporaries.

Mr.

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Mr. Hodgson, the other biographer, comes forward with far better pretensions and qualifications. As he was personally connected with the bishop, he had greater advantages in ascertaining facts and circumstances of a domestic nature; he has also been enabled to produce his opinions on several occasions, by having the use of his private papers; and, by intimate acquaintance with him in his familiar circle, to delineate with truth and accuracy the nicer traits of his character. The doubt in the public mind will always be, whether the person possessing these advantages will be disposed to make that fair and honest use of them which justice requires; and whether, in fact, he will not produce rather a panegyric on the deceased, than a faithful picture of his life and manners. In the present case, Mr. Hodgson, if he has written with the partial hand of an admirer and a friend, appears to have given the outline of what he relates with scrupulous endeavours at accuracy, and has enabled the public, even should they not adopt his opinions, to form a correct judgment for themselves. His style of composition is respectable; that is, he has put together his materials and related his facts in unaffected and perspicuous language. Now and then, indeed, we regret to find him stopping his narrative for the purpose of introducing observations of his own, which, being at least irrelevant, it would have been better to omit. He has proceeded, however, with a very praiseworthy caution and exercise of discretion in his use of the bishop's papers. The extracts, indeed, which he has given, are all so extremely interesting, and display for the most part the character of their author in so favourable a point of view, that the public will rather be of opinion that too little has been brought forward than too much. In such matters, however, it is impossible for any one to judge, except the person under whose immediate inspection the papers come.

Beilby Porteus, one of the youngest of a family of nineteen children, was born at York, in 1731. His parents, of English extraction, were natives of North America. His father is mentioned as a person who possessed an independent fortune while he resided there; but, having removed with his family to England for the advantage of giving a better education to his children, and thus placed himself at a distance from his sources of income, he suffered a very considerable diminution in the means of supporting his family expenditure. Beilby Porteus had no other advantage of education in early life than that which was afforded by a common north-country grammar school. At the usual age he removed to Cambridge, where he recommended himself by his studiousness and regularity, and gave no unpromising proof of talents and industry. The year after he took his bachelor's degree

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he was elected fellow of the college to which he belonged. He supplied the deficiency of his income at this time by undertaking the care of some private pupils; and, as he became more known, he acquired an increasing character for respectability of conduct, and literary talents. His only publications during the academical part of his life, seem to have been his poem on Death, which had obtained the Seatonian prize, and a sermon preached before the university, on the character of King David. The poem is one amongst the very few written for the Seatonian prize, which have not sunk into oblivion soon after their appearance. It did not procure for him the title of 'one of the first poets of the age,' as the lay-member of Merton College gravely tells us, (p. 16,) but it deserved to obtain for him some reputation for poetical talent. It is written in all parts with feeling, and in many with taste: the plan of it is well conceived; the descriptions are strong, glowing, and spirited; the language now and then borders on the harsh and uncouth, and the rhythm is at times not quite harmonious. Few poems so good ever proceeded from any person who has remained without celebrity for poetical merit. The sermon on King David was occasioned by a licentious pamphlet called 'The History of the Man after God's own Heart,' which had made a dangerous impression on the public mind, by a most false representation of David's character, and of the reasons for which he was approved by God. This sermon, drawn up with great care, ability, and judgment, completely refuted the misrepresentations which had been sent abroad. It was very favourably received, and appears to have contributed much towards the foundation of his future fortunes, for it introduced him to the notice of Archbishop Secker, who appointed him one of his domestic chaplains.

Here then, in 1762, commenced a new era in his life. At Lambeth, he had the advantage of pursuing his studies with the assistance of a good library. Archbishop Secker proved a kind friend and a liberal benefactor: he gave him some preferment after he had resided with him two years, by which he was enabled to marry; and shortly after he added the rectory of Lambeth. At this time he took his doctor's degree at Cambridge, and preached a sermon before the University, which was afterwards sent to the press. A singular circumstance resulted from the publication of this sermon. The preacher had lamented the want of sufficient attention to theology amongst the different academical studies. These observations happened to catch the attention of a gentleman in Norfolk, Mr. Norris, who was induced to form and endow a permanent professorship for the purpose of giving theological lectures to the students, and also to institute an annual premium for the best essay on some theological subject.

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Archbishop Secker died in 1768. Dr. Porteus, actuated by grateful remembrance of a person who had proved to him the kindest and the best of friends, and in discharge of a trust reposed in him by will, revised and edited his sermons, lectures, and other writings. To these he prefixed a review of the Archbishop's life and character, written with elegance and judgment. If he employed the language of panegyric, it was the panegyric in which the partiality of grateful friendship might well be indulged, and which the opinion of an admiring public acknowledged to be not much overcharged. On one or two subsequent occasions, he stepped zealously forward to defend the memory of his respected patron.

After the death of Archbishop Secker, Dr. Porteus divided his residence between Lambeth and another living which he held in Kent, and performed with exemplary diligence the duties of a parish priest. He was promoted in 1776 to the bishopric of Chester. This preferment, Mr. Hodgson tells us, was perfectly unsolicited, and wholly unexpected, till a short time before it took place. 'The lay-member of Merton College' informs us that his promotion was owing to the Queen, who obtained much popularity by contributing to elevate so deserving a character. Having performed the duties of diocesan of Chester for eleven years, he was promoted in 1787 to the bishopric of London. He is said to have left his former diocese with reluctance, having attached himself to it by much intercourse of civility amongst the clergy and other inhabitants, and projected several plans of improvement which he was unwilling to break off. His appointment to the diocese of London is referred by the member of Merton College to the same illustrious patronage which had befriended him before. It appears, by Mr. Hodgson's account however, to have been owing to the express recommendation of Mr. Pitt, who considered him to possess the best qualifications for the situation. Subjoined to a copy of Mr. Pitt's letter, informing him of his appointment, the following words were found written with the Bishop's own hand: 'I acknowledge the goodness of a kind Providence, and am sensible that nothing but this could have placed me in a situation so infinitely transcending my expectations and deserts.'

He was now placed in an exalted station, the duties of which were arduous, and required great zeal and activity, combined with judgment and temper. We will take under separate consideration the different parts of his conduct, in the more immediate exercise of his functions as a diocesan, in his exertions to check the growth of immorality and irreligion at home, and in his more public and comprehensive plans of promoting the great cause of civilization and humanity abroad.

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In attending to the immediate business of his dioceses his diligence was unwearied. The charge which he delivered to the clergy at his first visitation in the diocese of Chester, is printed amongst his tracts. In this he enlarges with earnestness on the studies and habits most suited to the clerical character, enforces particularly the advantages of personal residence, and recommends an attention to decorum as to dress and appearance, no less than to matters of more essential importance. The personal residence of the clergy indeed was at all times a primary object of his consideration. By keeping this constantly in view during the long period of his presiding over the diocese of London, he effected an important change in this respect; insomuch that at the time of his decease, where accidental circumstances did not interpose, an adequate accommodation was provided in every parish, and the proper minister was actually resident. In his primary charge to the diocese of London, which is also printed, he recommended, besides this momentous object of parochial residence, an increase of salary to the curates employed; and he also wished to direct the attention of the clergy to an improvement in church psalmody, as he well knew that the dissenters make great use of music to allure congregations. Another subject which he was always earnest in recommending, was the instruction of the poorer classes: as a means of effecting this, he promoted the establishment of Sunday schools; and, while he was bishop of Chester, addressed a letter to his clergy, forcibly pointing out the advantages of such institutions, and the good effects to be expected from their more extensive adoption. The Bishop felt a considerable share of that anxiety which all friends to the Established Church must feel at the present time, at the increase of separation from our communion, and the spreading taint of sectarian fanaticism; and as the most efficacious means of counteracting this growing evil, enforced upon his clergy the necessity of attending with increased zeal to the regular and conscientious discharge of their ministerial duties.

'It is a fact,' he says, in his last charge, 'that when the itinerant preacher goes out upon his mission, he commonly looks out for those parishes where the shepherd has deserted his flock, or is so indolent, so lukewarm, so indifferent to its welfare, as to make it an easy prey to every invader. In general, he prudently keeps aloof from those parishes where he sees a resident minister watching over his people with unremitting care, grounding them early in the rudiments of sound religion, guarding them carefully against the false glosses of dangerous delusions of illiterate and unauthorized teachers, bringing them to a constant attendance on divine worship in their parish churches, and manifesting the same zeal, activity and earnestness, to retain his people in the church of England, which he sees others exert to seduce them from it.'—HODGSON'S LIFE, p. 173.

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That attention, however, to the calls of duty which Bishop Porteus was so earnest in enforcing upon others, he was most forward to pay himself. In particular, for the purpose of checking indifference to religious duties and dissipation of manners, which appeared to him to be fixing themselves by firmer roots in our national character, he determined to deliver, at St. James's church, his course of lectures on St. Matthew's gospel. The success which attended them exceeded his expectations: the church was always crowded; the audience not only listened to him with attention, but appeared to feel what he said, and went away gratified and improved. He ever after expressed great satisfaction at the effect which these lectures appeared to have on the public.*

In counteracting the growing depravity of the times, to which he seems to have been invariably impelled, not by a forward love of meddling and reform, but by an heartfelt desire of doing good, he had many difficulties to encounter. To interfere with effect in such matters requires not only zeal and earnestness, but good sense and well-tempered discretion. The world, it must be remembered, always has been, and probably always will be unwilling to be reformed. The public are immediately disposed to raise against those who attempt any correction of their morals, the cry of puritanism:—they misrepresent their motives—accuse them of an overfondness for meddling with other people's concerns, or of a moroseness of disposition which is unwilling to tolerate the most harmless indulgence. Bishop Porteus made himself obnoxious to these charges; but while it is allowed on all hands that his views were the purest and best, it does not appear that he was overforward, or that he even verged on puritanical strictness in the measures which he attempted.

Among the primary objects towards which he directed his attention was that of procuring a more religious observance of the Sabbath. While he was Bishop of Chester he was mainly instrumental in procuring a law connected with this important object. It appears that about the year 1780, some houses of entertainment

* Amongst other business connected with the cate of the diocese of London, Mr. Hodgson mentions (p. 142) the bishop having brought to a successful issue in 1800 a long contest with a clergyman, Mr. Bate Dudley, respecting the presentation to a living. This clergyman, animadverting in a recent pamphlet, on what Mr. Hodgson has here said, has publicly accused the bishop of having practised a deception on him, and has engaged to make the charge good by publishing all the letters and evidence which concern the business. We will not insult the memory of the bishop so much as to admonish the public that *till such a charge be made good by clear and decisive proof*, his high and unsullied character must be held to give it the fullest negative.

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on the evenings of the Sabbath had been opened in the metropolis, and that debating societies for the discussion of religious topics had also been established. Bishop Porteus was struck, in common with many others, at the alarming evils which such institutions might produce; he waited for some time to see whether any person better qualified than himself would take up the subject; but being disappointed in this, he determined to try what his own exertions could effect: accordingly he procured the assistance of a legal friend to draw up a bill, which he submitted to the judgment of several eminent persons before he introduced it into parliament. It passed through both houses, with some opposition; the bishop supported it himself in the House of Lords by an excellent speech. It proved effectual in preventing the evils against which it was directed.

At a subsequent period, when he was Bishop of London, he addressed a circular letter to his clergy earnestly recommending exertions for the purpose of procuring a more reverential observance of the Sabbath. And with the view of beginning the reformation in a quarter where it was but too much wanted, viz. amongst the higher ranks of society, he endeavoured to procure a declaration by the principal nobility and gentry in the metropolis, engaging to abstain from travelling and giving entertainments on the Lord's day. His success was partial. His views were misrepresented; absurd reports were spread of the puritanical strictness which he wished to enforce, and of the measures which he had in contemplation to deprive the common people of the most harmless recreations. The bishop's reflections on this are thus expressed: 'That men who wish to see not only the Lord's day, but the christian religion extinguished in this country, should raise such an outcry against a measure calculated to preserve both, is no wonder; but that men of sense, and piety, and virtue, should adopt the same language, and join in the profane and senseless uproar, is perfectly astonishing.' On another occasion he observed with great concern, a prevailing custom in the fashionable world of holding Sunday concerts at private houses, at which professional performers were engaged to sing. He deemed it of such importance to check a practice of this indecorous nature, that he wrote several letters to ladies of high rank, pointing out the evil tendency of it. He had the satisfaction of finding that his remonstrance was received with attention, and followed by the effect which he so anxiously wished. The last public act of his life was directed towards the same object. The account shall be given in his own words.

'I had for some time past observed in several of the papers, an account

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count of a meeting, chiefly of military gentlemen, at an hotel at the west end of the town, which was regularly announced as held every other Sunday during the winter season. This appeared to me, and to every friend of religion, a needless and wanton profanation of the christian Sabbath, which by the laws both of God and man was set apart for very different purposes; and the bishops and clergy were severally censured for permitting such a glaring abuse of that sacred day to pass without notice or reproof. I determined that it should not, and therefore thought it best to go at once to the fountain head, to the person of the highest and principal influence in the meeting, the Prince of Wales. I accordingly requested the honour of an audience, and a personal conference with him on the subject. He very graciously granted it; and I had a conversation with him of more than half an hour. He entered immediately into my views, and confessed that he saw no reasons for holding the meeting on Sundays more than on other days of the week; and he voluntarily proposed that the day should be changed from Sunday to Saturday, for which he said that he would give immediate orders.' —HODGSON'S LIFE, p. 249.

In furtherance of the same views, the bishop as soon as he was advanced to the diocese of London, took pains to extend a society recently established for enforcing the King's proclamation against immorality and profaneness. His idea was, to check the profligacy of the times by inducing persons of rank and character to associate for the purpose of putting the laws in force, and convicting offenders. Of this society, better known to the public by the name of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, he afterwards became president. The profligate and contemptible part of the world were, of course, the enemies of such a society, and assailed it with every weapon of low buffoonery and petulant abuse. The society has undoubtedly done much good by bringing to public justice some notorious offenders, by checking some indecorous practices, and by procuring some beneficial legislative enactments. That such an institution is perfectly lawful in its principle, can admit of no doubt; for its first and avowed purpose is to produce those effects which the legislature intended, by putting the laws in force: and it would be the vilest abuse of words to call it a society of informers, when its object is not private gain but public utility. It is true, that the end proposed may not be always pursued with discretion and moderation. The zeal of individuals is apt to deviate into excess, especially when directed towards schemes of reformation, however desirable. Add to this, that under the mask of detecting abuses, a prurient disposition to pry into the characters of others, and needlessly intermeddle with their concerns, may too easily be generated; and there will be a risk that persons may enter into the management of such a society, who will pursue

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pursue extravagant notions, or attempt something foreign to the immediate purpose. The bishop, however, saw the subject in a better light; and it may be safely affirmed, that if the society could always be under guidance like his, its acts would not have been subject to any question.

Of the more public transactions to which he devoted his zeal and attention, the most important were the improvement of the condition of the West India slaves, and the abolition of that inhuman trade itself.

To the first of these objects he directed his attention so early as the year 1783, when he was Bishop of Chester. He preached before the society for propagating the Gospel, a sermon recommending the civilization and conversion of the West India negroes; he printed at the same time a plan for carrying it partially into execution; but as other views and interests prevailed with those who were most concerned, his efforts were then unsuccessful. Soon after his accession to the diocese of London, he addressed a letter to the clergy of the several West India islands, exhorting them most earnestly to attend to the condition of the negroes, and to instruct them in the principles of the Christian religion. An opportunity soon occurred of doing something more effectual: a considerable sum of money, left by Mr. Boyle for the promotion of christianity among infidels, for which as Bishop of London he was trustee, happened to be placed at his disposal by a decree of the Court of Chancery; and he immediately appropriated this to the instruction and civilization of the West India negroes. A society for this purpose was accordingly founded, of which he was president, and he was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the object: he employed great care in the selection of proper ministers to act as missionaries; he made a selection of passages from the old and new Testaments, which he thought best suited to the apprehension of the negroes, and he endeavoured by all possible means to secure the co-operation of the planters. The success of his unwearied exertions, he often lamented, did not answer his wishes; but he expressed his confidence, that perseverance would at last surmount all obstacles, and accomplish the desired end.

But to the abolition of the slave trade all the energies of his mind were directed. The first step towards this measure was Sir William Dolben's bill in 1788, for regulating the number of slaves conveyed in each ship, and alleviating the miseries of the voyage. The bishop was so anxious during the progress of this bill, that he attended the House of Lords from Fulham every day for a month. And in the long and arduous struggle which preceded the final abolition, he was always foremost amongst the most strenuous supporters of the cause.

'Next

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'Next to the great and paramount concern of religion,' says Mr. Hodgson, 'it was the object of all others nearest to his heart. He never spoke of it but with the utmost animation and enthusiasm. He spared no pains, no fatigue of mind or body to further its accomplishment. He not only expressed his sentiments on every occasion that presented itself publicly and strongly in Parliament; but he was indefatigable in urging all, over whom he had any influence, to conspire and co-operate in what he considered the general cause of civilised man against a most intolerable system of cruelty and oppression. In short, the best years of his life, and all his talents and powers were applied and devoted to it; and I believe the happiest day beyond comparison, that he ever experienced, was the day of its final triumph.'—HODGSON'S LIFE, p. 222.

The bishop himself, in his reflections on the final abolition, says,

'The act which has just passed will reflect immortal honour on the British parliament and the British nation. For myself, I am inexpressibly thankful to a kind Providence for permitting me to see this great work, after such a glorious struggle, brought to a conclusion. It has been for upwards of four and twenty years the constant object of my thoughts; and it will be a source of the purest and most genuine satisfaction to me during the remainder of my life, and above all, at the final close of it, that I have had some share in promoting to the utmost of my power the success of so important and so righteous a measure.'—HODGSON'S LIFE, p. 217.

Such were the unwearied exertions of the bishop to fulfil the duties of his high station in the church, to extend the influence of religion, and to compass the ends of the purest philanthropy. He lived to his 78th year, and retained the full possession of his faculties. During the last year or two of his life, an increasing weakness had been gradually marking the approach of death. The final close of his life is thus related by Mr. Hodgson, p. 251.

'Within a few days after this interesting occurrence, (the interview with the Prince of Wales before mentioned,) a visible and alarming alteration took place in the bishop's already shattered and exhausted frame; and it became evident to those most constantly with him, that nature could not much longer sustain the shock. He was himself indeed strongly impressed with the conviction, that his end was fast approaching; and he contemplated the event with all that calm, composed resignation, which nothing can inspire but a deep sense of piety, and a devout religious submission to the will of God. On Thursday the 10th of May I saw him for the last time; and never can I forget the affecting solemnity of voice, and look and manner, in which he begged my most earnest prayers for his early and easy release. He said little more to me, for his mind seemed wholly absorbed in the near prospect of an eternal world. The following day he was at his own desire removed to Fulham; and for a short time the change of air appeared to cheer and exhilarate him. As

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As he sat the next morning in his library, near the window, the brightness of a fine spring day called up a transient glow into his countenance; and he several times exclaimed, O, that glorious Sun! Afterwards, whilst sitting at dinner, he was seized with some slight convulsions, which were happily of short duration; and he then fell, *as it seemed*, into a gentle sleep. From that time, however, he never spoke, and scarcely could be said to move. Without a pang or a sigh,—by a transition so easy as only to be known by the pressure of his hand upon the knee of his servant, who was sitting near him,—the spirit of this great and good man fled from its earthly mansion to the realms of peace!'

Bishop Porteus is said by Mr. Hodgson to have mixed with peculiar pleasantness and freedom in the private intercourse of society; he had particularly the talent of dissipating all reserve and restraint in persons around him, and of placing them perfectly at their ease. He was ever fond of promoting lively and cheerful conversation; he expressed himself in common society with facility and perspicuity, and his colloquial remarks were characterized by correct judgment and accurate information.

In estimating the moral qualities of his mind, his great characteristic was an unfeigned warmth of benevolence. The main plans and objects of his life were conceived and pursued in this spirit. He entered into them not merely from the cooler considerations of duty, but with an earnestness and a glow of feeling which shewed that his whole heart and soul were in the business. In private acts of munificence, the same feeling seems to have marked his conduct. His charities, Mr. Hodgson tells us, were so extensive, that he can hardly speak of them without risking the charge of exaggeration. The poor and the necessitous always found in him a warm and ready friend; he was disposed to deal out his donations with discrimination, but often ran the risk of being imposed upon, for the chance of relieving real distress. He was ever a liberal contributor to charitable institutions. Besides this, he made some donations on a larger scale during his life, than is often observed in the example even of the most wealthy and munificent. Among these was the transferring of nearly £7000 stock for the relief of the poorer clergy in the diocese of London, and the erection and endowment of a chapel of ease at Sundridge in Kent, at a very considerable expense.

He was unalterably attached to the church of England from principle, and the firmest persuasion of its superior excellence; and held its articles, homilies, and liturgy, to be essentially and fundamentally scriptural.

'The Calvinistic interpretation of them,' Mr. Hodgson says, p. 265, 'he would never admit to be the true one, and in this opinion he was firm

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firm and consistent. He conceived them to speak the language of scripture, which, in his view of it, was decidedly adverse to the sentiments of Calvin. Upon this point I wish to be distinctly understood as asserting from my own positive knowledge, that in no one article of faith, as far as they differ from our church, did he sanction the tenets of that school; on the contrary, I have heard him repeatedly, and in the most unqualified terms, express his astonishment, that any sober-minded man, sitting down without prejudice to the study of the sacred writings, should so explain and understand them.'

He was a true friend also to the discipline of the Church, and supported it with firmness on just occasions. In the cant language of the day, he was often styled a methodist: but, as far as disapprobation of wild fanaticism and enthusiastic pretensions to immediate inspiration could exempt a man from this imputation, no one was ever more free from it.—On some points connected with the relative state of the church and dissenters, he differed from many of his brethren; particularly in the zealous support which he invariably afforded the 'British and Foreign Bible Society.' That his views in this were truly benevolent, cannot admit of the slightest doubt; some indeed have questioned whether his conduct was as much guided by sound discretion as it was prompted by real goodness of heart; but this is foreign to our present business.

He was not friendly to the claims of the Irish Catholics, although he never publicly expressed his sentiments on the subject. The following opinion is produced from his private papers by Mr. Hodgson, p. 200.

'If the petition from the Catholics of Ireland had been for a more complete toleration in matters of religion, though it can hardly, I think, be more complete than it is, there was not an individual in the House who would have given a more cordial assent to the petition, than myself. I am, and ever have been, a decided friend to liberty of conscience. The truth is, it is an application for political power, and that power, I for one, am not disposed to grant them, because I believe it would be difficult to produce a single instance where they have possessed political power in a Protestant country, without using it cruelly and tyrannically.'

The bishop's reputation as a preacher was deservedly high. Independently of the sterling merit which his discourses possessed, he had the best external qualifications for excellence as a pulpit orator. His voice was clear and sonorous; he had the power of modulating it with good effect: his delivery was correct and chaste; his manner dignified and impressive. Above all, he appeared to feel as he spoke: there was an animation and earnestness about him, without the smallest tincture of art or affectation, which came home to the bosom of his hearers, and gave effect to every word.

Mr.

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Mr. Hodgson does not claim for him the credit of profound erudition or comprehensive research. He appears indeed to have possessed a mind, less formed for a close and patient investigation of any one subject, than for a diffused attention to several. We should characterise him rather as a just thinker, than a deep one. In regard to theological attainments, we should describe him as a clergyman well informed in the studies of his profession. He is said by his biographer to have been, to a certain degree, an Hebrew scholar, well versed in ecclesiastical history, in the evidences of religion, and in the different systems of theology: and we have no doubt that his knowledge in all these was sufficiently respectable. His apprehension seems to have been quick, his taste correct, and his memory retentive. The distinguishing and prominent feature of his mind was a rich and exuberant imagination, which gives a peculiar warmth and colouring to his style. He did not excel in analysis or nice discrimination, nor was he remarkable for a keen penetrating sagacity. As a reasoner, he is not distinguished by a close and logical accuracy: still his arguments are generally so well conceived, and always so dressed out with expression, as forcibly to strike the attention.

As a writer, Bishop Porteus now presents no doubtful claim to distinction; for the public voice long ago pronounced a decision in his favour by the most unequivocal of all proofs, the rapid and extensive circulation of his works. In the edition now before us, several of his compositions are mentioned as published for the 11th, 12th, and 13th time. It is creditable to the public taste that his writings should have acquired this high popularity; for their excellencies both as to matter and style, well deserve it.

His sermons, 35 in number, occupy two volumes of the present edition: and it is on these that his literary reputation will chiefly rest. We consider them amongst the best productions of this kind, which the present times have produced. Without giving him the title of a first-rate master of eloquence, or placing him in the same rank with a Barrow or Jeremy Taylor, for copiousness and richness of invention, and the sublimer flights of genius, we would claim for him a respectable rank amongst those divines who have composed useful, elegant, and impressive pieces of pulpit oratory. He appears to have written with ease to himself, to have had a ready command of words, and those generally the most proper. There is, on the one hand, a total absence of false glare and inflation; and on the other, an elevation of spirit which prevents his sinking into flatness and insipidity. The peculiar charm of his pulpit compositions is undoubtedly that which we mentioned to have characterised his manner of preaching; a degree of glow and animation, which shews him to

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to have entered with earnestness into his subject, and to have had all his feelings interested it it. We see before us not the cool reasoner, but the zealous impassioned orator, who is earnestly bent, not merely on convincing, but on persuading; not merely on presenting the truths of which he treats, to the understandings of his hearers, but on impressing them deeply on their feelings. Accordingly, the department in which he particularly excels, is the application of his subject to the circumstances of those whom he addresses. If we were disposed to find any fault with the composition of his discourses, it would be, that he is sometimes a little too desultory—there is an occasional tendency to fly off from one topic to another, and to press different views of the subject in a confused mass on the mind.

His lectures on the gospel of St. Matthew, which occupy also two volumes of this collection, have maintained, since their publication, that popularity with which they were received at their first delivery. It need not be said, that they present no claim to originality of research. The author had merely in view to excite the attention of the public to useful and improving topics, by digesting an exposition of the gospel in an alluring form, and in clear intelligible language. He has executed his task with accuracy and judgment. The lectures are not calculated for the learned theologian; but they will always form a useful manual for students and general readers who wish to obtain information on the subjects of which they treat. In these lectures, his happy talent of making a forcible application to the feelings of his hearers, is, we think, more conspicuous, and more skilfully displayed than in his sermons.

Among his tracts, his Essay on the beneficial effects of Christianity displays more extensive research and general acquaintance with authors ancient and modern, than any other of his productions. A singular testimony to the merit of his little tract containing 'A Summary of the Evidences of Christianity,' is given by Mr. Hodgson (p. 280.) On its being projected to attempt the conversion of the Ceylonese, several tracts on the evidences of Christianity were put into the hands of some intelligent natives, in order to ascertain which was likely to have most effect: they all gave a decided preference to that of the Bishop. Accordingly, this tract was translated into the Cingalese language.

On the whole, Bishop Porteus must be pronounced a distinguished ornament of the English church. This church, if she does not rank him among the greatest and most prominent of her sons, for genius and erudition, will place him at the least among those who have been most useful in their generation,

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among those who have been most remarkable for unfeigned piety and active philanthropy. If she does not raise him to the same station with her Sherlocks, her Warburtons, and her Horsleys, she will delight to add his name to the list of her Tillotsons and her Seckers, of those who, possessing not a soaring genius, but respectable talents, have devoted themselves with unwearied industry to the most beneficial pursuits. Undoubtedly, there have been many English divines of more commanding powers, of more profound erudition, of greater polemical acuteness, than Bishop Porteus; but it might not be easy to name a prelate who has surpassed him in that rectitude of intention, benevolence of heart, and warmth of devotion, which are the brightest graces of the Christian character; or who has laboured with more sincere and earnest zeal, in endeavouring to purify the morals, to elevate the piety, and to promote the eternal welfare, of his fellow-creatures.

ART. III. *Travels in the Island of Iceland, during the Summer of the Year* 1810. By Sir George Steuart Mackenzie, Baronet, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, &c. &c. &c. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Longman and Co.; Cadell and Davies; Miller; and Murray. 4to. pp. 510. 1811.

Journal of a Tour in Iceland, in the Summer of 1809. By William Jackson Hooker, F. L. S. and Fellow of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh. London, Vernor and Co.; Miller, Albemarle-street. 8vo. pp. 545. 1811.

> 'A PART, how small, of this terraqueous globe
> Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,
> Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands,
> Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings and death!
> Such is earth's melancholy map!'

SUCH, rather, was the gloomy humour in which Young contemplated it; for in reality the map is less dismal than the poet represents it; and if he had remembered the triumphs over natural difficulties which man obtains, not less by the pliability than by the fortitude of his nature, he might have found matter for happier contemplations. The moral map, indeed, may well make a wise man mournful, but not the physical one. The Arab, amid the sands of the desert, and the Greenlander, amid snows and everlasting ice, are equally contented with their lot: and if we were asked to lay our finger upon that spot of the globe where history affords to the philosopher the least cause for humiliation and sorrow, it would be upon an island in the Northern Ocean, situated upon the very limits of the living world.

Whether

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Whether Iceland was the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients, is a question which has been much discussed, and which, were it possible, it would be of little importance to determine. The first person who is known to have seen it, was a northern pirate, by name Naddoc or Naddodr; he was driven thither by a tempest in the year 861, and gave it the appropriate name of Snoeland from its appearance. His report induced Gardar Suaversen, a Swede, to visit it, who, like some of our modern navigators, unnecessarily changed its name for the sake of substituting his own. The third visitor was Flokko: he took with him some ravens, and when he supposed himself near the end of his voyage, let one loose, thinking to be directed by its course; but the bird, having soared to a great height, turned back toward Norway. After some days a second raven was liberated, which, like his ancestor of the ark, could find no rest for his feet, and returned to the vessel; but on the third and last trial, Ralph snuffed the land, and flew straight towards it. Flokko seems to have gone either with the intention of forming a settlement, or of reconnoitering with a view to one; he past one winter at Watusfiordur, in the gulph of Breidafiord, and a second on the southern coast; and from the quantity of ice which, in the intervening spring, filled the gulph, he gave the island its present appellation. Upon his report, a party of Norwegian nobles, who could not brook their subjection to Harold Harfagre, determined to emigrate thither, under the guidance of Ingulf and his kinsman Hiorleif. Their leader took with him the door-posts of his former dwelling, and when he approached the coast, threw them into the sea, meaning to fix his house upon the spot where they should be stranded: this was a customary superstition among these northern adventurers; akin to, and perhaps arising from a feeling still preserved with little diminution in Spain, where the *solar* or family floor is regarded with a sort of reverence, and gives an honorary title to old families. But Ingulf was borne away in a different direction, while that which should have guided him drifted out of sight. He landed at a promontory in the S. E. part of the island, called at this day Ingulfshöfdi; the feeling, however, with which he regarded the custom of his country was so strong, that three years afterwards, when the door-posts were discovered, he removed with his family to the auspicious place. It happened, by a singular coincidence, to be the spot where the present capital of the island stands.

Iceland was not in those days the dreadful country which it is now; the climate was far less severe, and its tremendous volcanoes had not yet broken out. The way once open, adventurers followed in great numbers. Harold encouraged this at first, because it rid him of turbulent spirits, whom it might have been difficult to restrain at home; but the emigration became so great, that

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in order to check it, he imposed a fine of four ounces of silver upon every person who should leave Norway to settle in Iceland. In the course of threescore years, the whole of the coasts and most of the habitable parts are said to have been peopled. Danes and Swedes, as well as Norwegians, repaired thither, and emigrants even from Scotland and Ireland. The leader of every fresh party established himself like a feudal chief, dispossessing those who were weaker than himself, if he did not find a track to his mind which was unoccupied. After half a century of continual broils, an end was put to this anarchy by the establishment of a general government. The island was divided into four provinces, each under an hereditary governor; these were subdivided into twelve departments, each also having its hereditary lord; and these again into smaller districts, called hreppar, which were under four elective magistrates, whose business it was to maintain good order, and especially to attend to the condition and management of the poor. Every hreppar had its assembly, composed of all the inhabitants who possessed a certain property, and were of unblemished character; their proceedings were under the cognizance of the assembly of the department, which was composed of the lord and of deputies from the hreppars; an appeal lay from hence to the provincial assembly, and finally to the states general, who held their annual meeting on the shores of the lake of Thingvalla.

This great assembly was called the *Althing*, and nothing can be more striking than the picture which it presented. The magistrates, the legislators, and the assembled people lived in tents, pitched upon the banks of the river Oxeraa, where it enters the lake. The lake is about ten miles long, and from three to seven in breadth. It is a wild and dreary scene, bearing around it marks of the convulsions of nature. There are two islands in the lake, composed entirely of volcanic matter. The mountains at the southern end continually send up vapour from their hot springs; some of the rocks have been rent by earthquakes, and others formed by lava. When the Althing was originally instituted, these convulsions had not laid the country waste; but it must always have been a solemn scene. The assembly took place in the open air upon the grass: and if any culprits were condemned to death, the men were beheaded upon an islet in the river; the women drowned in a deep pool. Here, for more than eight centuries, the general assembly was held, till, about ten years ago, it was removed to Reikiavik, somewhat perhaps to the immediate convenience of the people, yet with some injury to their feelings, and with an ominous disrespect of antiquity, and of all which deserves veneration. Here the *Langman* or *Langsaugumadur* presided, the chief magistrate of the whole island, who held his place, as long as he filled it to the satisfaction of the nation. He was the public speaker, the supreme

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preme judge, and had the charge of promulgating all the laws enacted by the *Althing*. Under this system, though frequently disturbed by intestine broils, Iceland flourished as an independent republic for nearly 400 years. In 1260 the people consented, in an evil hour, to become subjects of the King of Norway; with Norway they were united to the dominion of Denmark, and the consequences of that union are to be seen in their present state.

Guided by a happy instinct, says M. Mallet, the Icelanders established their fine constitution at once, as bees from their hives. The truth is, that they followed the order of the hive from which which they had swarmed, making only such alterations as adapted it to the circumstances in which they were placed. In one material circumstance they differed from the other branches of the great northern family, by whom the kingdoms of modern Europe were founded; and to this, though it seems to have been overlooked by all the writers upon Iceland, the activity and prosperity of their golden age may in great measure be attributed. They had taken possession of a country which was uninhabited, and gaining it thus by occupancy instead of conquest, the great evils of the feudal system had no existence among them. Slavery was unknown among the Icelanders, and they escaped those ages of oppression and barbarism, through which all the Gothic kingdoms past in their progress, before the conquerors and the conquered were blended into one people, and a common language had been produced by the intermixture. Centuries elapsed before the English tongue became as polished as the Saxon was during the heptarchy: it is true, we had authors who wrote in Latin, but their writings could have no influence upon the people; whereas the Icelanders, from the time of their first settlement, had their own poets and historians, and were thus, when compared with the rest of Europe, a literary as well as a free people.

The local situation of their country was also a material advantage in those ages; they felt the benefit of inhabiting an island as we do now, being removed from all the wars of the continent; and they felt it when we did not, because Iceland had nothing which could tempt the Vikingr to ravage its shores; when in England there were to be found the remains of Roman luxury and the produce of Saxon labour, gold and silver in the monasteries, corn in the granaries, and mead and ale and wine in the cellars. The sea kings never went north in their expeditions: it was only by bettering their climate that they could find the booty of which they were in search. Iceland offered nothing which they did not possess at home.

The enterprizes of the Icelanders took a different direction, probably because they could not go south without encountering a people stronger than themselves. Erich Randi, or the Redheaded, was

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banished for three years, for having slain a neighbouring chief; it so happened that a man, by name Gunbrœrn, had not long before discovered land to the westward; the exile sailed in quest of it, wintered at an island, examined the main land during the second year, and, at the expiration of the third, returned and persuaded many of his countrymen to form a settlement in this new country; which he called Greenland, as if by its name to denote the advantages which, according to his description, it possessed over their land of ice and snow. So successful were these representations, that no fewer than five and twenty ships followed him thither; but of these only fourteen reached their destination. They settled in East, or as it is now called Old or Lost Greenland; an appellation which denotes the singular and melancholy fate of this once flourishing colony. Fresh colonists pursued their course both from Iceland and Norway, and the country was peopled both on the east and west sides as high as latitude 65. The new colony was formed before the conversion of the mother country: but all the Gothic nations have been converted with remarkable facility, and these Greenlanders soon became Christians, and received a bishop from Norway.

The loss of this colony is one of the most singular events in human history; their loss it may literally be called, for, to use the words which Montgomery has so well applied to a different occasion,

> 'This sole memorial of their lot
> Remains; they were—and they are not.'

The last authentic accounts of their existence are towards the close of the fourteenth century. The pestilence which, under the name of the Black Death, devastated Europe in the middle of that century, is supposed to have reached this remotest region of the north. In Iceland two-thirds of the population were cut off by it; it is therefore scarcely to be imagined that their neighbours should have escaped the same dreadful visitation, especially as, unlike other pestilences, the farther north it proceeded the more destructively it raged. But the room made by such ravages would soon have been filled up, and there is reason to attribute the loss of East Greenland to a more permanent evil. During the winter of 1348, the whole of the coast of Iceland was frozen, so that a horseman might have ridden from cape to cape round the island. Such a circumstance had never occurred before since the country was discovered; and it seems probable that in this winter the accumulation of ice began, which has blocked up the coast of East Greenland. The drift-ice, collecting along its shore, maintained its ground during one inauspicious summer: if a land breeze had arisen and sent it on its way to better latitudes, Iceland and Lapland would not have been at this day the cheerless regions which they

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they are; but having resisted the summer, it took root, as it were, along the coast and has continued to increase, producing effects upon the climate of the north, which we ourselves in some degree experience.

The spirit which founded the empire of Manoa for the Incas, and placed the ten tribes beyond the Sabbatical river, has been busy with the lost Greenlanders. A Dominican is said to have returned from a Greenland convent of his own order in 1545. It was dedicated to St. Thomas, and, according to his account, heated by a fountain of hot water, which served for all the culinary purposes of the community and was conveyed by pipes through all their apartments. The brethren also irrigated their garden from the same source, and by this means produced the most delightful flowers and fruits in a land of ice and snow. A tale worthy to have been invented by Urreta himself, being as veracious, but in better keeping than his history of the monastery of Plurimanos in Abyssinia, four leagues in circumference, which is inhabited by 9000 Dominicans, and contains the Queen of Sheba's library. Urreta, indeed, was an outrageous liar even in his own order, who, in that catholic accomplishment, bear away the bell from all others: the Greenland story is a modest fiction, and whenever history offers a chasm of this kind, the fabler, who fills it up, finds willing listeners to his inventions; so much more delightful is it to indulge the imagination than to exercise the reason. Wild as it is, this tale obtained belief, and for more than a century geographers repeated it after each other, and inserted in their maps the *Cænobium S. Thomæ.* The last report of the lost Norwegian colony comes down to 1752, when the Moravian missionaries heard, from a native traveller, of a people on the east side of greater stature than the Greenlanders, with black hair and great beards; and who were the terror of the other inhabitants, because having once been compelled to eat human flesh by the severity of a winter famine, they had continued the diet by choice, and made *mikkiak* of their dead; that is, they laid them in a pit with other meat, and so eat the flesh half raw and half frozen. These human Ghowls were not, however, content, like the Tapuyas of Brazil, to let their friends die a natural death before they ate them; they killed the old and the orphans; and if a stranger appeared among them he was fair game. Such a race there may be; but their black hair, as well as their manners, shews them not to be the remains of Eric the Red-Head's colony. The only certain intelligence was procured by Egede, a man whom the Romanists would have stiled a saint had he belonged to their communion; and whom it does not become a Christian of any communion to mention without admiration and reverence. In one of his expeditions to the inlet, called Ball's river, he found the ruins of a church in a beautiful valley, and clay-houses

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likewise in ruins, and overgrown with grass and thickets of birch, willow, elder and juniper. In another expedition, at a place which the Greelanders called Kakoktok, between the 60 and 61 degrees, he found the ruins of a church, 50 feet long and twenty broad, having one great house and many smaller ones near it, and the walls of the church-yard yet standing. He cleared away a heap of rubbish from the church, in hopes of finding some Norwegian antiquities. The Greenlanders, who were with him, could hardly be prevailed upon to perform this labour, fearing that the souls of those who were buried there would take vengeance for being disturbed. They could do little for want of proper tools: all that they discovered were a few coals, bones, and broken urns; proving either that the place had been used for burial before the colonists were converted, or that, after their conversion, they burnt their dead.

The discovery of America by the Icelanders, and the establishment there of a colony from East Greenland, are facts which no writer will now pretend to controvert: all traces of this settlement are lost at a very early age. The latest account is that in 1121. About a century after the discovery, a bishop from Greenland went thither to convert the settlers. It seems probable that they were cut off by the natives whom they called Skrællings, who crost over to West Greenland, and are believed to have contributed to the extinction of the Iceland-colony. We now know that these people are Esquimaux, a knowledge which the Moravian missionaries have procured for us; and it is not a little extraordinary to find one of the most feeble of the American tribes, not in numbers, but in strength and stature, appearing as a formidable and destructive enemy to men of the race of the conquerors of Europe.

The discoveries and settlements of the Icelanders were made before their conversion to Christianity. That event took place toward the close of the tenth century: the first missionary who is known to have preached among them was a Saxon bishop by name Friederic; the first church was built in 984, by Thorvard Bodvarson. Baptism in those days was performed by immersion, and many persons who had no other objection to receiving the new religion, objected to this initiatory rite: because it would be indecent they said, to go naked into the water like boys. A sort of compromise was made with them: they renounced paganism by suffering themselves to be signed with the cross; and though this did not entitle them to be considered as Christians, it gave them the privilege of eating with those who were baptized, and of being buried close to the church-yard. It is apparent from this account, that the missionaries were politic enough, like the Moors in India, to hold up their religion as more honourable than that of the idolaters. The Irish also scrupled at immersion, but it was

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was for a widely different reason: original sin was too convenient, as well as too agreeable a thing for them to be content to part with it entirely, so 'they used,' says Stanihurst, 'a damnable superstition, leaving the right arm of their infants unchristened, (as they term it,) to the intent it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow.' The Irish made another curious improvement upon baptism: water was good enough, they thought, for the infants of the poor; but gentlemen's children were baptized in milk:—it is odd that they did not give the preference to whiskey.

The Skalds were the great opponents of Christianity in Iceland; for the same reason that Demetrius the silversmith and his craftsmen opposed it at Ephesus. The mythology of the country was in great measure their own invention; or at least they did for it what Hesiod seems to have done for the fables of the Greeks. But it was less their profession than their vanity which was wounded by the threatened triumph of another faith; for from this mythology they had made up a poetical language as strange as the 'Correspondencies' of Swedenborg. Had the missionaries been like the Quakers, who insist upon christening the days of the week, this obstacle might have been insurmountable—the poets, however, have always enjoyed a dispensation for as much paganism as suited them,—till Mr. Toogood and the editors of the Methodist Magazine agreed that the heathenish word Muse was not to be tolerated in Christian poetry: and the Skalds, by virtue of this dispensation, continued to exercise their craft after they had found it expedient to change their faith.

Von Troil gives a good sample of their figurative stile. 'I hang the round beaten gaping snake on the end of the bridge of the mountain bird, at the gallows of Odin's shield.' The round beaten gaping snake is, in Skaldic phrase, a ring; the end of the bridge of the mountain bird, is a finger, because the falconer carries the hawk on his hand. Odin is put for the sake of dignity. It was usual to hang the shield on the arm, and hanging suggested the ingenious antonomasia of gallows for arms: so that the sum total of this nonsense, when put into plain language, is merely, I place the ring on the finger.* *Hof*, in Icelandic, has the same meaning as its Eng-

* It is worthy of remark that Gongora, unquestionably a man of great powers, invented a style of poetry precisely similar to this in Spain, two centuries ago, in the golden age of Spanish literature; and what is more extraordinary, the style found admirers. The first half dozen lines of his *Soledades* will show the resemblance.

Era del año la estacion florida
En que el mentido robador de Europa
(Media luna las armas de su frente,
Y el sol todos los rayos de su pelo)
Luciente honor del Cielo
En campos de Zafiro pace estrellas.

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lish derivative, hoof; but it likewise means decency and moderation; and if an Icelandic poet wished to mention either of those qualities, it was considered an elegancy to express them by some periphrasis for a horse's hoof. We are told that this diction was fashionable, but that it can ever have been popular is impossible; and it is equally impossible that any men of real genius should ever have continued to wrap up their meaning in such cumbrous circumlocutions. In fact, the best pieces of Runic poetry which have reached us are free from such absurdity.

The Runic poems resemble the Welsh in the endless complexity of their metre. That the Gododin of Aneurin, and the Hirlas Song of Cyveilioc should breathe the same spirit, and savour of the same manners as the Death Song of Regner was to be expected; but that the Keltic and Runic bards should equally have studied all the artifices of versification, and that anything so complex as their art of poetry should have been invented in ages so barbarous, are curious facts in the history of civilization. Perhaps the Welsh, though they hated the Saxons, knew the fame of the Skalds, and imitated them, thinking the same skill might be displayed to more advantage in a richer and more harmonious language. This is probable, because their earlier poems, which are considerably anterior to any that we possess of Gothic growth, are ruder in their construction. The Welsh remains are exceedingly valuable, and deeply is the world of letters indebted to the excellent and learned historian of the Anglo-Saxons for so incontestably establishing their authenticity, and to the individual,* who at his single expense has so munificently secured them from farther danger by means of the press: they contain nothing, however, so curious as the earlier and later Eddas.

But was the mythology of the Edda at any time the belief of the Gothic nations? Certainly not more than the tales in Ovid's Metamorphoses were the belief of the Romans, and probably less, for there is reason to believe that the Skalds went on with their work of invention long after the conversion of these people to Christianity. Scarcely a trace of it is to be found in Saxo-Grammaticus: and Verstegan, Schedius and Sammes show no other resemblance to this highly poetical system, than that of a few names. The days of the week are seven good witnesses and true, and four of the seven bear testimony that the superstition of our Saxon forefathers differed considerably from the machinery of the Skalds. Sunday and Monday are not classical Pagans; if they were, they would have been *Sol*day and *Lun*day:—the Roman etymology

* Mr. Owen Jones. It is no exaggeration to say that this gentleman has given a more munificent proof of his love of literature than any of its boasted patrons.

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would have been preserved as it is in the five unchristened days of the Spaniards. Verstegan's portraits would have come to us with more authority, if he had told us when the idols sat for them—but we know from Cæsar that the sun and moon were gods of the Germans—in the Edda they only appear in a very insignificant fable, and Tuisco and Seator do not appear there at all. It is manifest therefore that the Skalds have dropt half the mythology; and this renders it probable that they modelled to their own fancy what they retained. Lok, though in the Edda he is evidently the devil of a sportive imagination, seems to have left his traces in our word *luck*—with the Romans the very reverse of this process took place: when they erected altars to Fortune, the personage originated from the word, with us the word owes its origin to the personage. This is the difference between the superstition of a barbarous and a civilized people. Apotheoses of this kind have not entirely ceased; they are still in use among the poets, and at less expence of diction than they were a generation ago. Then if the poet thought proper to elevate hope or fear, or any other of the family, into the rank of an existing being, it was necessary to designate the gender; but since the last improvements in printing, the reader is let into the secret more easily. It is but beginning the word with a capital letter, now that the other substantives have ceased to be thus distinguished; and *presto*, the metamorphosis is complete.

Travellers in the days of Romance write of a country called Hanyson, where a generation of Christians were preserved from 'a cursed Emperor of Persia, that hight Saures,' by being miraculously enveloped with a cloud of darkness. That darkness, it was said, was an impenetrable rampart for them and their posterity, while those within lived in the light and under the blessing of Heaven. The people of the adjoining country could hear at times their voices and the crowing of cocks and the neighing of steeds; but all communication was impossible. Iceland, in its best ages, was almost as much concealed from the rest of the Christian world, enjoying, during the long twilight which, in Europe, preceded the dawn of knowledge, not indeed a sunshine of its own, but a clear boreal light. For several centuries the Icelanders seem to have suffered no political evils whatever; an exemption, of which the history of the world affords no other example: Arcadia, alas! belongs to the poets, and Iceland would not have enjoyed this golden age, but for its poverty and its iron climate.

It is not possible to imagine a country more extraordinary than this island for natural reasons; but the old accounts of it made it extraordinary in a different way. For it seems that though Nicholas de Lyn, the friar of Oxford, whose discovery of the north pole

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pole is laid down by Gerard Mercator, and attested by no less a man than Master John Dee, touched at Iceland, it excited much less of his attention than the *Nigra Rupes*, the huge black rock of many miles in circuit, which was the point of his discovery; and though he furnished King Edward III. with his *Inventio Fortunata, qui liber incipit a grada 54 usque ad polum*, the people of England and of Germany were still ignorant of the real state of Iceland, and the Icelanders were in bad repute for a very singular reason. Hecla was supposed to be the mouth of hell; a fact which could not be doubted after the report of certain credible mariners, who in the mid sea between Germany and that island, when they were going right before the breeze with all sails set, met the soul of the Bishop of Bremen in a ship sailing against wind and weather as swiftly as themselves, bound for the burning mountain. Hecla therefore was concluded to be the shortest way to Pandæmonium, and it could hardly be expected that people would live so near the devil without having dealings with him. This was the opinion of all the early cosmographists, and even so late a writer as Peter Heylyn, though he says that to judicious men the natural reason of these flames is plain and obvious, assures us, nevertheless, that 'few of the people but have some familiar spirit to do them service; and notwithstanding the endeavours of the ministers to purge them from their impiety, yet it is so grafted in them, that they cannot leave it.'

Peter Heylyn ought to have known better, because Hakluyt had published Arngrim Jonas's account of the country threescore years before this senseless calumny was repeated. Arngrim Jonas's treatise owed its birth to a feeling of patriotic indignation at the misrepresentations which were at that time current in Europe. The particular cause of provocation was a description, or rather a lampoon in verse, which made the good Bishop of Olen exceedingly angry. 'There came to light,' says he, 'at Hamburgh about the year of Christ 1561, a very deformed imp, begotten by a certain pedlar of Germany; namely, a book of German rhymes, of all that ever were read the most filthy and slanderous against the nation of Iceland. Neither did it suffice the base printer once to send abroad that base brat, but he must publish it also three or four times over, that he might hereby, what lay in him, more deeply disgrace our innocent nation:—so great was the malice of this printer, and his desire so greedy to get lucre by a thing unlawful. His name is Joachim Lion, a man worthy to become lion's food.' Bishop Thorlak, when he made this bitter jest, must have been in a disposition to pass rigorous laws against libelling; but as it was impossible to make a second Daniel of the printer, first, because he was not in Iceland, and secondly, because if he had been there, there was no lion's den belonging to the episcopal court, the bishop had recourse

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course to a much better mode of proceeding; that of employing Arngrim Jonas to write a true account of the country, in confutation of this false one.

Bishop Thorlak was as zealous for the welfare, as for the honour of his country, and his memory is deservedly reverenced. He first established a printing office there, and by his means the Bible was published in the Icelandic tongue,—for the Reformation, after a short struggle, had obtained a complete victory in Iceland. The press, had it existed in earlier ages, might have saved some of the old Icelandic heroes considerable trouble in recording their achievements. Olof of Hiardarbult carved the history of his adventures upon the rafters of his house; and Thorkil Hake did the same thing upon his chair and his bedstead. But the golden days of the Icelanders were over before they received these blessings. 'Their houses,' says Jonas, 'were built from ancient time stately and sumptuously enough, according to the condition of the country, with timber, stones, and turf, until such time as traffic and exchange of wares began to cease between them and the Norwegians, who were wont to supply them with timber, and for that cause now our houses begin to decay; when neither we have woods convenient for building, nor yet there are now a-days, as there were in old times, trees cast upon our shores by the benefit of the sea, which may in any sort relieve us; whereupon many of our country villages are much decayed from their ancient integrity—some whereof be fallen to the ground, and others be very ruinous.' The Norwegians were themselves a declining people, for the same cause as the Icelanders, because they had ceased to be independent, and because they had not yet recovered the havoc made by the black pestilence, and felt the effects of the increased rigour of the climate. The failure of the drift wood which is thus mentioned is curious, because Horrebow 150 years afterwards says, that great quantities of fine large timber every year came floating ashore, and that the people not having means of transporting it to their countrymen in other parts of the island who are in want of fuel, nor able to consume the whole themselves, let it lie in heaps and rot. Mr. Hooker also tells us, that much timber is cast upon the northern and eastern coasts. The inference therefore seems to be, that when Jonas wrote, some chance accumulation of ice had diverted the current which set in for these shores. The Greenlanders are supplied in the same manner, and owe to this provision their sole means of subsistence; their houses, their boats, even their arrows are made of the wood which the sea wafts to them; and if their necessities were not thus provided for, the country would be uninhabitable. This drift wood consists chiefly of fir: aspins, willow, alder and birch are also found, and larch and cedar; whence it comes seems not yet to have been ascertained.

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certained. Iceland itself at one time abounded with forests. The first settlers are said to have cut their way through the thickets; this however may possibly mean nothing more than the brush-wood which still exists there; but the bog-wood, and the roots of trees which are sometimes found, prove beyond all doubt that there was a time when the climate of Iceland was not too severe for the growth of forest trees. Von Troil supposes that the surturbrand has been formed by lava, which sweeping away whole woods, charred them by burning and smothering them at the same time: but he forgets that trees, if swept away by the lava, would have floated upon it like straws upon a stream; and by Horrebow's account it is found in layers between the rocks. Sir G. Mackenzie did not visit that part of the country where this remarkable substance is procured.

Jonas complains of the want of foreign trade: in those days Iceland had little to offer to the merchant. There was its eyder-down, which is still one of its main commodities; its ling, which in the 17th century was accounted in England 'a fit dish for a nobleman's table;' and its falcons, which were worthy to take flight from a prince's hand. They are remarkable for a greater variety of plumage than is found on any other of the tribe. The white falcon is the rarest variety: all that are taken of this colour are still reserved for the King of Denmark, who, according to Mr. Hooker, 'sets so high a value upon them, and so little upon the lives of his oppressed subjects, that a law has been enacted, declaring it death to any one who shall destroy one of these birds.' The sentence should not have begun in the present tense, for the law is in the spirit of our old forest laws, and cannot be of much later date. Old writers relate an odd custom of the hawks of Norway: the last bird which they caught on a winter's day, they took home alive, that he might keep their feet warm at night; and in the morning when they let him go, they noticed which way he fled, and went out themselves to prey in a different direction, being unwilling to do their bed-fellow any injury, because of the comfort which they had derived from him.* If the Iceland falcon had the same custom, he would certainly chuse an eyder-duck for his foot-warmer. The dogs of this island also were in fashion among us for a full century. Massinger mentions them—

'Would I might lie
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,
So I might have my belly full of that
Her Iceland cur refuses.'

Peter Heylyn calls them the delight of ladies;—but they were not

* Lupton tells the same story of the English merlin. *Siuqila*, 1584.

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all thus nursed in the lap of luxury; for Sir Roger L'Estrange, speaking of what he calls Jack Pudding Smell-Feasts, says they 'make fooling their business and their livelihood, and live like Iceland shocks, by shewing tricks for bread.'

But shock dogs and falcons were but poor articles to invite the merchant; and it was found better to fetch ling from the banks of Newfoundland than from the stormy seas of the remotest North. Few persons therefore visiting Iceland for business, and none for curiosity, we had no account of it in England from Hakluyt's time, till, about fifty years ago, a translation appeared from the Danish of Horrebow's natural history of the country. This is the book which contains the two remarkable chapters concerning owls and snakes, to which we alluded on a former* occasion. It is likewise remarkable for a most extraordinary exaggeration; the author makes the country seven hundred and twenty miles long—its actual length is about two hundred and sixty. This, however, though the work is meant as an eulogium upon Iceland, seems to have proceeded more from ignorance than design. For Horrebow did not travel over the island himself, but took the report of others. But though this enormous error stares us in the face in the very front of the book, the book itself must not be estimated by such a sample: it is, indeed, so methodical as to be sometimes dull and sometimes ludicrous, but there is plain matter of fact sufficient to atone for greater faults. The English translation is remarkable for its ridiculous form—we complain, and with good reason, of our travellers in quarto, who make a two guinea commodity of what a century ago would have cost but half-a-crown: the English Horrebow is even more unreasonable; matter which, if the meteorological tables were omitted, would not exceed the limits of an article in this journal, is spread over a folio.

Iceland became an object of interest to naturalists after it was visited in 1772, by Sir Joseph Banks; but the short account of this voyage which was published by Von Troil, served rather to excite curiosity than to gratify it. Sir John Stanley's communications to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, were confined to one of the wonders of the island; and of the minute and ample work of Olafsen and Povelsen, a short abridgment in Phillips's collection of voyages and travels, is all that has appeared in our language. At length however we have a rich harvest of information. Mr. Hooker's journal, notwithstanding the grievous misfortune by which his papers and collections of every kind were destroyed, still forms a most interesting and valuable volume; and though much yet remains for the researches of the geologist, yet a full

* No. VIII. p. 340.

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and satisfactory knowledge of the physical appearance, and the moral and political state of the island, may be obtained from his travels, and from the more extensive work of Sir George Mackenzie.

Reikiavik, the capital of the island, is but a miserable place, containing about 500 inhabitants. The houses are in two streets or rather rows, which form a right angle; the longest range extending along the beach. One house and only one is built of brick, the rest are made of planks, and appear at a little distance like so many granaries. The merchants' houses are only to be distinguished from the rest, by one or two wooden chimnies, and by a few glass windows. The want of glass in the other houses is supplied by the *chorion* and *amnios* of the sheep, stretched upon a hoop and laid over an opening in the roof, with a wooden shutter to protect it in stormy weather; for smaller windows at the side of the door, bladders are used. These merchants houses, being the best in Iceland, are made in Norway. The warehouses serve for shops, where the merchants retail their foreign commodities, and receive in exchange such articles as the island produces for exportation. The most conspicuous building is the House of Correction; the Cathedral is of considerable size, has large glass windows, a little square wooden tower with two bells, and is roofed with tiles; but it is sadly dilapidated. This is the only stone building in Reikiavik, and yet the main street is so obstructed with rocks, that a cart, if there were such a thing in Iceland, could not proceed half a dozen yards. There are a few miserable huts raised but little above the level of the ground, in the neighbourhood of the town; each of them has two or three machines near it on which the inhabitants hang their fishing dresses to dry.

The dress of the men consists of a woollen shirt, a short waistcoat and jacket of coarse cloth, and still coarser trowsers. Their hats resemble those of our coal heavers. Their cloth they manufacture themselves: for the art of weaving they are indebted to Denmark, and it is almost the only benefit which Denmark has bestowed upon them. Some weaving frames were set up at the King's expence almost threescore years ago, and workmen sent over to instruct the natives in their use. It would have been well if his Danish Majesty had taken measures for instructing them in another part of the process through which cloth passes. 'As hitherto,' says Horrebow, 'they have had no fulling mills, it must imagined that they have a deal of trouble in fulling and milling their woollen goods, and indeed it is so; for they have no other instrument for this purpose than a barrel with both ends struck out; into this they put the goods which require milling, two persons then place themselves on the ground over against each other, and with their feet go through the operation, in the barrel. Small things

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things they full upon a table against their breast, but both ways are very toilsome, and attended with great trouble.' These however are neither the most curious nor the most awkward of their operations. The same author tells us that 'in fulling breeches the people often put them on and rock themselves about, by which means they contract a habit of perpetually rocking and moving their limbs, though they have nothing on them that wants milling.' Our recent travellers have not informed us whether it is still the custom for every man to be his own fulling mill; if it be, we should think that peculiarity of gesture must have been noticed, which would have entitled Horrebow to class the Icelanders of his time among the wagtails. In the Feroe Isles the women perform the work of fulling by treading the cloth in a tub; in this manner a girl can full twenty pair of hose in four or five hours.

The children, as is the case every where in Europe except in England, look like little men and women. The ordinary dress of the women is not unlike one of the most convenient and becoming fashions of our own country. The full dress is showy but not inelegant; the bridal dress is still more showy. The head dress would have shocked Latimer as much as the 'velvet power' from Turkey, which he called a vengeance devil. It is shaped like a large flat horn, rising from a sort of turban and bending forward. What would the good bishop have said to such a fashion as this? he who would have a wife remember St. Paul, whenever she put on her cap, and call to mind her subjection to her husband? Yet though the Iceland wife exalts her horn in this manner, subjection to the more worthy gender is practically acknowledged; and to the great discomfort of our English travellers, the ladies of a family wait at table upon their guests. They have another custom, of which the travellers complain still more feelingly; that of returning thanks by an embrace and a kiss. Mr. Hooker describes a ludicrous scene arising from this custom, in which the man was more fortunate than the master. He obtained leave, in one of his excursions, to have his dinner dressed in the Priest's house, near which he had pitched his tents; his man, Jacob, a very interesting personage, whose untimely end forms a most unwelcome conclusion to his eventful history, was the cook. Jacob was longer than usual about his business, and Mr. Hooker being impatient, made his way through smoke and darkness into what he calls the cooking-room, a kitchen being too dignified an appellation for such a den. Here he discovered Jacob sitting on the ground, with two or three filthy women about him, regarding his operations, and marvelling at his frying-pan, in which he was dressing some sliced fish, on a fire kindled on the bare earth, between his legs. Close by him was a pretty girl, who had won Jacob's attention so much that every now and then he presented

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presented her with a slice of the fish, and she, in return for every piece, rose up, took him round the neck and kissed him. Her expression of gratitude was so much to Jacob's taste, that this bait would have drawn all the fish out of the frying-pan, if his master had not arrived in time to remind him that he wished to have a slice or two saved for himself. Mr. Hooker's ill fortune led him, before he left the house, to present a snuff box to the mistress, a little dirty ugly old woman, by no means free from cutaneous disorder. The old lady imagined that he only meant to give her the snuff; but when she was made to understand that the box also was included in the gift, she instantly repaid him with an embrace; from which, he says, he extricated himself with all possible haste, and ran to wash himself in the nearest stream.

The morals of the Icelanders are libelled by that German 'who was worthy to become lion's food;'—and by Anderson, whose calumnies upon this head are contradicted by Horrebow, with more mildness than such misrepresentations deserve. The Danes indeed, who like the other nothern nations have aped the manners of the French, and are now paying the price of their predilection for that corrupt and treacherous people, have imported their immoralities into Reikiavik, and materially injured those with whom they habitually associate. Sir G. Mackenzie says, that women who lived in open adultery were received into company, and even noticed by the bishop, with as much familiarity as if their characters had been blameless. This contagion is confined to Reikiavik, and even there, he says, considering the loose lives of the Danes, it is astonishing how little progress it has made. They set the natives an example of irreligion as well as licentiousness, for none of them attend the church; but the Icelanders are a religious people, and every where, except in the capital, they preserve the purity of their manners as well as their faith. There is an equality in the country which is favourable to morals. The servants are considered as nearly on a level with the children of the house. In America, these *helpers*, as they call themselves, display their sense of independence by being insolent. An English lady at New York rang the bell for tea; and after some time repeated the summons, that her visitors might not be kept waiting: farther delay provoked a louder call; upon which the angry American waiting-maid put her head in at the door and exclaimed, 'the more you ring, the more I wont come.' In Iceland the equality is natural, and therefore unobtrusive; the servants are generally orphans, or the children of very poor farmers: they partake in the recreations as well as the labour of the family; whilst spinning, knitting and sowing are going on in their long winter darkness, some one reads aloud the old tales and histories which their ancestors produced, not more for the honour than for the

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the blessing of Iceland. Scarcely a farm house is without some of these books, which they exchange with each other at church, the only opportunity they have of meeting; and thus the literary wealth of every parish continually circulates. The servants, being thus associated with the family, not unfrequently marry their master's children; this is, indeed, so usual, that a poor farmer sends his son or his daughter to serve in the house of one more affluent, in hopes that such a connection may be formed.

The law of inheritance is favourable to this equality. No entails are allowed; the property of the deceased is divided in equal portions among the sons, the eldest having the privilege of chusing his share. The daughters have each half a son's portion; the widow half the estate. Were the law of primogeniture established, it might promote the improvement of the country by favouring the accumulation of property; but a wise legislator would pause before he ventured, for this consideration, to change a system which has been certainly found favourable to virtue and happiness. The poor laws are remarkable. Every householder is compelled to receive his relations who cannot support themselves, to the fourth degree of kindred. The travellers say nothing of the moral effect of this system, which, perhaps, they had little opportunity or time to observe; but it is an interesting subject of inquiry. The householder who has no kinsmen that require his assistance, must contribute to the support of the poor, either by taking into his family some orphan or aged person, or by paying an annual rate proportioned to his property. This tax falls heavily: a landholder who pays only two or three rix-dollars to the revenue, is not unfrequently called upon for forty, fifty, or even sixty, towards the maintenance of the poor in his district, if he does not chuse to receive any of them into his family. These poor laws are strictly enforced by the hreppstioré of every parish.

The other taxes are light, and do not suffice for the civil establishment of the island. The sysselmen collect them in kind, and are required to pay the amount in money to the laudfoged or treasurer; they therefore dispose of the produce to the merchants, taking the chance of loss or gain, and retaining a third as their salary, a proportion not more than adequate to the trouble and responsibility of their office. The commerce of the island has been exempt from all duties since 1787. This exemption was, perhaps, granted in consequence of the dreadful state to which Iceland was reduced, in 1783, by volcanic eruptions more tremendous than any which had ever been recorded in its annals. The trade had long been declining. From the beginning of the last century, till the year 1776, it was in the hands of a chartered company, by whose monopoly the Icelanders were greatly oppressed. It was then nominally

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vested in the king, and carried on with a fund of four millions of dollars, which the government provided. At the end of ten years the stock of every kind was sold, and it was found that the capital had diminished more than an eighth part. The remainder was then vested in commissioners, who were empowered to lend money at four per cent. to those who would embark in the trade of Iceland, which was freed from imposts for twenty years. At the end of that time, the exemption was prolonged for five years; but the state of its trade will come more properly under consideration in treating of the existing circumstances of the country.

Fish and oil are the chief articles of export: besides these, however, the Icelanders export wool, coarse woollen goods, skins and feathers. The eider down is one of their most valuable commodities; it sells for twelve shillings a pound, and, in consequence of the benefit which is thus derived from the eider ducks, a severe penalty is inflicted upon any person who kills one. Both Mr. Hooker and Sir G. Mackenzie saw these birds upon the little island of Vedoe, one of the most fertile spots appertaining to Iceland, and the residence of the former Stiftamptman Stephenson, who, as a special mark of distinction, still retains that title. On the other uninhabited islets they form their rude nests among the old and half decayed sea weeds which the storms have cast high on the beach; but here, where their down and eggs afford the stiftamptman a considerable revenue, the birds seemed to be sensible of the protection under which they lived, and built their nests on the garden-wall, on the roofs, in the houses, and even in the chapel. Every little hollow between the rocks was occupied by them, and even the ground between the landing-place and the governor's house so strewn with their nests, that it required some caution to avoid treading on them. The old gentleman had also fitted the smooth sloping side of a hill for their accommodation, by cutting two rows of holes, in every one of which there was a nest. The sound which the eider birds utter, is described as very like the cooing of doves. They line the nest with down from their own breasts, and there is a sufficient quantity laid round it to cover the eggs when they go to feed, which is generally at low water. The nest is stript of its lining twice, and sometimes a third time; when the duck has exhausted her own down, the drake supplies what is wanting. If the down be taken from the dead bird, it has no longer that elasticity which renders it so valuable During the brooding season all cats and dogs are banished from this little island. One year a fox got over upon the ice, to the great alarm both of the ducks and the governor: another fox was brought over, and fastened by a string near the invader's haunts, and Reynard, in spite of his cunning, fell into the snare; he had a great taste for eider duck, but none for solitude, and, venturing

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venturing toward this companion, came within reach of the hunter's gun.

The Icelanders take their toll of the contents of the nest, as well as of its lining, and, for their own eating, they prefer those eggs in which the bird is formed. Sir G. Mackenzie says, that as soon as the young birds leave the shell, the duck takes them on her back, swims out to a considerable distance, then dives, and leaves them to exert their power of swimming: as soon as they have learnt the use of their feet in this way, she returns and becomes their guide. This is curious, because the common duck requires no other teaching than that of instinct. It is well known how anxiously a hen who has reared a brood of ducklings, follows them to the water edge, and endeavours, in vain, to withhold them from venturing where she cannot follow. The old birds, whom the spell of duty no longer fixes to their nests, take once more to the seas, and, in a few weeks, the whole race depart, going where no navigator has yet followed them: when the brooding season returns, their unerring guide brings them again to their safe nursery. Horrebow says that they very rarely build on the main land, though, in some places, they have been enticed to venture there, when the people send away their cattle and dogs, and take especial care to keep them from being disturbed. He says, also, that the inhabitants make little islands on purpose to invite them.

If the Icelanders were heathens, the sea would be the natural object of their worship, for the benefits which they derive from it. Fuller, in a strain of fanciful analogies, remarks in how many things the sea resembles the land; but he has not noticed that provident dispensation by which the sea is made most prolific in those regions where the shores are most destitute. 'Tell me,' says this quaint but delightful writer, 'tell me, ye naturalists, who sounded the first march and retreat to the tide "hither shalt thou come and no further?" When the winds are not only wild in a storm, but even stark mad in a hurricane, who is it that restores them again to their wits and brings them asleep in a calm? Who made the mighty whales, who swim in a sea of water, and have a sea of oil swimming in them?' We will add the rest of the passage for the sake of its piety and feeling, as well as its singularity. 'Was not God the first shipwright, and all vessels on the water descended from the loins, or rather the ribs, of Noah's ark; or else who durst be so bold, with a few crooked boards nailed together, a stick standing upright, and a rag tied to it, to adventure into the ocean? How first fell the loadstone in love with the north, rather affecting that cold climate than the pleasant east, or fruitful south or west? Or how came that stone to know more than men, and find the way to the land in a mist? In most of these things men take sanctuary at

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occulta qualitas, and complain that the room is dark when their eyes are blind. Indeed they are God's wonders; and that seaman, the greatest wonder of them all for his blockishness, who, seeing them daily, neither takes notice of them, admires at them, nor is thankful for them.'

In the eider birds the Icelanders have what Fuller would have called their sea poultry: they have their sea flocks in the seals. The walrus is not one of their visitors. Horrebow has one of his chapters 'concerning sea bulls and sea cows,' which says, 'it is commonly reported that the noise and bellowing of these animals make the cows ashore run mad; but none here ever saw any of these supposed animals, or noticed the bad effects of their bellowing.' The seal is easily tamed, and, according to Olafsen and Povilsen, sometimes domesticated in Iceland, though the people have a strange aversion to its flesh, which, in old times, was considered as a princely dish. There is an objection to taming this animal which could never have been foreseen. One, which had been made so familiar by the Zetlanders, that it would lie among the dogs before the fire, bathe in the sea, and return home, was discovered sucking the cows, an offence for which it was banished to its native element. The eagle is often seen carrying off its young to her nest. The seal, however, has a useful friend in the great sea-gull. The sportsmen, who are usually well acquainted with the haunts of this poor animal, raise up little bulwarks to conceal their approach, or wait for them behind a rock; the gull, however, understands these approaches, and frequently baffles all the precautions of the hunter by flying over his head, and screaming close to the seal: if the latter does not take the alarm, the bird strikes him on the head, and, as soon as he slips into the water, seems perfectly conscious that he is no longer in danger. The Icelanders derive food for their cattle, as well as themselves, from the sea; there is a sea-weed of which the cows are very fond when the inhabitants will spare it; it is the *fucus palmatus* of Linnæus. Horrebow says the cattle are very fond of it, and that the sheep seek it with such avidity as often to be lost by going too far from the land at low water. In Zetland, Dr. Edmonson says, it is curious to observe with what precision they leave the hills and betake themselves to the sea side at the moment the ebb commences. Mr. Hooker has seen women and children on the coast of Caithness gathering this weed from the rocks and greedily devouring it for their meal in its crude state. The Icelanders generally prepare it by washing it well in fresh water, and exposing it to dry, when it gives out a white powdery substance, which is sweet and palatable, and covers the whole plant; they then pack it in casks to keep it from the air, and thus preserve it ready to be eaten either in this state, with fish and butter, or, according to

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to the practice of wealthier tables, boiled in milk, and mixed with a little flour of rye. In the interior it bears half the price of dry fish, and can, therefore, only be given to the cows in time of need. According to Horrebow, in the most populous part of the country, for want of pasture the people, after eating the fish themselves, boil down the bones for the kine, and give them also the water in which it has been dressed.* Fish bones are also used as fuel; besides this, they use dried cow-dung, and turf. In the Westmann Island the wretched inhabitants burn dried sea birds. Whales' flesh and sharks' flesh are the dainties which serve an Icelander for his dessert.

Sometimes an enemy comes from the sea. Every year a few polar bears are brought upon the drift ice, and coming half starved with the voyage, soon make their arrival known by the depredations which they commit. But the *posse comitatus* is immediately raised, and Bruin has never yet been able to form a settlement in the country. The Icelanders have none of that affection for the bear which the other northern nations had in old times. The Russians and Livonians used to teach these animals to dance, not only for the rare pleasure which they took in dancing with them, but for purposes of refined policy. Resident ambassadors were unknown in that age; and in order to obtain information of the state of other countries, envoys of ability, and sometimes of high birth, *(filii magnorum nobilium et magnatum,)* were sent in the bear's suit, and they brought home that intelligence which there was no other safe method of acquiring: and this was the origin of Russian diplomacy. The bear-leaders of modern times have seldom been so useful. It was, however, found necessary in Germany to make severe laws against these Sclavonic diplomatists; for it was discovered, that they used sometimes to rob and murder travellers, and divide the spoil with the bear, giving him the body and taking the booty to themselves. These people taught the bear to perform many useful offices; they used him instead of a watch-dog; they made him raise water by turning a wheel; and carry sacks to the mill and logs to the fire; and they taught them to draw in a cart—*quia magna fortitudo eis inest in brachiis, ungulis et lumbis.* But the oddest thing related of them is, that they used to take bears to sea, who were taught to jump overboard and catch seals, and who amused the sailors by aloft. Olaus Magnus tells of a ship which was saved from pirates

* Von Troil mentions another preparation which is used when fodder is scarce; the heads and bones of cod are pounded, with a fish called *steenbitr*, and a fourth part of chopped hay; the cows like it, and yield milk plentifully after this food; but the milk, as may be supposed, is ill tasted.

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by the four-footed part of her crew. A great number of them happened to be aloft as the freebooter drew near, who seeing the yards so well manned, thought it prudent to sheer off. When Father Avril travelled through Livonia, he was shewn *en passant, l'académie où l'on a soin de dresser les ours avant que de les promener par les villes d'Europe. C'est un bourg appellé Samourgan où on leur apprend le manège qu'on leur voit faire ensuite avec tant d'adresse et ressemble avec tant de raison.* The Icelanders, far from establishing an academy for the purpose of qualifying bears for the grand tour, are fond of destroying them. An old man near Langeness was famous for having killed more than twenty with a spear.

The ice brings with it worse evils than an invasion of these animals, because no human means can remove or lessen them. As long as the ice continues floating the weather is fickle and stormy, and the tides are irregular; but as soon as the islands become fixed in the gulphs and inlets, the weather grows calm, settled, foggy, moist, and exceedingly cold, withering the vegetation, and destroying the cattle. Even a Shetland harvest has been blasted by the approach of an ice island. These things remind us of Darwin's speculations, and the dreams of what might be effected if mankind were employed in attempts to diminish the physical evils of the world. The Icelanders have some strange notions concerning floating ice; they affirm that it takes fire. Olafsen and Povilsen admit that flames are seen upon it, which they say arise from the collision of two fragments meeting with such violence that the drift timber which they carry with them takes fire at the friction: the natives, however, insist that the ice itself consists principally of salt petre, and that it might be used in making gunpowder.

The poet talks of winter lingering in the lap of spring: in these regions even summer is not safe; a huge floating island deranges the season as well as the tide, and carries with it a winter of its own. Horrebow mentions a royal garden full of all sorts of culinary vegetables; he speaks of turnips weighing two pounds and a half, of gooseberry bushes producing ripe fruit; and expresses his confidence that various trees, if properly managed, would bring their fruit to maturity, and that even corn might be cultivated with success. But the tallest birch trees which Sir George Mackenzie saw in his travels were not more than ten feet high. Governor Thodal planted firs; their tops seemed to wither when they were about two feet high, and they ceased to grow,—poor encouragement for him who would plant fruit trees! Mr. Hooker was in many gardens where the cabbage was so small that a half-crown piece would have covered it; and he tells us that turnips, carrots, and even potatoes never arrive at perfection. Horrebow is not a writer to be suspected of falsehood, nor even of conscious exaggeration.

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exaggeration. There is good reason for supposing that even our own climate has undergone some change since his time. Iceland will probably become colder, unless some earthquake should break up the belt of ice which forms a rampart round East Greenland. The Icelander who would raise fruits must take a hint from the monastery of St. Thomas. The hot springs with which this country abounds are used as baths; a lover cleanses one of the *laugar*, as they are called, for his mistress, who visits it after she becomes a bride; this was the mode of gallantry when Von Troil wrote. Some of these springs have natural basons near them in which the water becomes of a proper heat; others are so situated that it is easy to temper them: and Horrebow has seen people sit whole days beside them bending hoops for barrels. He says, it is universally known that the cows which drink at a tepid stream, yield a much greater quantity of milk than others; he says also that there is generally a very fine growth of grass in the neighbourhood of these springs. Olafsen and Povilsen say that in the valley of Reikholtz the ground never freezes; and they mention traditions of a deep and beautiful vale among the glaciers, with woods and meadows, and flocks and herds, and happy inhabitants, who live in the enjoyment of a perpetual summer, conferred upon them not by the heavens but by the bounty of the earth and its internal heat.

It is only in hot-houses that the Icelanders can hope to raise the fruit of an English garden; but the hot springs in those parts of the country where they abound, afford the means of doing this with little other expense than that of the shed. Among the plants which have found their way into the country, it is curious to find a spice; a small quantity of carraway seed was brought from Copenhagen, and the plant has spread itself. The angelica was introduced about a century ago by a priest named Haldarson; he planted it in an island of the lake Hittarvatu, and this gave rise to an interesting occurrence in natural history. The gulls and wild ducks soon discovered that the little shrubby branches of the plant protected their nests from wind and rain; they happened to discover it at the same time, and though in other places the gulls do not like to have the ducks build near them, a league not merely of peace but of amity was concluded between them, and the gulls defended their neighbours as well as themselves against the ravens and all other depredators. Mr. Moor, in his Hindoo Pantheon, asks why the raven which has so few natural enemies, (none indeed with which we are acquainted,) and is so long lived, should yet be so rare, that neither in England nor India, will two pair be found on an average in the extent of a thousand acres? He accounts for this by supposing that the raven destroys its young: it is remarkable that the Icelanders should confirm his theory and contradict his fact.

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They say that when the young ravens fall from their nest, and are unable to recover it, the parents devour them; nevertheless this bird is the commonest in Iceland, though the inhabitants destroy as many as they can. They have a high opinion of him as a soothsayer; but his supernatural gifts are not sufficient to atone for the ravages which he commits. Nothing escapes these rapacious plunderers; they watch the wild duck to her nest and drive her from her eggs, they pounce upon fish, attack the ewe as well as the lamb, and fixing upon the galled horses, devour them alive. In autumn numbers of them will meet in the fields without molesting each other; but upon the approach of winter they are said to form themselves into troops of six, eight, or ten, each taking a particular district as their peculiar royalty, and if one of another troop is bold enough to trespass upon it, they attack the offender, and put him to death, if he be not swift enough of wing to escape.

The Icelanders are not, like their poor neighbours and fellow subjects the Feroese, plundered by crows as well as ravens; for 'concerning crows,' as Horrebow would have said if he had happened to think of them, 'there are no crows in Iceland.' Neither are they much annoyed by mice: there is a white field mouse who is said by 'persons of credit' and eye witnesses to be an excellent fresh water sailor. These mice, they tell us, take long journeys to collect grain for their winter provender: in the course of their travels it sometimes happens that they have a river to cross —necessity has made them boatmen; a piece of dry cowdung serves for a raft, which they load with their spoil; the number of hands, in sea-phrase, or rather of feet in this instance, attached to each raft varies from four to ten, who launch the vessel and swim on each side of it, steering with their tails.* The Lapland squirrels we are told perform longer voyages in better boats; they drag pieces of bark to the water side, embark on it, hoist their tails for top gallants and push off in such fleets, that a storm will wreck three or four thousand sail of them. Leems vouches for the fact of their voyages; the extent of the practice must rest upon the authority of M. Regnard.

* The 'persons of credit' who relate this manœuvre should have recollected that the story is imperfect; for if the mice have more booty than they can carry in their mouths, (the only pouch with which nature has furnished them), land-carriage as well as water-carriage would be necessary for it; and although in the Orkneys these creatures make 'roads or tracks of about three inches in breadth, and sometimes miles in length, much worn by continual treading, and warped into a thousand different directions;' it does not appear that either cart, wheelbarrow, or sledge has been seen upon these highways, much less are such convenience to be looked for among the mice of Iceland, where the people themselves have not made carriage roads for their own accommodation.

Foxes

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Foxes are very numerous and very troublesome. The inhabitants use all imaginable means for destroying these enemies. They smoke them in their dens, and, if this fails, besiege them there; they shoot them, poison them, catch them with hooks and lines, and lay traps for them, from which, when caught by the leg, the animal has been known to escape by gnawing off the limb: this instance of desperate resolution is frequently exercised by the rat, a creature which, if it were less mischievous, would be admired for its almost matchless courage and ingenuity. If half the tales which the Icelanders tell of their foxes are true, it would seem that the breed has not degenerated since Esop's days, nor disgraced the reputation which Reynard obtained for the whole race. But without repeating the fireside tales of a nation of story-tellers, certain it is that the foxes fish, fowl, climb rocks to rob the birds nests, and embark upon pieces of floating ice to get from the main land to the islands. The people have a tradition that one of the Kings of Norway in old times sent over some foxes to Iceland, to plague the inhabitants, as a punishment for their disaffection to the mother country; an opinion, which Mr. Hooker observes has probably no better foundation than another of their tales, that the magpies which now infest them in such numbers were originally imported by the English in pure mischief.

A thousand writers have observed with what wonderful powers of pliability man accommodates himself to all circumstances of society and situation; but it has seldom been remarked in how great a degree animals possess the same power. When the sheep in Africa perceive a wild beast near them, they form themselves in a circle with their heads outward, the rams advance in the front, ready for defence, and their strength and resolution are such, that they are said to intimidate the tiger, and sometimes even to beat him off if he ventures to make an attack. In Iceland and in the Scotch isles, during a heavy fall of snow, if they can find no shelter, they place themselves in a circle with their heads inclining toward the center. Thus, if they are covered with snow, their breath forms an arch above them. In this situation they have been known to remain for many days. Every Iceland flock has one sheep trained as a leader, and in winter, and bad weather, his services are found exceedingly useful; for, however dark or stormy the night, he guides his company to the fold. Whole flocks, it is said, would often be lost, but for the sagacity of these guides: a trained sheep of course bears a much higher price than any other, and is always preserved till it becomes completely superannuated. They pull their sheep instead of shearing them; this custom also prevails in the Zetlands, where it is called *rooing*: the Zetlanders say that the wool continues much finer when removed in this manner than by

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by the sheers, which is by no means improbable. It might be expected that the animal would be liable to take cold by being thus literally stript naked; no mention, however, is made of any such consequence arising from the practice. The worst evil to which the sheep are exposed in this mournful country, seems to be the violent winds, which sometimes drive them into the sea. Horrebow says he has seen even in summer a flock carried away by a storm sixty or seventy English miles,—sheep in full sail before the wind with a vengeance!

In severe weather a little hay is given to the sheep, but this is a luxury which can seldom be afforded. Hay is by far the most important article to an Iceland farmer. The ground immediately round the house is laid out for it, and a field has the appearance of a churchyard, the soil being usually thrown up in little hillocks like so many graves; for 'the people,' says Sir G. Mackenzie, 'believe that a greater quantity of grass can grow upon an extended surface of this sort, and this erroneous notion is entertained even by the higher classes. That a greater surface is procured is true; but as every plant grows perpendicularly, or as nearly so as circumstances will admit, a greater produce cannot be obtained.' The error is in Sir George, not in the Icelanders. It is very certain that the extent of sky above a mountain can be no greater than the area of its base; but it is equally certain that its base does not contain so many acres as its surface, and it is upon the surface that trees and grass grow. The sophism is an old one; it is not the only one into which those persons have fallen who rely too much upon what is called the pure reason: but a better exemplification could never be found of that misapplied science which digs deep for error, when truth lies upon the surface. Sir George objects to the Iceland practice upon another ground, 'the speedy evaporation of moisture, occasioned by the smallness of the hillocks, and the air circulating between them, must render, 'he says,' the grass that does grow, less luxuriant than it would be otherwise.' We should have thought there could be no want of moisture in such a climate, and that the chief objection to the practice would be the difficulty in the way of mowing; but the Icelander rather shaves than mows these little knolls with a short narrow scythe, with which he is said to work expeditiously as well as neatly. The grass, such as it is, is neither close nor long, and is full of weeds. It is possible that it might be improved by means exactly the reverse of those by which they attempt to increase the produce, by sinking instead of raising the surface; for, in the Zetlands, Dr. Edmonson says, when the turf, or *feal* as it is called, which is pared off before the peat is cut, is carefully laid down in the bottom of the ditch with its green side uppermost, it is observed to yield

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yield uniformly a better kind of grass than it did before its removal: 'the people,' he adds, 'although well aware of this fact seldom pay any attention to it; and not only cut the moss in every direction, but huddle the feals together in heaps, and thus prevent the regular regeneration of turf, and the improvement of the pasture.' That improvement is probably owing to the shelter which is thus obtained. Draining would improve not only the soil but the climate, so great is the extent of bogs and swamps. Sir G. Mackenzie mentions certain tracts of country where draining might be practised with as much facility as advantage; but, he says, there seems to be some prejudices against it, which a little intercourse with Britain would probably remove. A brisker commerce would, no doubt, supply that want of motive and want of capital, which in the present distressed state of the island sufficiently account for its rude and unimproved agriculture.

Goats have been banished from the southern part of Iceland, because they were continually injuring the roofs of the houses by climbing them in search of food; some, however, are still kept in the north. It has been observed, as a curious instance of the extension of commerce, that a man may now sail round the world, and eat pork and spend Spanish dollars wherever the ship touches. The poor Icelanders live so hardy themselves that they have nothing to spare for the pigs; and this animal, who robs the dunghills in England, is found too expensive to be kept. For such a country the rein deer is obviously as well adapted as the camel for the desert. Thirteen were exported from Norway in 1773, only three of which reached Iceland; they were sent into the mountains of the Guldbringè Syssel, and have multiplied so greatly that it is not uncommon to meet with herds, consisting of from forty to an hundred, in the mountainous districts. The Danes sometimes go out in pursuit of them; but the Icelanders, instead of profiting by these invaluable animals, the most important boon which could possibly have been bestowed upon them, complain that they eat their lichen. The rein deer in Lapland is almost as much a loser by his connection with man as the dog in Kamtchatka: he gives up his liberty and is not provided for in return; though the Laplander might easily lay in a winter stock of the lichen, and of the great water horse-tail, on which, in a dry state, Linnæus says, it will feed with avidity, though not upon common hay. Iceland will be this creature's paradise. There is in the interior a tract which Sir G. Mackenzie computes at not less than 40,000 square miles, without a single human habitation, and almost entirely unknown to the natives themselves. There are no wolves in the island; the Icelanders will keep out the bears; and the rein deer, being almost unmolested

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unmolested by man, will have no enemy whatever, unless it has brought with it its own tormenting gad fly.

Those persons who, in passing from one side of the island to the other, cross any part of this desolate tract, usually travel day and night without stopping. Horrebow speaks of the goodness of the roads, affirming, that he has known those who, in a summer's day, from the rising of the sun to the setting, have rid 120 English miles—a length of mountain road which it would not be very practicable to traverse even in the longest arctic day. Of the perils of travelling, he gives a strange account. Paths, he says, are sometimes found leading to a frozen pond or lake, which was not there on the preceding day; the traveller, after going round, finds the path again immediately opposite the spot where he was obliged to turn aside; in a few days the ice and water are free, and the interrupted path appears. Bold men have sometimes ventured to cross the ice rather than take a wide circuit; horses have, in these cases, fallen in and been lost, and, after some days, been found lying on the surface; the ice having in the mean time melted and the water frozen again. Some truth may be contained in this account; but the danger which Horrebow mentions was not encountered by our late travellers, and it is almost the only danger which they did not encounter in a country more resembling Milton's hell, in its combination of fire and frost, than any part of the habitable globe.

One of the first things which Sir George Mackenzie and his companions discovered upon their travels was, the remains of a woman who had been lost about a year, and had fallen, as was supposed, down a precipice in some snow-storm. Her clothes and bones were lying scattered about where the eagles and foxes had strewed them. If some of our travellers did not in like manner leave their bones for the birds and the beasts, it was more owing to their good fortune than their prudence, as the reader will perceive in perusing Mr. Bright's account of the ascent of Snæfell Jokul. No guide could be found who had ever gone above the line of perpetual snow, beyond which the sheep never wander.

'After walking at a steady pace for two hours, in which time we had gone about six miles, we came to the first snow, and prepared ourselves for the more arduous part of our enterprize. The road being now alike new to all, we were as competent as our guides to the direction of our further course. The summits of all the surrounding mountains were covered with mist; but the Jokul was perfectly clear; and as the sun did not shine so bright as to dazzle our eyes with the reflection from the snow, we entertained good hopes of accomplishing our purpose. During the first hour the ascent was not very difficult, and the snow sufficiently soft to yield to the pressure of our feet. After that time

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time the acclivity was steeper, the snow became harder, and deep fissures appeared in it, which we were obliged to cross, or to avoid by going a considerable way round. These fissures presented a very beautiful spectacle: they were at least thirty or forty feet in depth, and though not in general above two or three feet wide, they admitted light enough to display the brilliancy of their white and rugged sides. As we ascended, the inferior mountains gradually diminished to the sight, and we beheld a complete zone of clouds encircling us, while the Jokul still remained clear and distinct. From time to time the clouds, partially separating, formed most picturesque arches, through which we descried the distant sea, and still farther off, the mountains on the opposite side of the Breidè-Fiord, stretching northwards towards the most remote extremity of the island.

'In the progress of our ascent, we were obliged frequently to allow ourselves a temporary respite, by sitting down for a few minutes on the snow. About three o'clock, we arrived at a chasm, which threatened to put a complete stop to our progress. It was at least forty feet in depth, and nearly six feet wide; and the opposite side presented a face like a wall, being elevated several feet above the level of the surface on which we stood; besides which, from the falling in of the snow in the interior of the chasm, all the part on which we were standing was undermined, so that we were afraid to approach too near the brink lest it should give way. Determined, however, not to renounce the hope of passing this barrier, we followed its course till we found a place that encouraged the attempt. The opposite bank was here not above four feet high, and a mass of snow formed a bridge, a very insecure one indeed, across the chasm. Standing upon the brink, we cut with our poles three or four steps in the bank on the other side, and then, stepping as lightly as possible over the bridge, we passed one by one to the steps, which we ascended by the help of our poles. The snow on the opposite side became immediately so excessively steep, that it required our utmost efforts to prevent our sliding back to the edge of the precipice, in which case we should inevitably have been plunged into the chasm. This dangerous part of our ascent did not continue long; and we soon found ourselves on a tolerably level bank of snow, with a precipice on our right about 60 feet perpendicular, presenting an appearance as if the snow on the side of the mountain had slipped away, leaving behind it the part on which we stood. We were now on the summit of one of the three peaks of the mountain; that which is situated farthest to the east. We beheld immediately before us a fissure greatly more formidable in width and depth than any we had passed, and which, indeed, offered an insuperable obstacle to our further progress. The highest peak of the Jokul was still a hundred feet above us; and after looking at it some time with the mortification of disappointment, and making some fruitless attempts to reach, at least, a bare exposed rock which stood in the middle of the fissure, we were obliged to give up all hope of advancing further.

'The clouds now began rapidly to accumulate, and were visibly rolling up the side of the mountain; we were therefore anxious to quit our

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our present situation as speedily as possible, that we might repass the chasm before we were involved in mist. Our first object, however, was to examine the state of the magnetic needle, which Olafson in his travels asserts to be put into great agitation at the summit of this mountain, and no longer to retain its polarity. What may be the case a hundred feet higher, we cannot affirm; but at the point we reached, the needle was quite stationary, and, as far as we could judge, perfectly true. We then noted an observation of the thermometer, which we were surprized to find scarcely so low as the freezing point; and after an application to the brandy bottle, began with great care to retrace the footsteps of our ascent. We found re-crossing the chasm a work of no small danger; for whenever we stuck our poles into the snow bridge, they went directly through. The first person, therefore, who crossed, thrust his pole deep into the lower part of the wall, thus affording a point of support for the feet of those who followed; Mr. Holland, however, who was the second in passing over, had, notwithstanding, a narrow escape, for his foot actually broke through the bridge of snow, and it was with difficulty he rescued himself from falling into the chasm beneath. We were scarcely all safe on the lower side of the chasm, when the mist surrounding us, made it extremely difficult to keep the track by which we had ascended the mountain.'—pp. 178 to 181.

Even without these risks, travelling in Iceland is attended with sufficient danger. Sometimes the way lies over a mass of lava broken into innumerable pieces, in the act of cooling, and full of chasms, from which the force of the air beneath has exploded fragments of all forms and sizes. In one place Mr. Hooker was half an hour in proceeding two or three hundred yards among this rugged lava; where a false step would have precipitated him to certain death. In this place, which is near Thingvalla, numbers of lives have been lost; but when our countryman was lamenting this, the good priest, who was in his company, checked him, by saying it was God's will that it should be so. 'I know not,' he says, 'whether it arises from a peculiar resignation to the will and providence of God, produced by real piety, or whether it is ascribable to the effect of climate and to the poverty and distress which attend upon the whole life of the Icelanders, that they seem to feel less for the calamities of themselves or of whatever surrounds them than is the case with the natives of other countries.' Gloomy and cheerless countries will always give a correspondent tinge to the character of the inhabitants; but in Iceland there is something more than cheerlessness and gloom: the most portentous and terrific operations of nature have given to this forlorn region horrors peculiar to itself. 'We travelled,' says Mr. Hooker, 'continually among the great masses of rock that lie strewed in the wildest possible disorder about the chasms which they once served to fill up; and frequently as we went on, were deceived by the imaginary sight of houses in this

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this solitude, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be only huge rocks torn from their situation by the shock of an earthquake, or some terrible convulsion of nature.'

Dreadful, however, as this scenery is, it forms, as it were, only the entrance to the more terrific regions to which the travellers were bound. From a deep hollow of the sulphur mountain they saw a profusion of vapour arise, and heard a confused noise of boiling and splashing, mingled with the roaring of steam, as it forced its way through narrow crevices in the rock. The whole side of the mountain, as far as they could see, was covered with sulphur and clay of a white or yellowish colour. In many places the sulphur was so hot that they could scarcely handle it; and wherever it was removed, steam instantly arose. Over this Stygian crust they ventured, in imminent danger of sinking into the scalding mass. Jets of steam, and fountains of boiling mud, are found in this dreadful district. We may believe Sir G. Mackenzie when he says that the sensations of a man even of firm nerves, standing upon treacherous ground over an abyss, where fire and brimstone are in incessant action, enveloped in thick vapours, and his ears stunned with thundering noise,—can only be well conceived by those who have experienced them. Mr. Bright was at one time in great danger, and suffered considerable pain from one of his legs sinking into the hot clay. Mr. Hooker, in one of his excursions, was in still greater peril; in endeavouring to avoid the suffocating exhalations from a sulphur spring, near which he was gathering some specimens of the mineral productions of the place, he sunk up to his knees in a semiliquid mass of hot sulphur; but instantly throwing himself at full length upon the ground, he reached a more solid spot with his hands, and was able to drag himself from this scalding bog.

Iceland abounds also with bogs of the common kind; less terrific indeed, but hardly less dangerous. Through these tracts a horse is the surest guide: he seems, Sir G. Mackenzie says, to know precisely where he may place his foot in safety. When in doubt, he feels the ground with his foot before he attempts to place his whole weight upon it; and if he is convinced that there is danger, nothing will induce him to set a step forward. The travellers were told that they should find the road through one of these bogs not so bad, because a bridge had been constructed there for the accommodation of travellers. This proved however to be nothing more than a deep ditch, with loose sharp stones at the bottom, along which they past in a string.

The great objects of curiosity in this extraordinary country are the Geysers. There are few countries without warm springs; but the Geysers are phenomena peculiar to Iceland. Of these we will give

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give as full an account as the limits of a journal will allow, and as far as possible in the travellers own words.

'On approaching the place, it appeared that a mount had been formed of irregular, rough looking depositions, upon the ancient regular strata, whose origin has been similar. The slope of the latter has caused the mount to spread more on the east side, and the recent depositions of the water may be traced till they coincide with them. The perpendicular height of the mount is about seven feet, measured from the highest part of the surface of the old depositions. From these the matter composing the mount may be readily distinguished, on the west side, where a disruption has taken place. On the top of this mount is a bason, which we found to extend fifty-six feet in one direction, and forty-six in another.

'At a quarter before three o'clock in the afternoon, when we arrived on the spot, we found the bason full of hot water, a little of which was running over: Having satisfied my curiosity at this time, I went with the rest of the party to examine some other places whence we saw vapour ascending. Above the Great Geyser at a short distance, is a large irregular opening, the beauties of which it is hardly possible to describe. The water which filled it was as clear as crystal, and perfectly still, though nearly at the boiling point. Through it we saw white incrustations forming a variety of figures and cavities, to a great depth; and carrying the eye into a vast and dark abyss, over which the incrustations formed a dome of no great thickness; a circumstance which, though not of itself agreeable, contributed much to the effect of this awful scene.

'Having examined several other cavities, I returned to the Geyser in order to collect specimens of the incrustations on the mount. I selected a fine mass close to the water on the brink of the bason, and had not struck many blows with my hammer, when I heard a sound like the distant discharge of a piece of ordnance, and the ground shook under me. The sound was repeated irregularly, and rapidly; and I had just given the alarm to my companions, who were at a little distance, when the water, after heaving several times, suddenly rose in a large column, accompanied by clouds of steam, from the middle of the bason, to the height of ten or twelve feet. The column seemed as if it burst, and sinking down it produced a wave which caused the water to overflow the bason in considerable quantity. The water having reached my feet, I was under the necessity of retreating, but I kept my eye fixed on what was going on. After the first propulsion, the water was thrown up again to the height of about fifteen feet. There was now a succession of jets to the number of eighteen, none of which appeared to me to exceed fifty feet in height; they lasted about five minutes. Though the wind blew strongly, yet the clouds of vapour were so dense, that after the first two jets, I could only see the highest part of the spray, and some of it that was occasionally thrown out sideways. After the last jet, which was the most furious, the water suddenly left the bason, and sunk into a pipe in the centre. The heat of the bottom of the bason soon made it dry, and the wind blew aside the vapour almost immediately

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mediately after the spouting ceased. We lost no time in entering the bason to examine the pipe, into which the water had sunk about ten feet, and appeared to be rising slowly. The diameter of the pipe, or rather pit, is ten feet, but near the top it widens to sixteen feet. The section, which is taken across the longest diameter of the bason, gives a distinct idea of the whole structure of the external part of this wonderful apparatus. The perpendicular depth of the bason is three feet; that of the pipe being somewhat more than sixty feet, though there may be some inaccessible hollows which extend to a much greater depth.

'After the water had descended into the pipe, there was no appearance of any vapour issuing from it, till it had reached the mouth, when a little was visible. Even when the bason was full, the quantity of vapour was far from being so great as might have been expected to proceed from so large a surface of hot water. At five minutes before six o'clock it boiled a little, and continued to do so at intervals. Having thrown a stone into the water while it was perfectly still, I observed that an ebullition immediately took place till the stone reached the bottom. I then requested all the party to provide themselves with large stones, and to throw them into the pipe, on a signal I should give, when the water was still. When the stones were thrown in a violent ebullition instantly followed; and this escape of steam on agitation, may serve to assist a theory of the phenomena.

'Following the channel which has been formed by the water escaping from the great bason during the eruptions, we found some beautiful and delicate petrifactions. The leaves of birch and willow were seen converted into white stone, and in the most perfect state of preservation; every minute fibre being entire. Grass and rushes were in the same state, and also masses of peat. In order to preserve specimens so rare and elegant, we brought away large masses, and broke them up after our return to Britain; by which means we have formed very rich collections; though many fine specimens were destroyed in carrying them to Reikiavik. On the outside of the mount of the Geyser, the depositions, owing to the splashing of the water, are rough, and have been justly compared to the heads of cauliflowers. They are of a yellowish brown colour, and are arranged round the mount somewhat like a circular flight of steps. The inside of the bason is comparatively smooth; and the matter forming it is more compact and dense than the exterior crust; and, when polished, is not devoid of beauty, being of a grey colour, mottled with black and white spots and streaks. The white incrustation formed by the water of the beautiful cavity before described, had taken a very curious form at the edge of the water, very much resembling the capital of a Gothic column. We were so rapacious here, that I believe we did not leave a single specimen which we could reach; and even scalded our fingers in our eagerness to obtain them. We found the process of petrifaction in all its stages; and procured some specimens in which the grass was yet alive and fresh, while the deposition of the silicious matter was going on around it. These were found in places at a little distance from the cavity, where the water running from it had become cold.'—pp. 214, 215, 219.

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These employments, delightful as they were, formed only the interlude of the grand spectacle. They pitched their tent about a hundred yards from the Great Geyser, and kept regular watch during the night. After two false alarms, they were roused to behold an explosion of the New Geyser: there was little water, but the force with which the steam escaped produced a white column of spray and vapour at least sixty feet high, accompanied with a tremendous noise. The second night they were more fortunate.

'On lying down, we could not sleep more than a minute or two at a time; our anxiety causing us often to raise our heads to listen. At last the joyful sound struck my ears: and I started up with a shout, at the same moment when our guides, who were sleeping in their Iceland tent at a short distance opposite to us, jumped up in their shirts and hallooed to us. In an instant we were within sight of the Geyser; the discharges continuing, being more frequent and louder than before, and resembling the distant firing of artillery from a ship at sea. This happened at half past eleven o'clock; at which time, though the sky was cloudy, the light was more than sufficient for shewing the Geyser; but it was of that degree of faintness which rendered a gloomy country still more dismal. Such a midnight scene as was now before us can seldom be witnessed. Here description fails altogether. The Geyser did not disappoint us, and seemed as if it was exerting itself to exhibit all its glory on the eve of our departure. It raged furiously, and threw up a succession of magnificent jets, the highest of which was at least ninety feet. At this time I took the sketch from which the engraving is made: but no drawing, no engraving, can possibly convey any idea of the noise and velocity of the jets, nor of the swift rolling of the clouds of vapour, which were hurled, one over another, with amazing rapidity.'—p. 223.

Mr. Hooker's account is equally impressive. We must insert that part of it, which describes the bason of the Great Geyser, because it is a remarkable instance of successful description.

'A vast circular mound (of a substance which, I believe, was first ascertained to be siliceous by Professor Bergman) was elevated a considerable height above those that surrounded most of the other springs. It was of a brownish grey color, made rugged on its exterior, but more especially near the margin of the basin, by numerous hillocks of the same siliceous substance, varying in size, but generally about as large as a molehill, rough with minute tubercles, and covered all over with a most beautiful kind of efflorescence; so that the appearance of these hillocks has been aptly compared to that of the head of a cauliflower. On reaching the top of this siliceous mound, I looked into the perfectly circular basin, which gradually shelved down to the mouth of the pipe or crater in the centre, whence the water issued. This mouth lay about four or five feet below the edge of the basin, and proved, on my afterwards measuring it, to be as nearly as possible seventeen feet distant from it on every side; the greatest difference in the distance not being more than a foot. The inside was not rugged, like the outside; but

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but apparently even, although rough to the touch, like a coarse file: it wholly wanted the little hillocks and the efflorescence of the exterior, and was merely covered with innumerable small tubercles, which, of themselves, were in many places polished smooth by the falling of the water upon them. It was not possible now to enter the basin, for it was filled nearly to the edge with water the most pellucid I ever beheld, in the centre of which was observable a slight ebullition, and a large, but not dense, body of steam, which, however, increased both in quantity and density from time to time, as often as the ebullition was more violent.'—pp. 116, 117.

A simple and ingenious theory of these Geysers is offered by Sir G. Mackenzie. He supposes a cavity partially filled with boiling water, and communicating with a shaft or pipe. That part of the cavity which is not filled with water is of course filled with steam, by the pressure of which the water is sustained to the top of the pipe. But upon any sudden addition of heat under the cavity, a quantity of steam will be produced, which, owing to the great pressure, will be revolved in starts, causing the noises, and the shaking of the ground. The water must now rise above the pipe; an oscillation is produced; the water is pressed downward, and the steam, he says, 'having now room to escape, darts upward, breaking through the column, and carrying with it a great part of the water. As long as the extraordinary supply of steam continues, these oscillations and jets will go on. But at every jet some of the water is thrown over the bason, and a considerable quantity runs out of it. The pressure is thus diminished; the steam plays more and more powerfully, till at last a forcible jet takes place; a prodigious quantity of steam escapes, and the remaining water sinks into the pipe.'

Mr. Hooker observes, that the water is never of a greater heat than 212° of Fahrenheit: he had forgotten that this is the boiling point, though he might have been reminded of it when Jacob boiled his mutton for him in the great Geyser. The Icelanders who live near these hot-springs, send their clothes to be washed; and the people who are thus employed, dress their eggs and miserable potatoes there. They indeed are accustomed to more formidable effects of the burning soil upon which they tread. Horrebow speaks of a man who lighted his pipe at a stream of lava. This was during the eruption of mount Krabla, which from 1724 to 1730 almost incessantly poured forth its burning torrents. The natives call these tremendous streams by the appropriate name of Stone-floods. By day they emit a blue sulphureous flame, obscured by smoke and vapour: by night they redden and illuminate the whole horizon. Balls of fire are sent up from the stone-floods as well as from the burning mountains. In 1755, Katlegiaa poured out a torrent of

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water which swept glaciers and rocks before it, and inundated an extent of country fifteen miles long and twenty wide: alternate discharges of fire and water took place, each equally destructive; loud subterranean noises were heard to the distance of eighty or ninety miles; and three hundred miles off, ashes fell like rain in the Feroe isles.

But the most tremendous eruption recorded in the Icelandic annals, is that of 1783. It began on the 1st of June with earthquakes; these continued to increase till the 11th, when the inhabitants quitted their houses and took up their abode in tents: meantime a continual smoke was seen rising from the northern and uninhabited part of the country; three fire-spouts broke out, which, after they had risen to a considerable height, were formed into one, visible at a distance of more than 150 miles. The whole atmosphere was darkened with sand and dust and brimstone; showers of pumice stones fell red-hot, together with a dirty substance like pitch in small balls or rings, which blasted all vegetation. At the same time, great quantities of rain fell, which, running in torrents upon the hot ground, tore up the earth and carried it into the lower country. This rain was so impregnated with salt and sulphur in passing the clouds of smoke which filled the sky, as to occasion considerable smarting on the skin. At a greater distance from the fire, there was in some places a shower of hail, in others a fall of snow, so heavy as to do much injury to the cattle. Meanwhile, such steams arose as to darken the sun, and make its disk appear like blood: this was perceived in England. A tract of country, above sixty English miles in length, was converted into one great lake of fire. Its perpendicular height was from sixteen to twenty fathoms. The hills which it did not cover, it melted down; so that the whole surface was one level expanse of molten matter. Two burning islands were thrown up in the sea. Ships sailing between Copenhagen and Norway were covered with a black and pitchy mixture of brimstone and ashes; and the rain which fell in Norway was so acrid that it totally destroyed the leaves of the trees. Nearly all the grass in the island was burnt, and what was left was in such a state that most of the cattle which escaped the fire and flood, died for want of food, or were poisoned by what hunger compelled them to eat. The atmosphere proved fatal to old persons, and all who had any tendency to pulmonary disease. But the greatest evil was the famine which ensued; and which was so dreadful that the number of inhabitants who perished in consequence of the eruption, amounted to near 9000.

This is sufficiently awful—yet were we to contemplate the different effects of moral and physical evil, a comparison between this ravaged island and the earthly paradises of the South Sea would

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would still leave the balance of happiness on the side of the Icelander. In those delicious countries, where the earth brings forth her fruits spontaneously, the inhabitants have abandoned themselves to the most loathsome and pernicious vices, are becoming every year more savage and miserable, and, in a few generations, will, undoubtedly, be extinct, if left to themselves. This may be safely predicted from their perpetual wars, their cannibalism, their human sacrifices, their promiscuous intercourse, their child murder, and other unutterable abominations. How much happier, amidst all the terrors of nature, the poor and virtuous Icelander! Perhaps it is not possible to produce a more beautiful instance of the beneficial effects of a common bond of faith, and an established religion, than is to be found in the works before us. An Icelandic church is hardly of better construction than the rudest English barn—but we will take Mr. Hooker's description of the church of Thingvalla.

'It was of a simple construction; in form, an oblong quadrangle, with thick walls, leaning a little inwards, composed of alternate layers of lava and turf. The roof was of turf, thickly covered with grass, and from the top of this to the ground, the building was scarcely more than sixteen or eighteen feet high. The entrance end alone, was of unpainted fir planks, placed vertically, with a small door of the same materials. I was surprised to find the body of the church crowded with large old wooden chests, instead of seats, but I soon understood that these not only answered the purpose of benches, but also contained the clothes of many of the congregation, who, as there was no lock on the door, had free access to their property at all times. The bare walls had no covering whatever, nor the floor any pavement, except a few ill-shapen pieces of rock, which were either placed there intentionally, or, as seems most probable, had not been removed from their natural bed at the time of the building of the church. There was no regular ceiling: only a few loose planks, laid upon some beams, which crossed the church at about the height of a man, held some old bibles, some chests, and the coffin of the minister, which he had made himself, and which, to judge from his aged look, he probably soon expected to occupy. The whole length of the church was not above thirty feet, and about six or eight of this was parted off by a kind of skreen of open work (against which the pulpit was placed) for the purpose of containing the altar, a rude sort of table, on which were two brass candlesticks, and, over it, two extremely small glass windows, the only places that admitted light, except the door-way. Two large bells hung on the right-hand side of the church, at an equal height with the beams.' pp. 93, 94.

The church-yard is often enclosed by a rude wall of stone or turf, and the area thinly sprinkled with banks of green sod, which alone serve to mark the burial places of the natives. And here we must gratify our readers with the most beautiful passage in Sir G. Mackenzie's book.

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'The moral and religious habits of the people at large may be spoken of in terms of the most exalted commendation. In his domestic capacity, the Icelander performs all the duties which his situation requires, or renders possible; and while by the severe labour of his hands, he obtains a provision of food for his children, it is not less his care to convey to their minds the inheritance of knowledge and virtue. In his intercourse with those around him, his character displays the stamp of honour and integrity. His religious duties are performed with cheerfulness and punctuality; and this even amidst the numerous obstacles, which are afforded by the nature of the country, and the climate under which he lives. The Sabbath scene at an Icelandic church is indeed one of the most singular and interesting kind. The little edifice, constructed of wood and turf, is situated perhaps amid the rugged ruins of a stream of lava, or beneath mountains which are covered with never-melting snows; in a spot where the mind almost sinks under the silence and desolation of surrounding nature. Here the Icelanders assemble to perform the duties of their religion. A group of male and female peasants may be seen gathered about the church, waiting the arrival of their pastor; all habited in their best attire, after the manner of the country; their children with them; and the horses, which brought them from their respective homes, grazing quietly around the little assembly. The arrival of a new-comer is welcomed by every one with the kiss of salutation; and the pleasures of social intercourse, so rarely enjoyed by the Icelanders, are happily connected with the occasion which summons them to the discharge of their religious duties. The priest makes his appearance among them as a friend, he salutes individually each member of his flock, and stoops down to give his almost parental kiss to the little ones, who are to grow up under his pastoral charge. These offices of kindness performed, they all go together into the house of prayer.'—pp. 31, 32,

A picture worthy of the poet of the Sabbath, and which would have delighted his affectionate and gentle heart. The clergy appear to perform their duties in an exemplary manner. Sir George has copied a page of a parish register, in which the worthy pastor, Mr. Healtalin, for his own satisfaction, makes an annual record of the moral and religious state of every family in his parish; his labour indeed is not very great, for the population varies from 200 to 210; this, however, is not remarked with any intention of detracting from the merit of this excellent pastor. 'This example,' Sir George says, 'of the attention and pious care with which the duties of a country priest are performed, in so remote a corner of the Christian world, may excite a blush in many of his brethren in more fortunate countries, and amid more opulent establishments.'

It would extend this article to an undue length were we to follow Sir George upon his mineralogical excursions, and through his speculations in geology; or botanize with Mr. Hooker. We must speak

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speak of the present state of the island in its political relations, and conclude.

The ship in which Mr. Hooker sailed was a merchant adventurer, provided with a licence and a letter of marque, belonging to Mr. Phelps, a London merchant, who was himself on board. In consequence of some restrictions imposed by the governor, in violation, as Mr. Phelps conceived, of a previous agreement, and certainly as much to the injury of the Icelanders as of the English trader, that gentleman thought it necessary to avail himself of his letter of marque, by virtue of which he landed a dozen men, made the governor prisoner, and carried him on board his ship. Having thus subverted the Danish government, he found it necessary to establish some regular authority till his own government should determine in what manner to act; and this led to what is called the Islandic Revolution, the most singular and innocent event which was ever dignified with such an appellation. A Dane had gone out with Mr. Phelps, by name Jorgen Jorgensen, who had served in the British navy, and imbibed, according to his own words, together with his knowledge of nautical affairs, the principles, and prejudices of Englishmen. In 1806, at the age of 25, he returned to Copenhagen, where, by his open hatred of the conduct of the French, he made himself many enemies. War broke out between this country and Denmark. Jorgensen, in consequence of a decree calling upon all persons to serve, took the command of a privateer, in which he was made prisoner, and being landed at Yarmouth was set at large upon his parole. This he did not conceive sufficient to prevent him from going a voyage in a British ship, engaged on British pursuits, and with the intention of returning to England.

Mr. Phelps and his privy council determined that Jorgensen should, for the present, assume the chief command, because, not being a subject of Great Britain, he was not responsible to it for his actions. The accident of his being a Dane, which was rather of more consequence, seems not to have been taken into their consideration, and to have been readily overlooked by himself. He therefore issued a proclamation declaring that all Danish authority in Iceland was at an end, and all Danish property confiscated. By a second proclamation he decreed that Iceland should be independent of Denmark, and that a republican constitution should be established similar to that under which the country had flourished till it united itself with Norway. The representatives of the people were to be assembled to form their new government, and till that could be done the existing authorities were to continue. A few persons expressed, in private, their objection to the measure of declaring the island independent, upon the ground that it did not

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produce food for its inhabitants; but the Icelanders in general were ill affected towards Denmark. It is not surprising, therefore, that they readily submitted to a revolution which would, they hoped, secure to them the protection of England, and open an intercourse with that country. None of the principal magistrates resigned their situations. The bishop and the clergy professed their satisfaction at the new order of things, and their willingness to support it, and exhorted all classes of persons to do the same. Many of the people came forward to offer their services as soldiers to Jorgensen. Search was made for arms, and about twenty old fowling pieces were found; there were also a few swords and pistols, with which eight men were equipped; and these, being dressed in green uniforms and mounted, scoured the country, intimidated the Danes, and crushed a conspiracy which was formed for seizing the English ship and restoring the Danish authority. Encouraged by the support of the army of Iceland, Jorgensen issued another proclamation, that the soldiery had chosen him to be their leader, and styling himself his Excellency the Protector of Iceland, Commander-in-Chief by sea and land. He abolished the great seal of the country, substituting his own till the representatives of the people should fix upon one, and hoisted a new flag upon the government-house bearing three split stock-fish upon a field azure. His orders for the seizure of Danish property were readily executed; and Mr. Phelps, acting under his Excellency the Protector, began to put the harbour of Reikiavik into a state of defence. For this purpose, he and his ship's crew, with the assistance of the natives, erected a battery, which they named Fort Phelps, and mounted it with six guns, which had been sent from Denmark 140 years before, and were now dug up from the sand, where they had lain buried.

Jorgensen entered upon his government with enthusiasm: he made a journey across the country to its most northern parts; wherever he went he was welcomed by the people as their deliverer; they crowded about him to relate the impositions to which the Danes had subjected them, and to assure him of their satisfaction in being freed from their tyranny. He declared it lawful for every Icelander to proceed from place to place, and trade wherever he pleased, without a passport; he announced his intention of sending an ambassador to his British Majesty to conclude peace; made a decree that none but Icelanders should fill public employments; and promised to the people a state of happiness which they had never before known. One circumstance which occurred under his government is too characteristic to be omitted. A poor peasant, in hopes of obtaining his share in this promised state of felicity, presented a petition

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petition to him, of which the following is a translation by his Excellency the Protector himself.

'A PETITION FROM BIARNE THORLEVSEN

'Sheweth that, in the year 1805, my wife, Thorunn Gunnlaugdatter, was sentenced to two years' labour in the Icelandic workhouse, only for the simple thing of stealing a sheep, which, besides, was nothing at all to me. The separation, which took place accordingly, occasioned that I was compelled to take a young girl as my housekeeper, who otherwise much recommended herself by her ability and fidelity. The consequence of these circumstances was, that the girl produced two little girls, after each other, whose father I am. We were then separated by order of the magistrates; and in this manner must the education of two innocents, but, at the same time, right handsome little girls, remain neglected, unless she as mother, in conjunction with me as father, is not hindered from following the irresistible dictates of nature, in the care and education of the children. But this cannot be done if we are not allowed to marry, and I humbly beg Mr. Bishop Videlin's declaration; so much the more so as I am convinced of the justice of my cause. I also commit my life and worldly happiness to your Excellency's gracious consideration, with the confidence and attachment of a subject.

BIARNE THORLEVSEN.

This petition was referred to the bishop, who accordingly inquired into the affair, and finding that the wife was not so fond of her husband as of her neighbour's mutton, and wished to be separated from him, pronounced a divorce accordingly, and Thorlevsen was thus enabled to marry his housekeeper.

Jorgensen's reign was terminated by the arrival of the Honourable Alexander Jones, Captain of the Talbot sloop of war, who, upon the representations of the Danish merchants, thought it incumbent upon him to send both the Danish governor and Jorgensen to England, restoring the former authorities under the Stiftamptmann Stephenson, till the pleasure of the British government should be known. By his orders the new flag was struck, the battery destroyed, the guns taken off the island, and the confiscated property restored. Jorgensen, soon after his arrival in England, was sent on board the hulks for having broken his parole: after remaining in this confinement twelve months, he was placed in a comparative state of liberty at Reading; where he amuses himself with writing books, in one of which, by way of recommending himself to the English gentleman to whom it is dedicated, he says he is descended in a direct line from those ancient and warlike tribes who trampled on Rome and Britain. The Dane needed not have reminded us of this; for our arrears to his ancestors have been paid off at Copenhagen. 'Should you,' he says in an address to the reader, 'happen to be one of those reptiles who pleasantly enough style themselves critics, and who, without giving the world any thing of their own, apply

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apply their wortbless talents in pulling to pieces other men's writings, then I frankly confess I expect no mercy from you. But, lest you should be conceited enough to think that any thing you could say would give me the least uneasiness, I must now inform you I am not of a humour to treat you with the least respect, and that censure from such a person as you would be more welcome to me than your dull praise.'

But Mr. Jorgensen comes before us not in his literary character, but as the usurper, according to Sir George Mackenzie and Captain Jones's Icelandic eulogist, or, as he would have it, and, we verily believe, the Icelandic people also, his Excellency the Protector of Iceland; and in this capacity we should most cordially approve of all that he did, had he been an Icelander himself, or any thing but a Dane. Being a Dane, there can be no excuse for his hostility against Denmark. Sir G. Mackenzie charges Mr. Hooker with partiality to Jorgensen; but, as we think, without sufficient foundation; because, while his own statement is decidedly in favour of the measures of his friend Mr. Phelps, he gives, upon every point, the counter statement of the Danish governor. And surely Sir George, who went to Iceland with letters from Count Trampe, the governor, who inhabited his house at Reikiavik, and who dedicates his work to him, is quite as likely to be biassed by his acquaintance with that gentleman, as Mr. Hooker by his knowledge of the spirit and personal qualities of Jorgensen.

Before these transactions, a privateer had the barbarity to plunder these poor islanders; similar depredations had been committed by Baron Hompesch under the British flag, upon one of the Feroe islands. In consequence of these circumstances and of the representations of Sir Joseph Banks, whose name is honoured by the Icelanders as it deserves, (for by his interference such of their countrymen as were prisoners, have been released and supplied with money till they could find means of returning to their own country,) an order in council was issued February 7th, 1810, declaring that the Feroe islands and Iceland, and the settlements on the coast of Greenland should be exempt from all hostilities on the part of England, and permitted to trade with London or Leith; and that the people when resident in his Majesty's dominions, should be considered as stranger-friends, and in no case treated as alien-enemies. A way has thus been opened for bettering the condition of Iceland, 'provided,' says Mr. Hooker, 'the Danish government has compassion enough upon the most injured of its subjects to permit the humane intentions of his Majesty's ministers to be carried into effect; but should this not be the case, (and such seems more than probable from the late decrees of Denmark, strictly prohibiting on pain of death, all intercourse with the

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the British,) then will the state of the nation be more wretched than ever, unless England should no longer hesitate about the adoption of a step to which every native Icelander looks forward as the greatest blessing that can befal his country, and which to England herself would be productive of various advantages, the taking possession of Iceland and holding it among her dependencies.'

In this opinion Sir G. Mackenzie, differing as he does from Mr. Hooker concerning the revolution, entirely coincides, being convinced that the only effectual mode of relieving the Icelanders, is to annex the island to the British dominions. Fish and oil, he says, might immediately be obtained to any amount; the quantity of hides and tallow might soon become considerable; and roads, which increased industry might soon provide, would render the exportation of sulphur an important branch of trade. But it is not to the commercial interests of Great Britain that we would appeal. A people whose history is more innocent than that of any other nation under heaven, inhabiting the most forlorn of all countries, poor but yet contented, and amid their privations, cultivated by letters to a degree which might make wealthier countries ashamed, are at this moment exposed to the severest sufferings of want, because they are dependent upon Denmark, and Denmark is at war with Great Britain. Their industry is suspended, because it is rendered useless; the revenues which supported their schools are cut off, and unless some speedy and effectual relief be afforded there is less danger of their falling into barbarism, than of their extinction as a people: for they labour under all the diseases which are produced by unwholesome diet; and of the children a very small proportion live through their infancy for want of proper food.

To remedy these evils nothing more is required than to take them under the protection of Great Britain, and let them govern themselves. A tenderness toward the court of Copenhagen is all that can prevent this, and how has that court deserved it at our hands? Is it for its edicts denouncing death against any of its subjects who shall be detected in trading with England? for its execution of the burning decrees? for its treatment of Romana and of those Spaniards who, being less fortunate than their noble leader, are still lying in Danish prisons? Is it for its assent to the treaty of Tilsit, or its share in the armed neutralities? Or must we go back to those old obligations in the days of the Vikingr, of which Mr. Jorgensen has so happily reminded us, and through respect to the memory of Sweyn and Canute, give as little offence as possible to their successors?

If ever there was a country deserving the admiration and gratitude of the world, it is Great Britain at this momentous time. And if the historian whose task it may be to record her struggles and her triumphs,

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triumphs, should be destined to relate, that while she stood forward alone against the most formidable tyranny which ever yet assailed the liberties of mankind, her rulers found leisure to think of the distresses of a forlorn and suffering people, and to provide for their welfare, without one selfish view—they who shall peruse the tale, will feel such an act as neither the least memorable nor the least glorious of those which will render her the light and the example of all ages to come.

ART. IV. *The Antiquities of the Saxon Church.* By the Rev. John Lingard. Two Vols. 8vo. Newcastle.

THIS is the work of a catholic priest, a man not unequal to his undertaking either in intelligence or research, but abounding in all that professional bigotry, which, after being suppressed in this country for a season by fear and caution, is now directing its attacks against the protestant world with a confidence excited by the possession of independence and the hope of power.

Ever since the appearance of Mr. Gibbon's great work, it has become a kind of fashion to decline the plain path of argumentation, and to make history an insidious channel for the conveyance of controverted principles. The style of the present volume proves our author's intimate acquaintance with the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and his sagacity has unquestionably suggested to him the adoption of a manner so attractive in itself, and so well adapted to the indolence and levity of modern reading. Under another form, it is really a controversial work. It was manifestly not the author's object to give a simple narrative of the Anglo-Saxon church, which during the whole of this period was unquestionably more or less dependant upon Rome; but to exalt the character of Augustine and his followers, to sink that of the primitive British churches, to prove the marriage of the secular priests a mere usurpation, to extol the monks and their patrons, to identify the most extravagant tenets of his own establishment with the doctrines of the Saxon church, and finally, to insult and vilify the church of England, and the most venerable of her prelates, for their departure from the faith and discipline of their ancestors. This plan, at once bold and crafty, which is carried on with little art or disguise, will suggest a few reflections.

It appears, in fact, to be a sort of argumentum ad verecundiam. Transubstantiation, we are told, was the authorized doctrine of this period; it was the religion of Odo and Dunstan, and of all the pious and learned men who then adorned the cloisters and cathedrals of England. On this assumed fact the author descants so triumphantly,

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triumphantly, and with so much self-complacency, that out of tenderness to his feelings we are for the present disposed to concede it to him:—be it then, that transubstantiation was the faith of our Saxon ancestors. Who were they? A set of pirates just emerging from barbarism, and scarcely capable of comprehending their own wretched systems. Yes, it is to the faith and practice of such an age that we are to be recalled,—to give in exchange for the cloudy sophistry of Scotus the luminous metaphysics of Locke, Clarke and Paley, and in a period when all the operations of intellect have been analized with an exactness, and carried to a perfection, unknown in former ages, to resign our understandings to the authority of dreaming priests who were hardly acquainted with the first principles of scientific reason.

Equally unimportant is it to us whether the marriages of the Saxon clergy were canonical or not:—they were natural and necessary, and therefore scriptural. But married or unmarried, why are the secular clergy of the church of Rome itself, to be for ever sunk in the comparison with their cloistered brethren? Why are the frozen and torpid virtues of the one to be preferred to the active and laborious exertions of the other? To the zeal and well-directed endeavours of many of these men we are willing to pay every tribute of applause. Unintelligible as their public ministrations are to the generality; in private instruction and admonition, in constant and vigilant inspection of their flocks, the secular clergy of that church have, in many instances, been a pattern, and perhaps a reproach to ourselves. They have done the work of evangelists—they have been instant in season and out of season: but these virtues have descended upon them in succession from an higher antiquity, and from a purer fountain than the institutes of Gregory or Benedict. Take the monastic life in its most favourable aspect; its abstractions and mortifications, its watchings, meditations, together with its everlasting round of tiresome forms—what is it but a waste of devotion, a solitary and self-chosen path? Surely, unless the members of that church were given up to a reprobate *taste* in religion, some portion of their applause would be transferred to men whom they might justly commend—to the humble and devout Fenelon, to the intrepid and heroic Belsunce, and to the confessors and martyrs of the Gallican church during its last awful trial. We have been provoked by the petulance of the author to express a warmth to which we have not been accustomed—and we would challenge a comparison between the meddling and secular spirit, the pride and cruelty of his heroes Odo and Dunstan, not merely with the seculars of his own church, but with the learning and moderation of Parker, or the sanctity of Secker and Porteus, each of whom he insults. Could any thing short of the rancour and bigotry of his church

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church have tempted a Saxon scholar, (and no contemptible one) to speak of the *offal* of Archbishop Parker, to whose taste and liberality many of the most valuable remains in that language owe their preservation? But the archbishop's offence was inexpiable. He had honestly vindicated the antiquity and independence of the British churches—he had censured, in the free and spirited language of the first reformers, the arrogance and superstition, the pomp and vanity of Augustine. We will, however, present the classical reader with a morsel of this 'offal.'

'Gregorius enim—ipsi Augustino ad missarum solennia celebranda, pallium, item vasa sacra, altarium vestimenta, ecclesiarum ornamenta, sacerdotilia atque clericalia indumenta, sanctorum apostolorum ac martyrum reliquias se misisse dicit: Ex quibus videmus, quantæ tum in Romanam ecclesiam cœcitates et errores irrepserant. Nec hujus modi solum malis sanctiora ecclesiæ instituta depravata sunt, sed ex illâ, de unius in ecclesiâ pastoris imperio atque potestate, contentione, quam Johannis Constantinopolitani patriarchæ ambitio, vivente adhuc & acerrimè reclamante Gregorio, excitavit, non modò ad superstitionem & sacrorum omnium profanationem, sed etiam ad impietatem atque Antichristi regnum, patefacta fuit janua: Antea enim inaudita erant et incognita illa superborum titulorum nomina; summus pontifex & unicum ecclesiæ in terris caput, Christi vicarius & similia, quibus insolescere cœpit Romanorum pontificum audacia, quibusque parere, sub æternæ mortis pœnâ, omnes jubentur.'—*Augustinus.*

In opposition to these censures let it be remembered how candidly the archbishop had spoken of the labours and successes of his first predecessor: Illi evangelium Jesu Christi regi & universo comitatui prædicant. Quid multis opus est? Multi Christo nomen dederunt, crediderunt, baptizati sunt, donec Rex ipse tandem conversus et universus populus Christo lucrifactus est. It was the religion therefore of Christ which was presented to Ethelbert and his people; their faith is admitted to have been genuine, their conversion sincere, their baptism regular; concessions which would not have been made by a catholic to the claims of any protestant missionary. But upon such men concessions are thrown away. Acknowledgments of what yet remains in popery of genuine christianity are coldly and sullenly accepted. An exposure of its errors, however elegantly expressed, is coarsely denominated *offal.*

These observations may suffice as to the general temper and principles of the work before us; in the style there is little to censure, and excepting that the author has chastized and simplified his model, there is nothing greatly to commend; our concern, therefore, in the remaining part of this Review, must be with specific facts and positions.

And first we have to admire the flexible and accommodating spirit of our author, as a missionary: 'the Saxons,' he tells us, 'had

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'had been accustomed to enliven the solemnity of their worship by the merriment of the table. The victims which had bled on the altars of the gods, furnished the principal materials of the feast, and the praises of their warriors were mingled with the hymns chaunted in honour of *the divinity*. Totally to have abolished this practice, might have alienated their minds from a religion which forbade the most favourite of their amusements.' So thought and acted the Chinese missionaries, and so will ever think and act the propagators of a religion like that of Rome. But when the apostles and first preachers of the word went forth in the 'power of the spirit' to convert the world, we find nothing of this compromise and conciliation, this medley of christian worship with 'the elegant mythology, the captivating songs and dances' which constituted the great attractions of the heathen ritual. Had Paul and Barnabas acted upon these principles, the offence of the cross would in one sense have ceased, and the churches of the first century exhibited what these men have again and again been challenged to produce, 'a gay religion, full of pomp and gold.' The doctrine of Jesus would have found a ready reception at Corinth or at Antioch, and the grove of Daphne have exhibited an edifying spectacle of easy and accommodating christianity. Compared to the puritanism, with which this writer has branded the morality of Dr. Henry, how gentle in his language in speaking of the Saxon worship and manners! Their acts of idolatry are termed 'solemnities of worship,' their brutal intemperance heightened, like every species of excess, by its combination with religion, 'the merriment of the table;' while the hymns chaunted to their idols are expressly said to be addressed to 'the divinity.' To the flexibility, however, of Gregory, in permitting this incongruous union, we are indebted for all the outrages on decency which take place in the religious festivals of the common people, and of which one of the evils was, that, in the seventeenth century, they produced a recoil of manners more hateful and mischievous than themselves.

But where is the wonder, if in the conception of this writer, the conduct of missions admit of such a latitude, when the principle itself is radically defective? 'The rulers,' he says, 'of the barbarous nations had proved themselves not insensible to the truths of the gospel, and the influence of their example had been recently demonstrated in the conversion of the Franks, the Visigoths and the Suevi. Hence, the first object of the missionaries, Roman, Gallic, or Scottish, was invariably the same, to obtain the patronage of the prince: *his* favour ensured, *his* opposition prevented their success.' In the primitive church, christianity prevailed *against* the powers of the world, and those excellent men who are, in our days,

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days, undertaking missions more remote and perilous than that of Augustine, have learned to rely on the favour and protection of One who, in Mr. Lingard's account, is no party to the conversion of heathen nations. Of national conversions indeed we have always been jealous; for the complaisance which embraces the christianity of the prince, will, with him, relapse into idolatry, and even while it retains the external profession of religion, be either hypocrisy or nothing. On these principles, the only instrument of conversion is policy, and the only effect an external compliance.

The following passage betrays a secret conviction that these missionaries were indebted for their freedom from persecution, to some abatement of that boldness and sincerity which distinguished the first preachers of christianity. 'If they neither felt *nor provoked* the scourge of persecution, they may at least claim the merit of pure, active, and disinterested virtue, and the fortunate issue of their labours is sufficient to disprove the opinion of those who imagine that no church can be firmly established, the foundations of which are not cemented with the blood of martyrs.' That is, the prudence and discretion of Augustine greatly surpassed that of the apostles and primitive martyrs: they, it seems, *provoked* the scourge—these men declined it; and with respect to success, till we know how many were really civilized, (a word which as being suited to the extent of his views Mr. Lingard generally uses,) and how many were really sanctified, (a word which he does not use;) we must be permitted to make some deductions from his flattering representations. Neither can we altogether accede to his opinion as to the disinterested exertions of Augustine and his followers. Men usually act upon a combination of motives. The character of a missionary was popular, the honours which awaited success were certain, and if, as appears, ecclesiastical ambition was the ruling principle of his heart, Augustine 'had his reward.' Meanwhile, we are not unwilling to concede to him a sincere and benevolent wish to 'civilize the manners and correct the vices of a distant and savage people.' The terms are happily chosen; they describe the conduct of the Jesuits in Paraguay; but they fall infinitely short of the views of an apostle. Doubtless a change of life and manners would occasionally take place even under great disadvantages in the mode of instruction; but these humble though important achievements of the missionaries were too private and unobtrusive to figure among the nominal conversions of princes, or nations, and accordingly the records of them are not to be sought upon earth.

The beneficial effects of christianity, however, upon the manners and temporal happiness of the Saxon converts, are pleasingly represented. 'Such were the pagan Saxons. But their ferocity soon

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soon yielded to the exertions of the missionaries, and the harsher features of their origin were insensibly softened under the mild influence of the gospel. Death or slavery was no longer the fate of the conquered Britons: by their submission they were incorporated with the victors, and their lives and property were protected by the equity of their Christian conquerors. The humane idea, that by baptism all men became brethren, contributed to meliorate the condition of slavery, and scattered the seeds of that liberality which gradually undermined, and at length abolished so odious an institution.' Very gradually indeed! These seeds, though sown in no barren soil, were long in maturing; and the topic would scarcely have been touched by Mr. Lingard, had he recollected that the vestiges of this odious institution are to be traced among his brethren the monks, to the very dawn of the Reformation.

Other instances of the success of the gospel, in this period, very conspicuous in Mr. Lingard's eyes, are, to our unpurged vision, somewhat equivocal. 'In the clerical and monastic establishments, the most sublime of the gospel virtues were carefully practised; even kings descended from their thrones, and exchanged the sceptre for the cowl.' From this passage, the disciples of Mr. Lingard may, not improbably, be led to infer, that, in a certain volume, there exists some specific precept by which kings, in order to attain to the most sublime of the christian virtues, are required to exchange a 'sceptre for a cowl.' In that volume we discern a very different spirit. We see the great sovereigns of the chosen people, David and Solomon, Jehosaphat and Josiah, administering judgment and justice, fighting the battles of their country, and actively employed in the various duties of their station to the very close of intellect or life. 'Three and twenty Saxon kings, however, and sixty queens and children of kings, were revered as saints by our ancestors.' What were the requirements to constitute that species of regal sanctity which excluded Alfred from the catalogue, we stay not to examine. Yet we are far from blaming the voluntary retirement of many Saxon princes; but surely, to descend from one of the thrones of the heptarchy, in the decline of health and spirits, is no such heroic act as to call forth extravagant commendation.—Mere satiety of power, united with the love of quiet incident to old age, has operated with equal force upon heathens:—and when the resolution was once taken, what retreat presented itself in a state of society so rude and turbulent, but the cloister? War and devotion were the two employments which then divided mankind. There were no liberal arts to relieve the irksome languor of declining age; no Salonian gardens to sooth the feelings of an abdicated monarch; no elegant retreat like that of St. Justus, in which, unfettered by

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vows, yet secure from violence, between gentle occupation and calm devotion, he might wait his translation to a better life. The cowl alone was the condition of being admitted within the sacred walls, and to this last and lowest degradation of the regal character, the aged penitent was invited as an atonement for a life of violence and bloodshed. These remarks, though applied to a distant age, are not unseasonable at present. Monastic establishments are once more formed and fostered amongst ourselves. The same extravagant ideas of merit in voluntary abdication of the world are propagated, in derogation of the great satisfaction for sin: perverse and factitious virtues have been substituted for those of nature and scripture, which, as far as they extend, have rendered the practice of the most important duties of society impossible; have extinguished the mutual charities of life, and vainly taught men to believe, that the farther they recede from the commerce of mankind, the nearer they approach to God.

On the subject of celibacy, we meet with all the sophistry and misrepresentation, which were to be expected from so artful and intrepid a controvertist.

In this statement, however, he has not failed to avail himself of some mistakes into which Hume and other modern historians have been betrayed by their inattention to the canons of the Saxon church. These writers, we frankly admit, have, in defiance of all original evidence, asserted that the restriction of celibacy was first attempted to be imposed upon the clergy in the tenth century. The authority of Bede, and of the earlier councils, are decisive in referring the restriction to a much higher antiquity. But in making this concession, the cause of Protestantism sustains no injury.

The practice of the Saxon church we repeat, is no authority to us: yet even on this ground we are willing to meet the author, and to shew that, even when the church of Rome, availing itself of the prostrate state of human reason in the ninth and tenth centuries, was making rapid advances to that spiritual tyranny which was perfected in the thirteenth, human nature and the spirit of Saxon independence triumphed over these absurd and unscriptural restraints. In Northumbria it is certain, that for many generations ecclesiastics did actually marry, and a canon, relating to the clergy of that kingdom, applied by the author, without any appearance of scandal, to concubines, really proves to every one acquainted with the language, that it was intended to prevent the repudiation of lawful wives. Lif preoſt cþenan forlete ȝ oppe nime. anþe ma riꝛ. 'That is, (says he) if a priest forsake his concubine.' When it is in an Englishman's choice to give up his skill or his honesty, it is usually understood that he will abandon the former. Mr. Lingard is certainly not unacquainted with the Saxon language.

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language. What then must be the conclusion when we assure our readers that his interpretation of the word cpen has no other authority to support it than the opprobrious use of the modern quean, and that in no passage which we have ever met with, has it any other meaning than a queen or wife! In the Gothic gospels, where the word first appears, it is used in the same honourable sense: and it occurs repeatedly on Runic tombs commemorating married couples. *Wormii Monumenta Danica*, l. 2. pp. 112—213.

But our persevering ecclesiastic proceeds to argue in favour of clerical celibacy on higher grounds. 'From the gospel and the epistles of St. Paul, the first Christians had learned to form an exalted sense of the *merit* of chastity and continency. In all they were revered. From ecclesiastics they were expected. To the latter were supposed more particularly to belong, that voluntary renunciation of sensual pleasure, and that readiness to forsake parents, wife and children for the love of Christ, which the Saviour of mankind required in the more perfect of his disciples, and this idea was strengthened by the reasoning of the apostle, who had observed, that while the married man was necessarily solicitous for the things of this world, the unmarried was at liberty to turn his whole attention to the service of God.'

We should have thought it extremely difficult if not impossible to trace the doctrine of 'merit' to him who assured his disciples, that having done all, they were unprofitable servants, or to his apostle, who in a proposition, as humbling as it was universal, declared that all had sinned, and come short of the glory of God:—but the Church of Rome is possessed of a perverse nostrum for extracting the vilest dross from the purest gold. The author's next assertion is equally remote from the truth. The precept of forsaking parents, wife and children for the love of Christ, was not, as he affirms, directed to the more perfect of his disciples; but it was the very condition on which mankind were permitted to become his disciples at all. Let the reader judge from the verse to which we are referred. 'If any man come to me, and hate not father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters; yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.'*

As little is the doctrine of clerical celibacy supported by another text, to which we are also referred. 'There be some that have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake.' In

* We subjoin, for Mr. Lingard's behoof, the exposition of this passage given by a critic, who was but too partial to his own church, and may therefore obtain a hearing, which would be denied to 'a protestant bigot.' 'Neque enim actus designatur, sed affectus animi isthæc omnia infra Christum ducentis et parati ea amittere, si salvâ pietate retineri nequeant.' *Grotius in Lucam*, xiv. 33.

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other words, there were existing among the Jews at that time certain persons, who, from religious motives, lived in a state of voluntary chastity. We say voluntary chastity—which is confirmed by the words which immediately follow. 'He that is able to receive it let him receive it.' Our Saviour evidently leaves the option to every one, according to his conscience. To ecclesiastics, as such, it can by no interpretation be applied. A layman may have the gift of continency, a priest may not;—let each therefore act accordingly.

The same answer may be given to the passage quoted from 1 Cor. vii. 32. It is incapable of the remotest application to the clergy.

In times of calamity and persecution, the contracting of marriage might be inconvenient and imprudent. 'I suppose, therefore,' says the apostle, 'that this is good for the present distress—I say that is good for a man so to be: but, and if thou marry thou hast not sinned; nevertheless such shall have trouble in the flesh: but I spare you.' That is, such tender ties, under the distressful circumstances in which you are likely to be placed, will necessarily relax your fortitude, and endanger your fall. But this is said of the whole body of believers. Yet our author's inference is, that in the contemplation of St. Paul, the embarrassments of wedlock were hostile to the profession of a clergyman at all times.

In the next place, the advantages attending clerical celibacy are pleaded from the disinterested and unworldly character, which it has been supposed to produce. 'Had Augustine and his associates been involved in the embarrassment of marriage, they would never have torn themselves from their homes and country, and have devoted the best portion of their lives to the conversion of distant and unknown barbarians.' Of such missionaries as Augustine the author has probably formed a just estimate. Policy and ambition are easily overborne by the force of domestic affection; yet has his walk of study been so exclusive that he has yet to learn that, within the last seven years, persons involved in the embarrassments of marriage have actually torn themselves from their homes, and devoted their lives to the conversion of nations more distant and people more barbarous than the Saxons of this island in the days of Augustine? Or can he have forgotten that an apostle, in whom his church claims an especial interest, carried about with him a wife, a sister, when engaged in the same work; and that his example was followed without scandal or scruple by others of his inspired brethren? Seriously, does he account the apostolical age of inferior attainments in religion? or conceive that the plan of Christian perfection was only partially disclosed by Christ and his apostles; and that it was reserved for the saints, the councils, and the

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the doctors of his church to finish what they left unaccomplished? Whatever may be avowed, less than this can scarcely be inferred from their conduct and his arguments.

With such an inference the next assertion is perfectly consistent. 'The insinuation that a life of continency was above the power of man, was treated with the contempt which it deserved.' To this merited contempt then we are to consign the great apostle. 'But if they cannot contain let them marry, for it is better to marry than to burn.' 1 Cor. vii. 12. To the same contempt is to be consigned a greater than the apostle who declared on this very subject. 'All cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given.' But this spirit of jesting with the most serious things stops short at a point little removed from blasphemy. Bale was a Protestant, a bishop, and a married man, and of him we are told that it is *amusing* to hear the reasons assigned for his union with the faithful Dorothy. 'Scelestissimi Antichristi characterem illicò abrasi, & ne deinceps in aliquo essem tam detestabilis bestiæ creatura, uxorem accepi Dorotheam fidelem, divinæ huic voci auscultans, qui se non continet nubat.' Mr. Lingard is a priest, and we would in charity believe a Christian; but what Christian ever turned into derision a literal and conscientious act of obedience to the precept of an apostle?

The most pleasing, or rather the least displeasing part of the work, is an account of the monastic institute. On this subject every Catholic writer dwells with an enthusiasm for which we are at a loss to account. The prevalence of religion, as it affects the character of families, or larger communities, is a delightful topic to the ecclesiastical historian. But to these men the precepts of the gospel appear to be weakened in proportion as they expand, to gain in force whatever they receive by contraction. In the history of mankind it is matter of experience that every attempt to divert the natural channel of the passions is mischievous: either they will have their own course, or they will bear every impediment before them while they force another for themselves. It is the business of genuine religion therefore, as the founders of Christianity well knew, to check and controul, but never to divert; to exalt, but not to attempt the suppression of these great springs of human action. The founders of the monastic institute, however, would be wiser than their masters. They laboured to produce a race of beings more than men, and they succeeded in producing one which was less. The first disciples of Anthony and Pachomius were self-degraded, stupid, groveling, illiterate fanatics, no more resembling the patient and manly sufferers for the Christian cause in the first three centuries, than the bungling productions of barbarous imitation resemble the fairest and most

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perfect works of nature. For the conduct of these men (less vicious indeed than could have been expected) we have no apology to offer but the perversity of their rule: yet even the profligacy of later ages was more tolerable than the phrenzy and spiritual arrogance of the first. In the same proportion with which they have approximated to the world, they have resumed the human character; and with the exception just now hinted at, there never was less reason to complain of the monastic character than when it was most calumniated—when it had most widely deflected from its original and horrid austerity.

The following quotation, which we offer as a very favourable specimen of our author's manner, will exhibit a very different view of the subject.

'It is at the commencement of religious societies that their fervour is generally the most active. The Anglo-Saxon monks of the seventh century were men who had abandoned the world from the purest motives: they had embraced a life, in appearance at least, irksome and uninviting. Their devotions were long, their fasts frequent, their diet coarse and scanty. For more than a century wine and beer were in the monastery of Lindisfarne excluded from the beverage of the monks, and the first mitigation of this severity was in favour of Ceolwulf, a royal novice.'

Again—

'During the three first centuries of the christian era, the more fervent among the followers of the gospel were distinguished by the name of Ascetes. They renounced all distracting employments, divided their time between the public worship and their private devotions, and endeavoured, by the assiduous practice of every virtue, to attain that sublime perfection which is delineated in the sacred writings. As long as the imperial throne was occupied by Pagan princes, *the fear of persecution* concurred with the sense of duty to invigorate their efforts, but when the sceptre had been transferred to the hands of Constantine and his successors, the austerity of the Christian character was insensibly relaxed, the influence of prosperity and dissipation prevailed over the severer maxims of the gospel, &c. The alarming change was observed and lamented by the most fervent of the faithful, who determined to retire from a scene so hateful to their zeal, and so dangerous to their virtue; and the vast and barren deserts of Thebais were soon covered with crowds of Anachorets, who under the guidance of the saints, Anthony and Pachomius, earned their scanty meals by the sweat of their brows, and by a constant repetition of prayers and fasts, edified and astonished their less fervent brethren. Such was the origin of the monastic institute.'

We have already said that the present work is properly and purely controversial. To trace the writer through all his doublings, and examine the justice of his attacks on Protestant divines and

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and historians, would require a volume. One article, however, we must select, not only on account of its own importance, but of the peculiar sophistry with which it is treated by Mr. Lingard. The doctrine of the Real Presence, in opposition to an host of Protestants, he boldly maintains to have been held by the Saxon church. Here again we are compelled to assert our perfect indifference to the matter in controversy, farther than as a subject of speculation. Englishmen in the nineteenth century will scarcely lend their understandings to the cloudy metaphysics of Paschasius Radbert, Hincmar, Alcuin and Rabanus Maurus. But it is the triumph of the church of Rome to have acquired an empire over the understandings of men, which has compelled them to receive as an article of faith, a proposition that confounds all our ideas of identity, and establishes a test of faith contrary to that of every other miracle.—'The Saxons,' we are told, 'had been taught to despise the doubtful testimony of the senses, and listen to the more certain assurance of the inspired writings.' Doubtful testimony of the senses! Every miracle wrought by Christ, by his apostles, and by the prophets before them, appealed directly to the senses, and to the senses alone. Had our Saviour, in his first miracle, conducted himself, as the church of Rome supposes him to have done in his last—had he said to the guests at Cana, Your wine is exhausted, but these water-pots contain a supply of more; it retains, indeed, all the accidents of water, wine nevertheless it is, drink and be exhilarated; or when he undertook to feed the fainting multitudes in the desert, had he taken up a clod, and dividing it to those around him, said, this is bread and this is fish; it retains indeed the accidents of earth, but eat, and ye shall be filled—what, we may ask, would such a mockery have produced? In one of these miracles the conversion, in the other the multiplication of matter was perceptible, and could not fail to be perceived. Without this external transformation, the miracle of Bolsena itself would not suffice to render it credible. That a substance retaining the whiteness, friability, and other secondary qualities of bread, should by the pronunciation of a few words become flesh, is no more possible in the nature of things than that a similar process should alterthe relations of number or time. But 'the testimony of the senses is doubtful.' What then is certain? And how, but through the medium of the senses do we arrive at the evidence of Scripture itself? If it be uncertain whether substances offered to our taste, smell and touch, and by them reported to be bread and wine, may nevertheless be a living body of flesh and blood, it must at least be equally dubious whether the book, which relates the institution of the Holy Communion be a non-entity, whether the evidences of Christianity be not an illusion, whether in short all human testi-

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mony be not fable. Greater triumph a Protestant can scarcely enjoy, than to find that the fundamental doctrine of Popery can be defended on no other principle than one which leads to universal scepticism.

The History of transubstantiation, and the differences among the learned of his own communion concerning it are stated by our historian in a clear and masterly manner. In this, beside his principal purpose, of which he never permits himself to lose sight, he appears to have had in view two subordinate objects—The first, to rescue Aelfric from the charge of symbolizing in this article with the Protestants; the second, to gratify his own spleen by committing Archbishop Secker and Bishop Porteus with each other. In neither of these has he succeeded. When Aelfric affirms that 'the sacramental elements are in their own kind corruptible bread and corruptible wine, but, after the divine word, truly Christ's body and blood, not indeed in a bodily, but in a ghostly manner'—that 'certainly Christ's body which suffered and arose from death dies now no more, but is eternal and impassible' (what then becomes of the sacrifice of the mass?) 'that the husel is temporal and corruptible, is dealed into pieces, chewed between the teeth, and sent into the stomach'—our author exclaims, how such language as this would sound from a Protestant pulpit, I presume not to determine. We will take upon ourselves to inform him, that it would be in perfect unison with it. With reason then has this archbishop, for such he was, been challenged by our best theological antiquaries in the article of the real presence, as decidedly protestant; and with reason too does Mr. Lingard, though feebly and ineffectually, make another effort to represent the age of Aelfric as comparatively barbarous. But the Danish invasions, if they diminished the learning of the ecclesiastics, had not clouded their intellects, nor enslaved them to system; for in clearness of ratiocination and manly freedom of thought, Aelfric appears to have surpassed the metaphysicians of his own age, and the two preceding, both here and on the continent.

Catholics, from the time of Bossuet, have dwelt with peculiar satisfaction on the 'variations of the Proestant churches' and their professors. Mr. Lingard eagerly adds his little item. 'After an attentive perusal (he says) of Archbishop Secker's thirty-six Lectures, I have only learnt, that the unworthy communicant receives what Christ has called his body and blood, that is, the signs of them; but that the worthy communicant eats his flesh and drinks his blood, because Christ is present in his soul, becoming by the inward virtue of his spirit its food and sustenance.' If the reader wishes for more information on this subject, he may consult Bishop Porteus. He 'believes Christ's body and blood to

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to be verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper, that is, an union with him to be not only represented, but really and effectually communicated to the worthy receiver.' 'If these right reverend divines,' he petulantly adds, 'have clear ideas on this subject, it must, I think, be confessed that they also possess the art of clothing them in obscure language.' We shall make no such admission. It was the peculiar merit of Archbishop Secker to have conveyed the profound and frequently obscure ideas of Bishop Butler, in the clearest and most intelligible style; and as to Bishop Porteus, we may appeal to the recollection of thousands, who are yet mourning his departure, whether his conceptions were not always luminous, and his power of expression such as required no second reflection to comprehend it. Neither is there any inconsistency in these two statements, but an inconsistency intended by both, namely, with the Church of Rome. On the principle of transubstantiation, the real body and blood of the Redeemer must equally be received by the believer and the infidel. But these great prelates evidently meant that in the communion the body and blood were (not really but) spiritually received by the true believer, and by him alone. At the first institution of this ordinance, the apostles themselves could not have conceived that any thing more was intended. At that moment their master was eating, drinking, and speaking before them, and when they had received from him the sacred elements, accompanied with the words in question, nothing short of insanity could have persuaded them that they were eating that identical person, who, when the ceremony was ended, remained entire and unchanged in their sight.

Such are the principles, and such are a few of the misrepresentations of the work before us. To have noticed the whole, we must have stopped at every page. With respect to the composition, though the author is a mannerist, and a copyer of Gibbon, yet he is no servile copyer. He has simplified the style of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. His knowledge of the Saxon language, though he has not always used it fairly, is very considerable, and the industry of his research into original authorities, is greatly to be commended.

We have now done with Mr. Lingard, but not wholly with the subject.

The proselyting spirit of the Church of Rome is now employed amongst us with a zeal and activity which meet with little counteraction but from the good sense and general information of the age. At the same time the bulky volumes of controversy which load the shelves of our public libraries, are become harmless on the one side and useless on the other. But well written, compact and tangible

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tangible volumes, like the present, are capable of no little mischief. The real merits of the question are comprehended by few; and he who is understood to have proved, that, in the first centuries of the Saxon æra, the doctrines and discipline of our national church were, with few exceptions, those of Rome, will also be understood to have, at least, authority and antiquity on his side. Meanwhile the unwary and uninformed will fail to perceive, that there is, properly speaking, no authority where there is no inspiration, and that while the Catholic refers to the dark ages, the religion of Protestants appeals to the authority of apostles, and to the antiquity of the first century.

While we are thus assailed from without, it is foolish to be squabbling about metaphysical and often unintelligible points of doctrine among ourselves. Let us unite to repel that enemy against whom Luther and Calvin were united. For this purpose some short, clear and popular refutation of the errors of the church of Rome would have great effect. Of this kind we have nothing at present. The old version of Jewell's apology would not be endured; and no man of taste or modesty would undertake to transfuse into a modern translation the vigour and graces, the indignant declamation and heartfelt earnestness of the original. Both parties, we rejoice to say, have equal command of a free and unlicenced press; but in the mean time, we rejoice still more in the reflexion that the established clergy have the ear of nine-tenths of the people, and though they should ordinarily be employed on better things than 'routing Bellarmine and confounding Baronius;' yet clear and simple expositions of the scriptural principles of our own church, confronted with the errors and absurdities of Popery in places where the propagandists are at work, would be neither unseasonable nor ineffectual.

In the present circumstances of the country, we cannot suppress our apprehensions that the watchmen slumber while the city is threatened. Death has indeed recently deprived us of many able men; but a proper stimulus, we are convinced, might even yet bring forward others, with talents not inadequate to the task at which we hinted. Great emergencies produce great abilities: but in common prudence, something short of the actual establishment of a religion like that of Rome, ought to arouse us; and, while its ministers, after a concealment of more than two centuries, obtrude themselves on the public, and avow the wildest absurdities of the darkest ages, it surely concerns us to see that our countrymen are not deceived. The unread and almost unreadable volumes of our Reformers contain mines of precious materials, unwrought indeed, but capable of being moulded into symmetry and grace. Their qualifications were pertinacious industry and laborious accumulation:

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tion: qualifications not then misplaced; for they had readers like themselves. If attention is now to be awakened, compression, brevity, arrangement, lively illustration, and elegance, will be necessary: such however are the attainments of the present race of scholars, that these attractions may be united with the utmost precision and severity of reasoning. To men of such powers we earnestly commend the catholic controversy.

ART. V. *History of the Reformation in Scotland; with an Introductory Book and an Appendix.* By George Cook, D. D. Minister of Laurence Kirk. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, Constable. London, Murray. 1811.

THAT Scotland has more abounded in valuable historians than any other country of equal extent is partly to be imputed to the spirit and intelligence of the people, and partly to the genius of liberty, which, during a period of three centuries, prompted them first to resist the aggressions of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny, and afterwards to record with truth and spirit their own exploits or those of their forefathers. But as in national struggles men of genius and research, whether from interest or principle, will always be found to range themselves on both sides, the hierarchy and the presbytery, the court and the commons, have had their respective advocates. In the first contest for the overthrow of popery, the fire and genius of Buchanan were opposed by the subtle sophistry of Lesley; and, at a later period, the calm and courtly Spottiswood was employed to counteract the rude and persevering, but sometimes justifiable, opposition of the presbytery to the restoration of the episcopal order. In one respect the historians of Scotland stand pre-eminent and alone. The rugged and unformed state of their native tongue at the most interesting period of their history, drove them to the adoption of a foreign idiom, while their superlative taste and talents, from imitating, gradually taught them to rival the great models of antiquity. The unfortunate Mary is calumniated by her powerful *detector* in language which would not have disgraced the accuser of Verres, while the regent Murray is recorded and deplored in a style, little inferior to that which has immortalized the elder Scipio. On the other side Lesley and Dempster, though far inferior to Buchanan, may be permitted to rank with Camden and Thuanus, the best contemporary writers of historical Latinity in the other countries of Europe. This talent did not expire in the reigns of Mary or the sixth James, nor was it born with them. Almost a century before, when the first effort was made in Scotland

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land to improve the sterility of the ancient chronicle, Hector Boece produced a singular and not unpleasing medley, resembling the architecture of his age and country, where a Grecian column was sometimes employed to sustain a gothic canopy, while forms the most grotesque spouted out water from the tops of flying buttresses, and astonished the spectator by the contrast which they afforded to the truth of proportion exhibited beneath. The neglect into which historical Latinity has been permitted to fall in the present age, is neither creditable to the taste nor erudition of our countrymen; but where philological learning, excepting in one narrow department, is obviously on the decline, it is no matter of wonder that the oblivion which has overspread the great originals should have enveloped the copies. To the gradual disuse, however, of a foreign and ancient idiom may be imputed that high polish which the language of North Britain has received from Hume and Robertson, as well as the universal diffusion of intelligence on a most interesting and important subject, the history of their country, in a struggle which, with some temporary deviations, has moulded the form of its ecclesiastical constitution from that day to the present.

So well known indeed had that period become, such an unwearying topic was it of historical criticism and passionate controversy, and so deformed has it been, under the management of some later hands, by invective and scurrility, that the charm which had been thrown over the reformation in Scotland by the matchless powers of Robertson, had been well nigh dissipated, and delight converted into disgust. Under these impressions we opened the volumes before us. What! more last words of John Knox? More apologies for Mary, or more invectives against her? Yet, such exclamations might have been spared. It could not be denied that a work of another nature than had yet appeared was wanting on the subject. What prudent man ever placed implicit confidence in the rude railings of KNOX, (if indeed they belong to him,) or the classical billingsgate of Buchanan? Lesley, in the very threshold of his mistress's reign, prudently cut short the thread of his story. Spottiswood, while he carefully relates the turbulent and pertinacious conduct of the kirk, is known to have suppressed the duplicity and tergiversation, the private cabals and correspondence of his master James with the Catholics, which excited all their jealousies. Robertson, who is now generally understood to be right in his leading facts, spared himself the trouble of much research by adopting the theory of Buchanan. But the object of this matchless writer was evidently to adorn his subject, rather than to clear the doubts or remove the difficulties with which it was incumbered: as a teacher of political morality, an elevation

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to which, from his ecclesiastical character and profound understanding, he might and ought to have aspired, the historian of Scotland is lamentably defective. His moral sense is abundantly cool; he seems to consider a certain portion of craft and dissimulation as an allowable and almost indispensible ingredient in the character of men of business: of manly simplicity he appears either to have been ignorant or careless; in short, when we recollect the school in which he was bred, the society with which he mingled, and even the nation to which he belonged, we are led to the irresistible conclusion, that Dr. Robertson was born a Jesuit.

Dr. Cooke, to whom it is now time to advert, is eminently gifted as a moral and political historian; his understanding is clear and discriminating, his researches have been ample, and his industry unwearied. It is impossible not to bestow a double portion of honour on the established clergy of Scotland, when we see them capable under so many disadvantages of producing such works as the present. The general extent of their parishes, their indefatigable exertions in public and private, and that very moderate provision which places few of them above the necessity of a very minute attention to their private concerns, might seem to leave little leisure and perhaps less inclination for elaborate and critical investigations. But to some minds, as well as bodies, change of labour is relaxation. One advantage, however, the minister of Laurence-kirk has enjoyed in the use of an ample parochial library, founded in his parish by a wealthy and liberal judge. But it is not the intellectual power displayed in this work which we are most inclined to applaud; in this respect, some of the author's predecessors in the same department have surpassed, and none perhaps have fallen greatly beneath him; but there shines in almost every page of the work, a purity, we had almost said, a sanctity of political principle, an impartiality which the prejudices of education and profession can scarcely be perceived to warp, together with a moral sense, originally warm and apprehensive, but improved to the highest degree of acuteness by cultivation and exercise. It is truly edifying to observe the dignity and independence of spirit with which a Presbyterian minister can expose and censure the duplicity occasionally displayed by the founders of his own church, can justify, if not applaud, the conduct of James V. in refusing, at the requirement of Henry VIII. to dissolve the monasteries of Scotland, can speak of episcopacy with respect, and maintain the cause of law and order against the first insurgents of his country in favour of the Reformation. All this, it is true, might have been done by a cool and crafty man on the popular principle of modern indifference; but Dr. Cooke is evidently a

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man of feeling and conscience: with all the attachment to his own church and country, which becomes a patriot and a clergyman, he has little of the blind nationality of a Scotsman, and less of the old rigour and sourness of a 'minister.' If there exist in the whole work a vestige of partiality, (unobserved, we are persuaded, by the author himself,) it will be found, not in his representations of his own countrymen, but in his character of Calvin, and in his views of the conduct of Elizabeth.

The work commences with an introductory book, in which the author traces the successive usurpations of popery with a bold and indignant hand. On this subject a Scottish minister is never at a loss. But throughout this discourse we descry more or less of the powerful hand of Dr. Campbell, to whose school, as an ecclesiastical historian, the minister of Laurence-kirk evidently belongs. It was specifically on this account, that we selected the History of the Reformation in Scotland, and assigned to it a place in immediate opposition to the last article, in order to confront, to the flimsy sophistry, the misapplied erudition, the servile subjection of understanding, the malignant bigotry displayed in that wretched work, a plain and candid statement of the successive steps by which the Christian world was subdued under that enormous tyranny, and from which, by the blessing of Providence, one half of Europe was, as we hope and trust, finally emancipated from it. Useful, however, as this deduction is, we hesitate not to pronounce it, as specifically applied to the Reformation in Scotland, the least satisfactory portion of the whole work. This ground of complaint is more particularly applicable to the concluding part. Who knows not the last and most audacious corruptions of popery which took place under Leo X.? the profligate exactions of Tetzel and Arcemboldi? the integrity and intrepidity of Luther? In udo est Mænas et Attin. But even here, whatever is original in our author's work is excellent. It is impossible not to applaud the force and clearness with which he exposes the sophistry of Mr. Hume on the doctrine of indulgences, and the flimsy apologies of Mr. Roscoe for the character of Leo. On the one he bestows an elaborate argument, on the other a slight, but effective stroke; for he knew that he had to encounter two writers immeasurably distant from each other in point of intellect; the poison of the former, though artificially concealed, being drastic and masculine; while that of the latter, like some vegetable bane, is at once feeble and soporific.

Still however it might have been expected, from the active and inquisitive spirit of Dr. Cooke, that he would have narrowed his views to a point more immediately connected with the following work, that, antecedently to the introduction of the Scriptures or the

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the writings of the first reformers, and long before the preaching of Hamilton or Wishart, he would have traced, in the changing dispositions of the people, and in the mature depravity of the established religion, the predisposing causes of Reformation in his country. Providence, as he well knows, never employs its external instruments for the overthrow of ancient institutions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, till all is become unsound within. The Scots were always a noble people, bold, free, and, even before they became literate, intelligent and reflecting. Neither were they, like the inhabitants of the southern countries of Europe, either predisposed by voluptuousness and sloth to receive the yoke of popery, or rendered indifferent by gaiety and dissipation to the great interests of religion. The sombre character and complexion of their country had tinctured the constitution of its natives. On the other hand, among a people so sagacious, in the dawn of light and knowledge, every generation would produce individuals competent to discover that religious establishments were constituted for the purposes of religious instruction, an end which the establishment of Scotland had long ceased to answer: that the successors of the apostles were become soldiers, sportsmen, courtiers, or, at best, lay-judges and magistrates; that the highest stations in the hierarchy were filled without regard to age or merit, by the natural children of the crown, or by the younger branches of the great families; that the benefices of ecclesiastics, which swallowed up almost one third part of the property of the kingdom, were wasted in habits of expense and riot, surpassing those of the great lay nobility; that the inferior and officiating clergy were scandalously ignorant, not of the Scriptures only, but of their own wretched formularies; that the few and infrequent instructions delivered from the pulpit and in their vernacular tongue, instead of being devoted to the momentous subjects of pure religion and morality, were wasted on the foolish and lying legends of saints; in short, that the whole of religion consisted in blind obedience to the mandates of a foreign priest, who, at his own good pleasure, adjusted the conditions of entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

Now, though much of this might with truth be affirmed of other nations during the same period, yet we conceive that, either from its remote situation, from the inordinate wealth of its ecclesiastical endowments, or some other cause, the hierarchy of Scotland, as distinct from that of the court of Rome, and we may perhaps in candour say, as uncurbed by it, had attained to a degree both of profligacy and despotism unknown in the rest of Europe. It had reached that ultimate point of moral depression, from which, in the ceaseless revolution of national character, and the natural tendency

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dency of enormous evils to remedy themselves, it must begin to reascend. For this purpose a powerful assisting impulse was to be expected in the energetic character of the Scottish people, and this was in fact so violent, that for some time after the subversion of popery, the state of the national religion seemed to oscillate on either side of the point of exaltation, before it became stationary, we will not say how near this point, in a sober and rational establishment of presbytery.

With all our respect for Dr. Cooke, we cannot forbear expressing some degree of disappointment, that, with a perfect and critical knowledge of that period, aided by his own acute and philosophical understanding, instead of a general and far from original invective against the universal abuses of the church of Rome at this period, he had not employed himself in tracing more distinctly the steps of its downfal in his own country; the peculiar and characteristic marks of degeneracy which were daily becoming more conspicuous, the secret ways in which the clergy were providentially led to their own destruction, together with the correspondent changes in public opinion, the great stay by which ancient establishments are upheld, or the great engine by which they are subverted; so far as it was possible to retrieve them from contemporary and popular works. To us it is evident that in that age and the next the prelates and clergy of Scotland, though no contemptible politicians in other matters, with respect to their own peculiar situation, were perfectly 'dementated.' They stood as insensible to their real danger, as a fortress upon a rock already undermined and about to be blown up.

According to Dr. Cooke the period of the Reformation in Scotland extended from the appearance and preaching of Patrick Hamilton in 1528 to the year 1567, when the Protestant religion and Presbyterian discipline, after the most violent struggle which the most interesting of all causes could have produced, were finally established by the legislature. Lamentable, however, as such a protracted scene of violence and suffering must appear in the contemplation of humanity, it served at least to develope the character of the two parties and of the religions which they severally maintained with so much earnestness. In the dawn of the Reformation, all was violence on the one side, and patient suffering on the other. But the violence of the prelates was accompanied with an ignorance so brutal, a contempt of popular opinion and of common decency so revolting, that it contributed most powerfully to promote the cause which it unskilfully laboured to counteract; while the youth and modesty, the learning and eloquence of the principal sufferers, by exciting the pity and indignation of mankind, operated with no less effect in the same direction; so that the

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the people of Scotland, who never wanted 'excitability,' were placed within the sphere and operation of two great moral powers, one as strongly repellent as the other was attractive. This gave birth to the stronger passions and more extensive combinations of the second period. Here also the old religion was blindly instrumental in its own destruction. The preachers, driven from the pulpits, took refuge with the great nobility, whose jealousy of the pride and influence of the bishops disposed them to listen to the new doctrines, and whose power within their own domains enabled them to contemn persecution. The people were thoroughly aroused by the imprudent and ill-timed cruelties of the clergy, while the diffusion of evangelical light darted, as appears, into this remote region, immediately from Luther, completely exposed the scene of craft and ignorance, of aggression and acquiescence, which, in defiance of the good sense and spirit of their ancestors, had long been passing in Scotland. There is a period in the conflict of human passions when it becomes a matter of the nicest and most delicate discussion, to determine whether ancient and existing authority is to be upheld by applying the strong hand of power, in order to crush the rising spirit of revolt, or by ingenuous acknowledgments of error, and well-timed dereliction of the most obnoxious points at issue, once more to conciliate the public opinion, and to disarm what it is become difficult to destroy. Beyond an undiscovered point, (for political calculations unhappily are not reducible to mathematical certainty,) the former conduct will recoil with destructive force on those who venture the experiment; while acknowledgment of error is accepted only as a confession of weakness, and concession opens the way to new and more unreasonable demands. The first of these experiments was, at this period, tried by the prelates; the second by the queen mother; (though with a degree of ill faith of which she had quickly cause to repent;) and both when it was too late.

In this delicate and difficult emergency, and one still more distressing which follows, it is impossible not to applaud the temperate and feeling hand with which our author touches the characters of two illustrious females, the mother and the daughter, both of whom eventually fell sacrifices to this great conflict. We say, both; for there seems as little doubt that Mary of Guise died of a broken heart as that her daughter expired on a scaffold. From the brutal revilings, and the still more indelicate and undeserved raillery of Knox on the character of the queen mother, every modern will turn with disgust; but if the candid inquirer wishes to be informed by clear and practical deductions from facts, at what point of oppression in matters of conscience resistance becomes justifiable, to what extent it may lawfully be pursued, and

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how far retaliation in imposing similar restraints ever becomes admissible, he will scarcely find a better master (we do not speak of abstract and speculative works on the subject) than our author, in his equitable and well balanced judgment on the conduct of this princess and the lords of the congregation. On the behaviour of her daughter, in that horrible tragedy, the cause of all her future sufferings, Dr. Cooke has spoken with a tenderness and reserve, highly honourable to his feelings as a man and a Scotsman. Too upright wholly to suppress his own convictions on the subject, and too independent to be overborne by the spirit of romance and quixotism, which, at the distance of two centuries, has unaccountably seized upon certain of our countrymen as well as his own, he dexterously leaves those convictions to be inferred by the sagacity of his readers; few of whom, as we should suppose, will fail to conclude that whatever suspicions may or may not be entertained of Mary, as having directly participated in the murder of her husband, (and surely, if the evidence of her letters be discarded, the verbal assurances of a wretch like Bothwell, in his attempt to engage the assistance of Morton, can have little weight,) yet her indecent and precipitate marriage with the man who, after the mere mockery of a trial, and the absolute necessity of an acquittal, was known to herself to stand condemned in the judgment of nine-tenths of her people, constituted her nothing less than an accomplice after the fact. Yet the youth and beauty of this enchanting woman, her royal dignity, the prejudices of her education, and the peculiar difficulties which accompanied her return from the seat of pleasure and gaiety to a barbarous country, torn in pieces by exasperated factions, would soften, if not subdue, any spirit but that of political rancour; while the strong circumstantial evidence against her of two of the foulest crimes which can stain the female character, ought in common decency to qualify the language of panegyric, and even to abate the feelings of commiseration. The eagerness of the two parties has made them tediously circumstantial; every rag of evidence, local or chronological, which could be produced from musty records, by one or other of these patient yet passionate investigators, has been dragged to light, and such importance have the advocates on both sides attached to their respective causes, that they seemed to expect all other business to be suspended during this grand assize, and that the world should enter with the attention and industry of juries into details of contradictory evidence, relating to facts and dates of more than two centuries. In opposition to such unreasonable claimants, Dr. Cooke, while he writes with the feelings at once of a man and a moralist, never seems to forget that in an age when books are multiplied to a prodigious extent, brevity and compression are,

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are, next to that integrity which he so eminently possesses, the first virtues of an historian, and that when the writer has once obtained credit for that great qualification, united with strong and discriminating sense, the reader will thankfully accept clear and brief results in the place of elaborate deduction.

But it is time to enable our readers to form their own opinion of the work before us.

'James V. who understood the principles of government, and had the most earnest desire to communicate to his subjects the blessings which result from it, did not abandon the scheme of his most enlightened predecessors. The rigorous bondage which the Earl of Angus so long imposed upon him increased his antipathy to aristocratical influence, and he no sooner had emancipated himself from it than he attempted to divide his nobles. He executed with the utmost steadiness the laws, which they had been accustomed to despise or disregard, and he treated them with a contempt, to which their proud spirits indignantly submitted. To strengthen his efforts he conciliated the other classes of the community. He ingratiated himself with the people by listening to their complaints; by shewing the most humane attention to their wants, and he attached to his interest, the clergy, the most wealthy and most powerful order of the state. He selected from them his confidential servants, conferred upon them the highest offices, and committed to their management the most important and delicate negotiations. They were indeed best qualified to assist him and to benefit their country. Ignorant and indifferent about religion, as too many of them were, (and) much cause as there was to lament the want of literature and science, which was conspicuous in them as a body: there were among them some of exalted genius,' (this is perhaps rather too much) 'and of eminent political talents: while the nobility, occupied with their feuds, or elated with their hereditary dignity, despised knowledge and all who attempted to acquire it.'

We are not quite disposed to acquiesce in this general censure of the nobility, whose prevalent feeling towards the more able and active ecclesiastics appears, at this period, to have been that of hatred rather than contempt.—But to proceed:

'Sadler's account of his negociations with James exhibits in a very favourable light the acuteness and the steadiness of that monarch. When for the purpose of destroying his favourable opinion of the Cardinal, Sadler stated, that this prelate was desirous to engross the temporal, as well as the spiritual jurisdiction of the kingdom, and produced intercepted letters to Rome upon which the charge was founded, James replied, that the Cardinal had shewn him duplicates of those letters: adding, at the same time, with becoming dignity, that he would assert his right, and that his clergy, who well knew that he would do so, stood in proper awe of his authority. When he was urged to destroy the religious houses, and to take possession of their revenues, he answered, as a man of principle, thinking as he did, ought to have done,

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that he looked upon such a step as a violation of religion; and that even upon the plea of expediency he had no cause to have recourse to it, because the clergy would readily contribute, when he stood in need of their contributions. When, agreeably to the injunctions of the exemplary Henry, Sadler urged, as a motive for the destruction of monasteries, the irregular and dissolute lives of the monks, the king answered, that if the institutions were in themselves proper, the abuse of them afforded no justification for invading them: but that he would rectify abuses when he had ascertained their existence.'

In order to estimate the native powers of mind, which dictated these replies, it must be remembered that the education of this young prince, who reasoned with the acuteness of a logician, and the precision of an enlightened casuist, had been almost wholly abandoned to buffoons and parasites.

The solitary faith of a noble hostage, when tempted by the bribe of freedom to betray his country, is painted in these glowing colours.

'It is delightful amidst such unworthy conduct to behold the dignity and the intrepidity of virtue. There was, for the honour of Scotland, one illustrious exception to the general resolution. The Earl of Cassels, the *guest of Cranmer*, thought with indignation of the treachery to which he was exhorted. His sense of honour, his affection for his two brothers, who had cheerfully gone to England to relieve him, led him at once to decide upon returning: he firmly declared that he should surrender himself to captivity, that no reward, and no danger would make him secure his own life by the sacrifice of theirs. This generosity of sentiment, which contrast with the baseness of the other lords renders more conspicuous, made a suitable impression upon Henry, and he nobly gave liberty both to Cassels and his hostages.'

On the base surrender of Wishart to Cardinal Beaton, our author animadverts in a strain of becoming indignation, which at the same time does justice to the purer morality of the present age.

'I am willing to believe, that notwithstanding the too general prevalence of corruption in the present day, and the proverbial laxity of faith in which courtiers indulge, any man of rank, who should now violate such an obligation as that under which Bothwell *came*, would be universally execrated—would be banished from the society of all, who had not cast aside even the appearance of principle. That nobleman had to encounter no such ignominy. It does not appear that he was afterwards less regarded, at least upon this account than he had been before, and even the historians who record his baseness, have not stigmatized it with that decisiveness of moral disapprobation which they ought to have displayed.'

Never was a reprehension uttered with more authority or better grace: for the decisiveness of moral censure (we use the word in its

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its proper sense) is with our author a matter of sacred obligation, and never omitted or misapplied.

The deep impression which the levity or buffoonery of Knox, in relating the murder of Beaton, and other events, appears to have made upon his mind, leads us to regret that he did not enter into a critical investigation, in order to prove or disprove the authenticity of that extraordinary work. It is certain that it was left by Knox in an unfinished state, and arranged and digested by his secretary, with some assistance from the Kirk, about the year 1572. But judging from internal evidence, and particularly from the force and originality of the most objectionable parts, it would require proofs more convincing than now exist, that his text has been interpolated, and his memory injured by the impertinence and scurrility of an editor. Spottiswood, indeed, whose gratuitous kindness to the father of presbytery in his country is more candid than convincing, doubts the general authenticity of the history ascribed to Knox, because it records facts which took place after the death of the reputed writer. The Archbishop of St. Andrews, however, might have recollected that the death of Moses is recorded at the close of the Pentateuch; yet he would scarcely impute those sacred books to any other than the great Jewish legislator.

On the assumption of the ministerial office by Knox, we cite with pleasure the following reflections.

'Whatever ideas may be entertained of the necessity of episcopal ordination, *a mode which viewed as a regulation of order has many advantages*, and which does not stand in need of the doubtful and disputed support given to it by those who defend it as of divine institution, and as essential to the very existence of a Christian church, a more serious and affecting designation to the ministry than the one which has been recorded cannot be conceived; and he must surely attach to the ceremonial part of Religion a value which does not belong to it, who can have any scruple in recognizing Knox as a minister of Christ.'

Less than this could not be said in defence of an establishment to which the writer belonged, and more in those days needed not to be said for the conviction of any rational and unprejudiced mind. When the terms of communion with a corrupted church are become actually sinful, we are required, by the highest authority, to 'come out of her, that we partake not of her plagues:' if in so doing, (as was the peculiar happiness of the church of England,) we can carry along with us a portion of the old ministry, purged from their errors, and enlightened in their views, it is certainly a very high privilege; if otherwise, as no church can subsist without a ministry, necessity is an ample plea for the establishment of a new order of public teachers. Such was the conduct of Peter Waldo,

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and such that of Knox. Let it, however, be remembered, that the necessity must be real and cogent, and that this plea affords no countenance to the pride, the levity, the conceit and the caprice which are at the bottom of almost all modern separations, and that, perhaps, as much from our author's church as of our own.

On the demolition of the religious houses in the first phrenzy of the congregation, our author has thus dexterously steered between the Scylla and Charybdis of modern taste and Presbyterian prejudice.

'That it is desirable that the magnificent fabrics which our ancestors devoted to the solemnization of the rites of religion had been preserved, no one can for a moment doubt. Who that has contemplated them with the feelings which such objects are in every susceptible breast calculated to excite, does not trace with regret the mouldering fragments of edifices, the extent and sublimity of which history might have delighted to record? But we must not yield so far to these impressions as to be averse to examine into the merit which belongs to the very men by whom the buildings were overturned. Had the people of Scotland been indifferent about their religious opinions, or coldly attached to them, had they not been elevated by that zeal, which looked with abhorrence on the pageantry of the old superstition, they would have purchased the ease and security which all men so dearly value, by conforming to the church, or by secretly cherishing their tenets, which would then have quietly perished; and had the decaying foundation of the church been strengthened or renewed, ages might have elapsed before civil and religious liberty had been the inheritance to our country; we might even now have with amazement or with envy, beheld amongst other nations the admirable form of government by which we are protected, we might yet have been obliged to excite the spirit, he woundings of which have been so keenly and so injudiciously eprobated.'

'Before then Knox and his adherents be branded as intemperate zealots, and while we read the accounts which have been given, and those which must yet be recorded of wasted churches and ruined monasteries, let us moderate our lamentations by reflecting that this was a price, however high in the estimation of taste and sentiment, which we cannot scruple to have paid for those rights, &c.'

On the right of resistance in subjects, our historian's reflections, drawn forth by the conduct of the congregation in depriving the queen Regent of her authority, are cautious and profound.

'Here,' (that is, in the opinion deliberately pronounced by Willock on this delicate subject,) 'the doctrine of resistance is plainly avowed and as plainly defended: a doctrine theoretically true; resting upon the most obvious dictates of reason, yet the application of which to existing governments is at all times hazardous. No question can be conceived more hazardous than whether in any particular instance there subsists that severity of oppression, the removal of which can by no evils

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evils be too dearly purchased. Were man uniformly guided, as he flatters himself that he is, by reason and truth, the question might with the utmost safety be freely discussed, and the proper answer to it steadily and unceasingly inculcated. But he does not come calmly to the decision; his judgment is in much danger of being biassed by the feelings which imaginary or real despotism had excited, and what still more disqualifies him for such a discussion, his passions, his pride, his self-love, his anxiety to shew his power, are generally called into action. Although then in the present state of human nature almost every attempt to carry the doctrine of resistance into execution, is, as experience has too strongly illustrated, to be avoided; although it should be stated with the utmost caution, yet it ought never to be forgotten that it is true; the knowledge of its truth cannot fail to exert a most salutary influence upon the minds of rulers; and there are extreme cases when even the most strenuous advocate of passive obedience must revolt from his principle, there is a degree of tyranny to which the human race ought never to submit.'

Seldom has the native propensity of a Scotchman to resist established authority, been checked by casuistry so discreet and distinguishing as this.

One citation more and we have done.

'The Dissentions of the protestants strongly influenced the political principles, the manners, and the general sentiments of the inhabitants of Scotland. Indeed the important events, which soon marked the history of that country, (and) its intercourse with England after both were placed under the same sovereign, cannot be fully explained or understood without adverting to these dissentions. To trace their nature and effects afford entertaining and instructive matter for another work, which as a supplement to this history, the author, if his book be honoured with public approbation, and if his other duties afford him leisure, may at some future period undertake.'

That such approbation will not be withheld, we owe it to the principles and to the intelligence of the best part of our countrymen not to doubt; and could our suffrage contribute in any degree to fortify the author in his purpose, we should scarcely hesitate to say, that sincerely as we love the ecclesiastical establishment of our own country, we would for once willingly trust in presbyterian hands, the fate and fortunes of episcopacy in Scotland from the close of the present work to its final extinction at the Revolution. We trust, however, and believe, that he who has freely censured the errors of the congregation, will feel no partiality for the cant and hypocrisy of the covenanters, and that he who has treated the character of Mary with a delicacy and forbearance so honourable to his feelings, will tread lightly on the ashes of her more innocent and accomplished grandson. For the political depravity of the last two Stuarts, as sovereigns of Scotland, and for the tyranny and

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profligacy of their ministers, as well as the general servility and insolence of their prelates, we crave no indulgence. Their breaches of faith; their persecuting spirit; their military executions; their contempt of law and decency, will afford abundant scope to his powerful pen. There were, however, among the enemies of his own order and discipline at that time, many splendid exceptions; and we persuade ourselves that they will not be overlooked by his candour and discrimination.

With respect to the portion of the work now completed, it has invested, with the sober charms of truth, an æra already adorned by all the elegances of a dead and a living language, by narrative and by song. To a parity with such writers, though his style is vigorous and spirited, the writer must not aspire; but his praise is of a better and an higher sort: to apply the words of an old historian who had much of the same love of truth and virtue with himself, ὥΐε ὡς ποιηλαι ὑμνηκασι περι αυΐων επι το μειζον κοσμωνΐες— ὥΐε ὡς λογογραφοι ξυνεθεσαν επι το προσαγαγωΐερον τη ἀκροασει η ἀληθεςερον: he has brought every action of every person and party within his grasp to the test; he has made it his business not to amuse but to inform; and to inculcate by example, the great outlines of human duty under the difficult and ever changing circumstances of political combination. In one word, so far as public virtue and public happiness are connected, (and both they and their contraries are inseparable,) the man who undertakes to write history on these principles, and, with ability adequate to the task, never loses sight of his object, is to be hailed by the wise and good of every denomination, not as a teacher only, but as a benefactor and friend of mankind.

Art. VI. —*Voyages dans la Peninsule Occidentale de l'Inde, et dans l'Ile de Ceylan.* Par M. I. Haafner, traduits du Hollandois, par M. I. Paris, 1812. 2 tom. 8vo.

THE world has been apt to associate the physical character of the Dutchman with that of the cold-blooded tribe of animals. No symptoms however of torpidity are apparent in the production of the 'lively turtle' before us; on the contrary, there is every indication that his animal spirits circled with as much freedom and rapidity through their proper channels as is common to the genus at large.

We pretend not to know the precise degree of vitality which he originally exhibited at Amsterdam; but his present appearance at Paris has a briskness about it which is not unamusing. To drop the metaphor at once, we more than suspect that in passing through the

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the French press, the work has undergone some of those changes, which, as we have had more than one occasion to notice, invariably take place in a greater or less degree in every book which falls under the ever meddling and splenetic censorship of Buonaparte.

The predominant feature of these volumes is a rancorous and malignant antipathy to our countrymen, whose character and conduct in their commerce with the East, are the theme of invective in every page. With a few exceptions, however, it is that declamatory kind of abuse which is so easy to be brought forward, and so difficult to disprove. Where the author or translator ventures to descend to particulars he is easily refuted.

It is not assuredly the inclination, it cannot possibly be the interest, either of the government or of individuals in India, to oppress the natives: so much indeed is the contrary the case, that there prevails a very general and anxious wish to mitigate and remove as far as possible, the accumulated evils which have sprung from the worst of all governments, a superstitious hierarchy. The baneful influence of this powerful agency over the weakest and most ignorant of mankind has insinuated itself into the minutest concerns of domestic life; it accompanies every act, and pervades every wish and every want. It cannot be an easy task to ameliorate the condition of sixty millions of people thus circumstanced, nor will it reasonably be expected to be the work of a day; many promising experiments may be tried in vain, others may partially succeed, and others again be productive of mischief where good was intended. On the whole, however, we run little risk of contradiction in affirming, that the condition of the native Hindoo is gradually and progressively improving under the British government of India; which, though not perhaps the best that might be adopted, either for the benefit of the natives or the advantage of this country, is superior in every respect to any of the ancient Hindoo governments, or the modern despotism of Mahommedan invaders.

It has been held that the critic, in examining the works of an author, has no business with his character. We cannot subscribe to the full extent of this doctrine. A moral essay, or a literary and metaphysical disquisiton will, it is true, be equally valuable, whether we are acquainted with the character of the author or not; works of this kind bring with them an intrinsic test of their worth, and we require no more: but there are others whose merit must chiefly depend on the character and capacity of the author; such as the narrative of travels into countries little known, the relation of wonderful adventures, and the description of extraordinary objects of art and nature; in short, every production

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production in which the truth or falsehood of what is advanced, cannot be determined from evidence furnished by the work itself.

For these reasons we find ourselves obliged to make somewhat free with Jacob Haafner;—the necessity is still farther apparent from an expression of the French translator, borrowed from a German journal of some reputation, that these travels appear 'un peu romanesques,' 'a little inclined to the marvellous,' —notwithstanding the assurance of the author, that what he says 'ought not to be regarded as the fruits of imagination, but as real events.' These 'real events' have, in fact, been bandied about, for these thirty years, in all the languages of Europe, and are here repeated in so confused and inaccurate a manner, that the misrepresentation of them is apparent at the first glance.

Jacob Haafner, the French biographer says, was the son of an apothecary at Halle; but himself tells us, and he ought to know best, that he was born at Colmar, in Upper Alsace. At eleven years of age he embarked with his father for Batavia. On the passage the father was attacked with a fever, which put an end to his life just as they approached the Cape. The seaman who attended him in his illness, contrived to rob him of a bag of money and other valuable effects, which, strange as it may appear, under so rigorous and despotic a government as that of a Dutch Indiaman, could never be recovered: what is still stranger, this youth, whose father had been appointed 'medecin en chef,' could not find one friend to take him by the hand, and prevent his vagabondizing for seven years (his biographer says twelve) over the Indian seas. It was scarcely to be expected that, in the situation of cabin-boy to a Dutch hooker, manned with Malays and Lascars, a boy of eleven years of age should improve much in his education; but Haafner was a prodigy. His brutal captain, it seems, had flogged two Lascars, in so dreadful a manner that they died, and he drew up a *procès-verbal* against him in so powerful and affecting a stile, that the fiscal of Negapatnam was struck with it, and immediately appointed the writer to a clerkship in the factory. This situation was not exactly suited to a person of Haafner's aspiring genius; copying at a desk, with a small salary, and no perquisites, held out but little prospect of accomplishing what his whole mind appears to have been bent upon, making a fortune. He tells us indeed very candidly that the two words *faire fortune* have caused the ruin of the Dutch company, that they will lead to the destruction of all other companies, and that they carry with them the devastation and depopulation of whole kingdoms: and he adds that, of ten persons returning to Europe, nine may be set down as having 'made their fortunes' by the most infamous means. The honourable exception of the tenth man is of course reserved for Jacob Haafner.

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It happened (rather oddly, in so large a settlement as Negapatnam) that there was but one man 'who could post up the journal into the ledger,' and he was too surly to give Haafner any information on the subject. In the course of eighteen months, however, by genius and perseverance, he made himself master of the whole mystery of book-keeping; on which occasion he breaks out into a sublime apostrophe to the powers of the human mind in subduing the difficulties of the multiplication table!—He seems not, however, to have acquired much reputation at Negapatnam; he quarrelled, very justly, if he speaks truth, with his master, and was dismissed very unjustly by the governor. What was now to be done? He had heard that, among the English, nothing was more easy for a prudent man than *de faire fortune*—but he was unacquainted with the language: an English deserter was fortunately serving in the garrison; by his assistance he soon mastered it, and his success at Madras was no longer doubtful. How often did his imagination paint his return to his family loaded with wealth! how often did he devoutly express a wish to find them miserably poor, for the sole satisfaction of having it in his power to make them rich! Just, however, as he was setting out on his journey, one of his countrymen, less sanguine than the rest, awakened him from his golden dreams, pointed out the wickedness as well as the folly of deserting his country, and offered him the situation of book-keeper at the small settlement of Sadras. To Sadras, therefore, he went. Subsequent events at this place, laid the foundation of that deadly antipathy which every page of his book breathes against the English name in India.

'Our tranquillity,' he says, 'was not of long duration; an enemy, not less vindictive and cruel than Hyder Ali, (who had previously disturbed his repose,) and infinitely more perfidious, came upon us by surprize, just as an assassin attacks the peaceable traveller in a forest;' and he adds, in a note, 'the Machiavelian and abominable system practised by the English, of making war upon their neighbours without previous notice, can only be attributed to their cowardice and rapacity.'

'This event,' continues he, 'took place on the 17th June, 1781, about four o'clock in the afternoon. M. de Neys, the chief of Sadras, had invited us to dinner, and we were still at table, when the serjeant of the guard entered the hall, and informed M. de Neys that an English officer, carrying a white handkerchief at the end of a walking stick, asked to speak with him. No one at that moment paid any regard to the white handkerchief. "The more the merrier," replied M. de Neys, "let him come in; he shall drink with us to the prosperity of Sadras."

This

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This officer, it seems, came from the head quarters at Chingleput, to summon the fort; he was, no doubt, an unwelcome visitor; but M. de Neys at least must have been prepared for him. We cannot state the day on which it was summoned, as the Gazette is silent on the surrender of this unimportant place; but it most assuredly was not on the 17th of June. Lord Macartney carried out, in the Swallow packet, intelligence of the war between Great Britain and Holland; and he did not arrive until the 21st of June. He certainly lost no time in acting upon his instructions, which were to seize every Dutch ship and factory within his reach. These factories, in the midst of peace and professed friendship, were, in fact, affording money, clothing, and ammunition to Hyder Ali, and were at the same time so many vents for his plunder. Neither can it be true that M. de Neys was taken by surprize, as, before the arrival of the Swallow, a French frigate had carried intelligence of the war to every Dutch settlement on the coast of Coromandel, and given them sufficient notice to put themselves into a posture of defence. The dinner scene, therefore, and all that follows it, respecting the violation of the articles of capitulation, must fall under those portions of Jacob Haafner's book, which his sagacious countrymen have set down as 'un peu romanesque.'

We are not much surprised to find an accusation against the governor of Negapatnam, for having sold that settlement, nay made a present of it, to the English: but it was the same governor, unfortunately, who had dismissed him from the Company's service. He observes farther, that selling or giving forts is a common practice with the Dutch. We have heard indeed of a Dutch governor selling gunpowder to the enemy that was besieging him, but we are quite sure that there was no treachery in the surrender of Negapatnam. On the 21st of October it was invested by more than 4000 men. On the 30th the lines and redoubts were carried, and on the 12th of November, the town and fort surrendered by capitulation, after making two vigorous and desperate sallies.

The irruption of Hyder Ali into the Carnatic, and the flight of its wretched inhabitants to Madras, created that dreadful famine, of which hundreds perished daily in the streets. The sufferings of the settlement were aggravated by a tremendous storm, which destroyed the rice ships, that had been collected with infinite pains, by the government. This melancholy event furnishes a noble subject for the venemous pen of the Dutchman.

The famine at Madras, he says, 'was created upon the same principle as that which desolated Bengal, where three millions of souls perished, to satisfy the insatiable avarice of a company of monopolizers, with the execrable Clive at their head.' He asserts that

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that the delay in discharging the cargoes of rice from the vessels in Madras roads, had no other object than that of raising the price of grain and other provisions, with which the magazines were already abundantly supplied; that the storm which destroyed them, took place on the 2d of October, 1782, after infallible signs of its terrible approach had been announced to all the world for eight days; that if Mr. Willoughby had been governor, instead of the cruel Macartney, (the same Macartney he observes, who went ambassador to China, from whence, God be praised, he returned without doing anything,) it is certain that not a soul would have perished of hunger; that while the streets of Madras were crouded with the dead and the dying, the English shewed not the least compassion in passing through the midst of these victims of their infernal system; that they carried their barbarity so far as to drive more than 2000 of these wretches beyond the walls of the city, where they remained three days, stretching their feeble arms towards Madras, to implore the pity of their oppressors; that this dreadful spectacle was regarded by the English with the most revolting insensibility;—with much more of a similar kind, repeated over and over, and constantly followed by the most abusive and opprobrious mention of the British name.

It is almost unnecessary for us to say, that the whole of this statement is unfounded. In the first place it is false, that the storm happened on the 2d of October; it is equally false that its approach was announced eight days before, or indeed at all. It took place on the 15th of October, and was so little expected, that all the small craft, and the boats of the squadron of Sir Edward Hughes, were employed the whole morning of that day, in carrying provisions and water to the ships; which were so unprepared for it, that they were obliged to slip their cables and put to sea. It is too absurd to suppose for a moment, that 'the delay of landing the grain was in the expectation of a storm;' and it is a malevolent falsehood to say that the warehouses were full of grain. The select committee observe, in their letter to Sir Edward Hughes, 'that the rice then at the Presidency did not exceed thirty thousand bags; that the quantity afloat in the roads was about as much more; that the monthly consumption was, at the least, fifty thousand bags.' And they farther observe, 'that the number of boats required for the daily service of his squadron, had, in a great measure, deprived them of the means of landing the grain from the vessels in the road.' The calumny vented against Lord Macartney is scarcely deserving of notice. The committee abovementioned observe, 'that the government had the melancholy truth before it, that no human effort could prevent the fate, which the certain and immediate prospect of famine presented to the miserable

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serable inhabitants of the settlement.' With regard to Lord Macartney individually, he was the first to set the example of sending away every servant of every description, that was not absolutely necessary to be kept; and we can tell this calumniator, from our own knowledge, that the humanity of the government and of individuals was constant and unremitting, in devising means for mitigating the calamity; and that nourishment was daily distributed to many thousands, under the walls of Madras. It is totally false that 2000 or any number were driven out of the town. On the contrary, a notice was published in various languages, that all who had not a sufficient stock of provisions on hand, and who *might choose voluntarily* to leave the town, would be supplied with a certain quantity of rice, and furnished with an escort to the provinces which had not suffered; in consequence of which, many thousands were saved.

But the accuracy of Jacob Haafner is at least equal to his honesty. He tells us that, no the taking of Sadras, (whither he went a beggar,) he carried away with him 120 pagodas; that the rest of his property consisted in 3000 pagodas in money and merchandise, of which he was plundered by the English; and 1000 pagodas which he had lent to M. de Neys, for the public service. How did he contrive to *realize* this sum? did he too oppress the poor Hindoos, after the manner of the English? This accumulation of property, however, is not the ground on which we mean to impeach his integrity. There is a little history respecting the 1000 pagodas lent to M. de Neys, which furnishes a pretty trait in the character of this conscientious Dutchman, for he appears exceedingly anxious throughout his narrative, to be esteemed 'an honourable man.'

The day after the signing of the articles of capitulation, de Neys apprised Haafner that he had taken out of the public treasury 10,000 pagodas, and that it would be necessary to make the books correspond. Haafner did not greatly relish the proposition, for if this violation of the terms should be discovered, it would expose him to the wrath of Captain Mackay, the English officer, of whom he appears to have entertained a sufficient dread. He advised the governor therefore to replace the money, giving him a hint at the same time concerning the repayment of his thousand pagodas. The governor observed it was too late, for that Captain Mackay had got the keys; and that if he did not use his best endeavours to extricate him from his embarrassment, he would not only not repay him the thousand pagodas, but also make known to the Company the little zeal which he had manifested for its interests; but that, if he would alter the books, he would not only repay him the thousand pagodas, and make him a handsome present; but would

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would also acquaint the directors with his merits in this ticklish affair. Haafner's integrity was not proof against so many temptations. 'The fear,' says he, 'of losing my money, the service I should render the Company in snatching a considerable sum from the greedy hands of the English, the hope of accelerating my advancement, and the dread of Mr. Mackay, &c. all these considerations determined me to give myself up to his wishes.' And he tells us that he managed this dangerous business of falsifying the books so well, that it was never discovered.

The farther we proceed in the narrative, the more we develope the real character of Jacob Haafner. His sensibility, he, says was too great to suffer him to remain at Madras, (where, by the way, he had been sent as a prisoner of war,) among the scenes of misery which he daily experienced. We can discover, however, another reason, for his quitting this place,—he had outstaid both his reputation and his money. On his arrival, he engaged himself as clerk to an English attorney; he then entered the service of M. de Souza, a Portugueze merchant, who broke his head, turned him out of his house, and sent him 100 pagodas as compensation money. These being nearly exhausted, and no farther supply offering, he was driven to the necessity of purchasing an open boat, so leaky as to be nearly filled with water when launched from the beach. In this crazy machine, at the height of the bad season, when not a vessel can venture to approach the coast, he put to sea with a view to reach Tranquebar, or some other place to the southward. A shot from Fort St. George brought him back, he was conducted as a spy to the government house, and recognized by Major Sydenham, whom he entreated to intercede in his behalf. The Major's representation, it seems, had the desired effect; for Lord Macartney, after some friendly admonitions respecting prisoners on their parole stealing away from a garrison town, allowed him to proceed—on condition however that he took charge of a packet of letters for Colonel Hamilton, at Tranquebar; a condition which he accepted with apparent satisfaction, and a solemn promise to execute faithfully. 'This paper then,' said Lord Macartney, 'contains an order to the Colonel to pay you one thousand pagodas, if you fulfil your mission;' and so saying, he shook him by the hand and wished him a good voyage.

Those who were acquainted with this wary statesman, who bestowed his confidence only where he knew it would not be abused; who remember the distant, but dignified deportment of this nobleman, who, with the apparent hauteur, possessed the real urbanity of the old school, will hesitate, with us, in believing that he would commit papers of any consequence to an enemy taken in the act of breaking his parole; or that he would descend to the familiarity of

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of shaking hands with a draggled Dutchman, just escaped from a leaky catamaran.

With the letters however he put off, landing at Sadras and other places, and experiencing many 'hair breadth escapes both by sea and land.' On the way, he began to debate with himself, whether he should deliver the letters to Colonel Hamilton; and the question proved so difficult to determine, that he was unable to close his eyes. The breach of promise was nothing; that was clearly counterbalanced by the service rendered to his country; the great conflict lay between the loss of the thousand pagodas, and the hatred he felt for the English, to whom the withholding of the letters would occasion an infinite deal of mischief. After a display of much true German sentimentality, he resolved finally to carry Lord Macartney's letters to Pondicherry, and give them up to the French Admiral Suffrein.

A great part of the first volume is occupied with this expedition, in which he introduces his amours with a girl of fifteen, the daughter of a Dutch serjeant, by a native woman. This 'amiable creature' had been betrothed to a young man whom business had called from Madras to Trincomalee; and Haafner, in his absence, contrived to seduce her affections. At Tranquebar he again met with her and her mother; indeed his expedition seems to have had no other object than that of following these women for a subsistence. Suspecting that Hyder Ali might pay them a visit, he proposed to go to Jaffnapatnam. The mother refused to accompany him, but delivered her daughter into his hands, to be conveyed to her betrothed husband: the girl, however, chose to remain with Haafner, who informs his readers that 'she abandoned herself to him entirely and unconditionally; not as his wife, but as his mistress, or as his slave, if he should not deem her worthy of the latter title.' A rhapsody in the finest stile of Kotzebue, brings him to Jaffnapatnam, with this charming girl, in whose company 'he forgot all his past misfortunes, all his resolutions, all his projects for the future, his country, and even his friends.' With her he determined to occupy a hut at Jaffnapatnam, from whence nothing but death should ever tear him. How he contrived to live here, without money and without employment, he does not condescend to inform us. We are equally at a loss to ascertain his continuance at this place; he is very sparing of dates, probably not without reason, for he has not been fortunate in the few which he has given. In order however to stamp a kind of authenticity on this adventurous voyage, he has hazarded one here, but with his usual success. 'It was,' says he, 'on *Tuesday* the 24th November, 1782, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, that I embarked on board the Chelinga.' Now Francis Moore, (and he is no mean authority,)

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authority,) tells us, in his Almanack for 1782, that the 24th November of that year, fell on a *Sunday*. In short, we are quite satisfied that the whole of this Chelinga expedition, which occupies more than two thirds of the first volume, is neither more nor less than a downright fiction.

We find the author at the opening of the second volume, at Bimilipatnam on the coast of Orissa, preparing for a journey to the southward; and conclude, from some incidental circumstances, that not more than twelve months intervened between his sitting down for life at Jaffnapatnam, and setting out on his journey from Bimilipatnam. Yet in this short period, all traces of his dear Anne (as he calls her) seem to have been wiped from his memory. Her place is now supplied with a Devadaschie, or Hindoo dancing girl, of the name of Mamia, of whom he is, if possible, more enamoured than he was of the 'adorable Anne.' His amours with this interesting Hindoo certainly form no disagreeable episode. To the sprightliness and activity of Le Vaillant's Narina, Mamia adds feeling and sentiment; her affection appears to have been pure and unshaken, and she lost her life to save that of her lover, who, in our opinion, was little deserving of such a sacrifice. The whole work indeed is written in the stile and manner of Le Vaillant's travels in southern Africa, and may probably contain about the same proportion of truth and fiction, as that amusing romance. This part of it would be read with considerable interest, were it not for the constant recurrence of the author's rancorous abuse of the English. His invectives are more violent, and his charges more unfounded if possible, in this, than in the first volume; and he frankly avows, that 'he is blinded by the hatred which he bears to those despots of India.' He consoles himself, however, with reflecting that their dominion cannot last longer than 50 years from the time of his writing. Yet with the exception of the fright into which he was thrown by Captain Mackay at Sadras, and a little rudeness which he experienced from a young officer who 'd—d the Dutch,' he appears to have had no personal reason to complain of them. On the contrary they seem to have been sufficiently ready to favor his supreme wish 'de faire fortune.' At a choultry near Mazulipatnam, he met with a Mr. Harclay, newly appointed governor of that place. In the course of their conversation, the indiscreet Englishman avowed that he had come out to recruit his finances; that his father, who was a member of parliament, and had ruined himself by play, would himself have come to India to pick up a few hundred thousand pounds, if his health had permitted; that he had been but eight months in India, when he was put in possession of one of the best things on that coast; that the governor of Madras (Lord Macartney) had assured

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him that in less than five years he might make his fortune; that he had received a few instructions on this head; but, being equally ignorant of the language and customs of the natives, he would appoint him, (Haafner,) who seemed to understand both, deputy receiver of the revenues, if he would enter his service: Haafner refused this seducing offer, alleging that the wealth which he had already accumulated (in what manner, we are left to conjecture,) was sufficient to allow him to retire to his own country.

'No,' ejaculated he when this Mr. Harclay was gone, 'Heaven preserve me from such an employment! No, never can I become the oppressor of the inhabitants, who are frequently unable to pay the heavy taxes imposed upon them, and whose whole wealth consists in a miserable hut of straw, a mat which serves at the same time as a bed and a seat, two earthen vessels to prepare their food, a piece of cotton cloth to cover their nakedness, and a chest to hold the little property which they may possess. It was with a heart filled with grief and indignation, that I followed with my eyes this hungry vulture, who was about to occupy a situation, which ought to be honourable; for the sake only of fattening himself, after the example of Michalson his predecessor, with the sweat and blood of the miserable inhabitants of Mazulipatnam.'

In truth, Mr. Harclay was rightly served for bestowing his confidence at first sight upon a foreign vagabond. We hope that the East India Company dismissed him from their employ as soon as they were apprized of his folly, which we think must have been the case, as we do not find any such name upon their records. Seriously, the whole of this story is a ridiculous fable. In 1783 Mr. James Daniell was resident or chief at Mazulipatnam, and was succeeded by Mr. James Hodges in 1784. *Harclay* and his predecessor *Michalson*, therefore, are two fabricated names, which will pass on the continent, as well as any others, for those of two 'hungry vultures,' who made their fortunes by wringing from the 'hard hands' of the peasants of Mazulipatnam their 'vile trash, in the form of rupees and pagodas.'

In the course of this volume Mr. Hastings comes in for his proportion of abuse; and a whole chapter is dedicated to the 'seven and forty capital crimes with which he was charged, but of which both he and his counsel knew before hand that the judges would acquit him, provided he would make the sacrifice of a couple of hundred thousand pounds sterling! He was not only declared not guilty, but what is more, saw himself elevated to the peerage of England!'

It is amusing to witness the delight with which this kind-hearted Dutchman dwells on our disasters in India. He details with uncommon glee the unfortunate affair at Perambani, in which Colonel Bailey's detachment was defeated; and adds that if Hyder Ali and Tippo

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Tippo Saheb had managed rightly, the English would have been driven out of the country. 'What a blessing,' he exclaims, 'would this have been for humanity! what glory for the Nabob of Mysore!' But as both these worthies frustrated his expectations, he bursts out into a rapturous exclamation; 'Zemaun Shaw! Holkar! my hopes still live in you!' Hyder Ali is however his chief favourite; he calls him 'an ardent friend to the interests of humanity;' and affirms that 'he was, in every sense of the word, a *great* prince, and infinitely more deserving of that title than Alexander, Charles XII., and many others to whom adulation has prostituted it.' We had almost persuaded ourselves that Buonaparte was meant to be included among those 'many others', until we observed, in the preface to the second volume, the following paragraph.

'The beloved monarch who now governs us, will take these people (the Hindoos) under his mighty protection. His well known justice and humanity will not permit them to be oppressed and trampled upon as they have hitherto been. He will prevent every kind of vexation, and his paternal goodness will extend itself to those Hindoos who are his subjects, with the same zeal which he manifests in restoring to Europe tranquillity and peace.'

It is lamentable, Jacob says, that the great Hyder Ali has not yet found a well-informed and faithful biographer; and he therefore undertakes to give a 'Notice Historique' on this 'father of his people,' every particle of which is ridiculously false. He neither knows his parents, the place where, nor the time when he was born, nor when and where he died; neither is he correctly informed of the education which he received, the disposition which he evinced while a youth, the feats which he performed, the tricks by which he ascended the musnud of Mysore; nor in short, of any one circumstance of his chequered life. After acquainting us that he died at Arcot, (which is not true, for he died at Chittoor,) he observes that certain proofs have been found that this prince was poisoned.

'O Anglois! Anglois! and you, unfortunate Tippo, who exhibit so terrible an example of the frail and gloomy lot of the great; you, like another Hannibal, had sworn, while yet an infant, upon the Coran to your father an eternal hatred against the English! But, alas! you were not permitted to fulfil this noble vow, of which you were yourself the victim!'

This amiable prince also fell, it seems, by the craft and treachery of the English, 'for it was only by surprize that Seringapatnam was taken, when Tippo Saheb died by the sword of a hired assassin. The city was then given up to pillage, and the women of the king saw themselves exposed to the brutality of the English soldiers.'

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A reference to the London Gazette is the best answer which we can give to such infamous falsehoods.

The work is written in a stile and manner well calculated to take the attention of the generality of readers. The language is nervous and concise; sometimes, however, it becomes clumsy, inflated and declamatory. It embraces, in fact, the pert flippancy of a Frenchman, the coarse vulgarity of a Dutchman, and the whining sentimentality of a modern German. The reflexions on events are not more just or accurate than the events themselves. The descriptions however are sufficiently clear; the objects are distinctly brought forward, but they are all studies; true to general nature, they are false to individual and insulated facts. The indications of the approaching hurricane at Madras may serve to illustrate our remark. Not satisfied with the actual accompaniments of the storm, the author collects all the phenomena which his reading can supply, to aggravate the horrors of the description. He sees the sun set in blood, the moon rise (when by his own account there was no moon) in unwonted magnitude, the sea monsters leaving their deep abodes to float on the surface, and, from the streets of Madras, *wild beasts seeking the shelter of the forest*, with twenty other incongruous concomitants, which may have been observed at various times and in various places, but not one of which, we will venture to say, was visible on the occasion to which we allude.

His observations on the manners of the natives, and the characteristic features of the country which he delineates, form by far the most interesting part of his book, and may be read with pleasure. We travel with brahmins and fakirs—with jugglers and fortune tellers, musicians and dancing girls; we ascend the sacred mountains amidst thousands of Hindoos, and sleep in choultries with groups of coulis, kaschi-kaunis, and travellers of every description. Our ears are stunned with the noisy din of the village school; and we see before its door a group of boys sitting cross-legged and tracing their letters with the finger in the sand, pronouncing each letter or word or sentence at the same instant of time, with a loud voice, the better to impress them on the memory. The bezars or market, with all the diversified produce of the east, is laid before us. We join in the religious processions—the pilgrimages—the oblations of the Hindoos; and we accompany the poor widow, who, in consequence of her vow, burns as a willing sacrifice on her husband's funeral pile. Of this extraordinary ceremony an instance occurred at Velour, which, being conducted in a different manner from those on some parts of the coast, we shall give in the author's own words.

'We

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'We arrived at the village about three o'clock, and were not long in finding out the dwelling of her who was destined to be the heroine of this tragedy. She was seated before the door of her house, surrounded by a few persons of both sexes, her relations, no doubt, to whom she distributed betel from time to time, moving her lips incessantly without speaking a single word; just as a person praying in a low voice; not the least symptom of fear was apparent; she seemed on the contrary to be perfectly at her ease. The poor creature was truly to be pitied; to me she appeared about 23 years of age. Her features were placid and agreeable, and her person well made. Deeply affected, I left her to take a look at the fiery pit, into which she was to throw herself. I found it at the distance of a short fourth part of a league from the village on a plain; it was about ten feet long by eight wide, and as many deep; they were then busy in throwing in wood to feed and augment this dreadful furnace.

'Shortly after I heard at a distance the music, which announced the approach of the victim. It was accompanied by the same people whom I had seen about her before her door. She held a lemon in her hand, in which were stuck some heads of cloves, which occupy the place of a box of perfumes among the Hindoo women.

'The procession now moved with her towards a neighbouring tank. Before she reached it she stripped herself of all her clothing, which she distributed among some of the women who accompanied her. As soon as she had bathed, she put on a robe of white cotton cloth; she then came forward with a firm step; her head erect, as in triumph, to the sound of the music, and attended by some Brahmins, whose object was to keep up her courage in reciting some hymns. During this time, the trench had been surrounded with high mats that the victim might not be terrified with the sight of the furnace before the proper time, near which was placed the corpse of her husband upon a bier. The widow stopped for some time, and with an air the most sorrowful, looking at the corpse, smote her breast and wept bitterly. She then bent herself before it, and three times made a tour round the pit, and at each time, on approaching the corpse of her husband, she covered her face with her hands and made a profound inclination. At length, stopping near to the body, she turned herself towards her relations and friends, with an air of tranquillity, to take leave of them. A vase of oil was then given to her, a part of which she poured on the body of the deceased, and then placing it on her head, cried out three times with a loud voice Narvina! The mats which surrounded the fiery trench were now quickly removed, the corpse thrown in, and the widow, without discovering any signs of fear, plunged in after it, amid the shouts of the women and the noise of the music, while each of the spectators threw in a small faggot with which they had provided themselves for the purpose, so that she was covered in an instant.'—Vol. II. p. 59.

It is still a disputed point among Europeans whether this extraordinary sacrifice is voluntary. The act itself, we have no doubt, is so; but how is the victim circumstanced? As a widow, the lot

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of a Hindoo woman is deplorable; she cannot contract a second marriage; she cannot inherit her husband's property, but is left to the mercy of her children, or, in default of them, to her husband's relations; she must neither wear jewels, nor gold, nor silver, of which Hindoo women are passionately fond; she must, in short, give up every thing that constitutes comfort and independence: and when little or nothing is left to make life desirable, it is not surprizing that the fear of death should be greatly diminished. But if these considerations should not be found sufficient, other positive inducements are not wanting to encourage her. Her family becomes, as it were, ennobled by such a sacrifice: her husband's happiness is secured, and herself entitled to all the joys of Paradise for thirty millions of years. It may be true, as the Brahmins pretend, that they are neither forced nor persuaded to make the vow, and that very severe punishments, both in this world and the next, are denounced against all those who use any undue means to prevail on a widow to devote herself to the pile: but there are moments of weakness or tenderness in which a woman's affections may subdue her reason; an instance of which, indeed, is furnished by the author, who tells us that his devadaschie, or dancing girl, overpowered with feelings of gratitude, resolved, in the event of her having the misfortune to lose him, to die *mahasti;* that is, to burn herself with his corpse, or, at any rate, to die by some violent means. When the vow has once been made, there is no possibility of retracting it; a woman, in such circumstances, would become the scoff and scorn of the country; and every refuge would be denied her, excepting among the parias or outcasts from society.

In his description of the objects of art, we have our doubts whether the writer is any more to be trusted than in his relation of events. In both, we either discover the faint and confused recollections of an angry man, endeavouring to carry back his imagination some thirty or forty years; or, we find him stealing without measure or acknowledgment from the observations of others. We shall confine ourselves to one instance of this kind of theft from a paper by Mr. Chambers, in the Asiatic Researches, containing an account of the ruins of Mavalipurana, the Mahabalipoor, or *city of the great Bali,* which, submerged in 'the dark green deep,' rears 'the golden summits of its domes above the sea;' and which is rendered still more interesting, by the magnificent description given of it in the 'Curse of Kehama.'

Chambers. 'On coming near to the foot of the rock or hill of stone, from the north, works of imagery and sculpture crowd so thick upon the eye as might seem to favour the idea of a petrified town.'

Haafner. 'At the foot of the hill, on the north side, one meets with such

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such a multitude of ancient monuments that at the first approach, one might imagine oneself entering a petrified town.'

Chambers. 'Proceeding along the foot of the hill, on the side facing the sea, there is a pagoda rising out of the ground of one solid stone, which seems to have been cut upon the spot out of a detached rock.'

Haafner. 'At the foot of the hill, near to the sea, there is a very handsome pagoda cut, both as to its pillars and its ornaments, out of the solid rock.'

Chambers. 'From hence a winding stair leads to a kind of temple, cut out of the solid rock, with some figures of idols in high relief upon its walls, very well finished and perfectly fresh, as it faces the west, and is therefore sheltered from the sea air. From this temple again there are flights of steps that seem to have led to some edifice formerly standing upon the hill.'

Haafner. 'On the west side is a temple cut out of the rock, whose walls are covered with sculptured figures, which have suffered little from the hand of time, because they are not exposed to the salt air of the sea. From this temple many steps lead to the top of the mountain.'

Chambers. 'In descending there is an excavation that seems to have been intended for a place of worship, and contains various sculptures of Hindoo deities. The most remarkable of these is a gigantic figure of Vishnow asleep on a kind of bed, with a huge snake wound about in many coils by way of pillow for his head; and these figures are all of one piece hewn from the body of the rock.'

Haafner. 'Descending on the south is another excavation, supported by a great number of columns. Judging from the altars, and the quantity of statues of gods and goddesses which appear, one may conclude that it once served as a temple. Among the statues a colossal figure of Vischnow is remarkable. He reposes on a kind of bed, and his pillow is a serpent coiled round upon itself. This statue is hewn out of the rock to which it is attached by the lower extremity.'

The plagiarism 'stinks to heaven.' Chambers visited the ruins in 1772 and 1776, but did not write his account of them until 1784. Haafner says that he visited them frequently while he resided at Madras, in 1780—82, and he publishes his book in 1806. Our own opiuion is, that Chambers's account is vague and inaccurate; and that Haafner knows no more of them than what appears in the Asiatic Researches: hitherto nothing like a correct description has been given of those ruins, which, as monuments of ancient magnificence, far exceed the caverns of Salsette and Elephanta, and are surpassed only by those unparalleled examples of human labour, the excavations of Ellora. It is not much to the credit of our countrymen, that, though within the distance of 16 or 18 miles of Madras, no resident, since the time of Mr. Chambers, has thought it worth his pains to visit them? The situation may be 'remote,' as Chambers says, 'from the high road which leads to the different European settlements;' and the coast,

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as Haafner subjoins, may 'be dangerous for vessels;' yet the latter, if he may be trusted, found no difficulty in approaching the place in a crazy open boat, in the worst season, though we are taught, that

> ——'never traveller comes near
> These awful ruins of the days of yore,
> Nor fisher's bark, nor venturous mariner
> Approach the sacred shore.'

In conclusion, if Jacob Haafner be a real character, he is a man totally destitute of every principle of honour and truth; if a mere *nom de guerre*, the book may be considered as having been got up by the French government for the mean and odious purpose of creating a false and unfavourable impression of the British character on the continent, and fixing an unmerited stigma on the British name in India. This must be our apology for noticing it at all; and this, we trust, our readers will admit to be sufficiently valid.

Art. VII. *Traité Elémentaire d'Astronomie Physique, par J. B. Biot, Membre de l'Institut de France, &c. Avec des Additions relatives à l'Astronomie Nautique, par M. de Rossel, ancien Capitaine de Vaisseau, Rédacteur et Co-opérateur du Voyage de d'Entrecasteaux. Seconde Edition, destinée à l'Enseignement dans les Lycées impériaux et les Ecoles secondaires. . . . . An Elementary Treatise on Physical Astronomy, &c.* Paris. 1810. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. xxxvi. 1727. and 41 Plates.

ALTHOUGH the volumes before us constitute the second edition of a work of no superlative merit, yet it has many claims on our attention. In magnitude it nearly triples the former edition, and may, therefore, be considered rather as a new than an improved work. Since its first appearance, the author has received many suggestions for modification and improvement, from Laplace, Delambre, Pictet, Prevost, Maurice, Arago, Chaix, Rodrigues, Berrouer, Mathieu, Bouvard, and Rossel; his performance, therefore, may be contemplated as a fair specimen of the maximum of producible talent in France on this interesting subject. It contains, besides, many striking instances of the prevailing wish among Frenchmen of science to extirpate from the continent the notion that any such beings as philosophers now exist in Great Britain. And it developes some of the arts to which even a man of respectable talents will have recourse, in order to derive all possible pecuniary advantage from his character, by swelling out his work to double its requisite size.

M. Biot,

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M. Biot, in his prefatory sketch of the object of his treatise, supposes the student to possess no absolute knowledge of astronomy, or even of cosmography. He farther supposes the existence of all the prejudices respecting the figure of the earth and the celestial motions which spring from the uncorrected testimony of the senses; and he endeavours to lead his pupil, by a gradual process of observation and reasoning, to the true mechanism of the system of the world, including, of course, the motion of the earth, the laws of Kepler, and the explication of the various phenomena which depend upon attraction. The work is divided into four books, of which we shall speak in their order.

Book I. contains twenty-three chapters, which treat of the heavens viewed astronomically; the roundness of the earth; the atmosphere; instruments necessary in astronomical observations; use of the transit instrument; equality of celestial revolutions, and their use in measuring time; determination of the meridian by the measure of time; direction of the axis of apparent celestial rotation; mural quadrant, and its use in determining the height of the pole; exact determination of the laws of diurnal motion, including proofs of its uniformity; principal circles of the celestial sphere; terrestrial poles and equator; determination of the *figure* of the earth; with the exact measure of its *magnitude;* mode of fixing the position of the different points of the earth's surface; investigation of the physical consequences which result from the universality of the diurnal motion; physical consequences of the compression of the earth's polar axis, including the variations in the length of the second's pendulum; atmospherical refractions; parallaxes; description and use of the repeating circle; instruments used at sea; sextant; reflecting circle; and mariner's compass. These subjects, with the notes, occupy the whole of the first volume.

In this volume we meet with some excellencies, and not a few peculiarities. Among the former, we must specify the note on the subject of refraction; and among the latter, the omission of the English measurers in the chapter on the determination of the earth's figure and magnitude The progress of sentiment, and change of conduct, on this point, are somewhat curious. At first, the English measurers and the French academicians met at Dover to adjust their plan of operations; they then kept up a friendly correspondence, and the French liberally extolled the superior accuracy of the English operations; afterwards they praised the accuracy of the English measures, but with a saving clause in favour of their own; as was the case with Puissant in his 'Géodésie,' who, after stating some remarkable intances of correctness in General Roy and Colonel Mudge, says, 'Neanmoins, jusqu'à

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jusqu'à présent rien n'égale en exactitude les opérations géodésiques qui ont servi de fondement à *notre* système métrique;' and, lastly, an elaborate chapter is written on the measure of the earth, in which there is no more notice taken of the most correct of all trigonometrical surveys, carried on uniformly with great science and skill, and extreme public benefit, for 27 years, than if it had never commenced. This is rendered still more extraordinary by M. Biot's commendation of Messrs. Mason and Dixon's measure of a degree in Pennsylvania, though we will venture to say there is no respectable mathematician in Europe who is not aware of the extreme inaccuracy of the American results. Dr. Maskelyne, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1768, (from which the French authors obtained their account of Mason and Dixon's '*belles* opérations,') informs us, that Mr. Henry Cavendish 'having mathematically investigated several rules for finding the attraction of the inequalities of the earth, has, upon probable suppositions of the distance and height of the Allegany mountains from the degree measured, and the depth and declivity of the Atlantic ocean, computed what alteration might be produced in the length of the degree, from the attraction of the said hills, and the defect of attraction of the Atlantic, and finds the degree may have been diminished from 60 to 100 toises from these causes.' Yet this is the degree which our Gallic lovers of 'exactitude' prefer to any of those measured in England!

Our author has a diffuse though interesting chapter on atmospherical refractions, which is the more valuable as it is now known that M. Lambert's theory, hitherto almost generally received, is erroneous. In this he traces the cause of several curious phænomena which depend on variable refractions, and among others that which is known to their mariners under the name of *mirage*, and which the French army frequently observed in their expedition to Egypt.

'The surface of the ground of Lower Egypt is a vast plain, perfectly horizontal. Its uniformity is not otherwise broken than by some eminences, on which are situated the towns and villages, which, by such means, are secured from the inundations of the Nile. In the evening and morning the aspect of the country is such as comports with the real disposition and distance of objects; but when the surface of the earth becomes heated by the presence of the sun, the ground appears as though it were terminated at a certain distance by a general inundation. The villages beyond it appear like islands situated in the midst of a great lake. Under each village is seen its inverted image as distinctly as it would appear in water. In proportion as this apparent inundation is approached, its limits recede, the imaginary lake, which seemed to surround the villages, retires; lastly, it disappears entirely, and the illusion is reproduced by another town or village more distant. Thus,

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as M. Monge, from whom I have borrowed this description, remarks, every thing concurs to complete an illusion which is sometimes cruel, especially in the desert, because it presents the image of water, at the time when it is most needed.'

The second book of this treatise is devoted to what is technically called 'the theory of the sun,' and is divided into eighteen chapters, occupying 342 pages. The distribution and arrangement of subjects will appear from the following enumeration. Proper motions of the stars, and the means of determining them; application to the sun, with the theory of its circular motion; calendar; manner of referring the position of the stars to the plane of the ecliptic; progressive diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic; precession of the equinoxes; nutation; second approximation to the sun's motion, with the theory of its apparent elliptical motion; mode of determining the exact position of the solar ellipse upon the plane of the ecliptic, with the origin of *mean time*, &c.; exact determination of eccentricity from observations of the equation of the centre; use of 'equations of condition' for the simultaneous determination of the elements; construction of solar tables; inequality of solar days, and the equation of time; spots of the sun, their form, and rotation; inequality of days and seasons in different climates; temperature of the earth; hypothesis of the earth's annual motion; precession of the equinoxes considered as the effect of the displacing of the terrestrial equator; use of the theory of the sun, and the motions of the equator, ecliptic, and equinoxes, in chronological researches, with some curious applications. This book contains much valuable matter, though not always exhibited in the best form.

In the fourth chapter there is a short but useful note on the method of determining the longitude and latitude of a heavenly body, the right ascension, declination, and obliquity of the ecliptic being given; as well as the method of solving the converse problem. Let ω the obliquity of the ecliptic, d the declination of a star, or other body, a its right ascension, λ its latitude, l its longitude; then the following formulæ are deduced from the principles of spherical astronomy:

$$\sin.\ \lambda = -\sin.\ \omega \cos.\ d \sin.\ a + \cos.\ \omega \sin.\ d\ .$$

$$\tan.\ l = \frac{\tan.\ d \sin.\ \omega + \sin.\ a \cos.\ \omega}{\cos.\ a}\ .$$

These two formulæ may be accommodated to the logarithmic calculus, by taking an auxiliary angle φ such that $\tan.\ \varphi = \frac{\sin.\ a}{\tan.\ d}$: for then exterminating sin. a from the first and tan. d, by means of the usual expressions for sines and cosines of sums and differences, there result

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$$\sin.\lambda = \sin. d \frac{\cos.(\varphi + \omega)}{\cos.\varphi} .$$

$$\tan. l = \tan. a \frac{\sin.(\varphi + \omega)}{\sin.\varphi} .$$

Again, to find the declination and right ascension the formulæ are similar, viz.

$$\sin. d = \sin.\omega \cos.\lambda \sin. l + \cos.\omega \sin.\lambda .$$

$$\tan. a = \frac{-\tan.\lambda \sin.\omega + \sin. l \cos.\omega}{\cos. l} .$$

Here, in like manner, taking a subsidiary angle, so that $\tan.\varphi^{1} = \frac{\sin. l}{\tan.\lambda}$, the resulting formulæ are,

$$\sin. d = \sin.\lambda \frac{\cos.(\varphi^{1} - \omega)}{\cos.\varphi^{1}} .$$

$$\tan. a = \tan. l \frac{\sin.(\varphi^{1} - \omega)}{\sin.\varphi^{1}} .$$

The angle of position S may be determined by either of the following theorems, viz.

$$\sin. S = \frac{\sin.\omega \cos. a}{\cos.\lambda} , \text{ or } \sin. S = \frac{\sin.\omega \cos. l}{\cos. d} .$$

The preceding formulæ will answer for all positions of the stars, by making the sines, cosines, or tangents, positive or negative, according to the value of the arcs to which they correspond: they are very convenient in application, and, we think, preferable, on the whole, to the rules of Dr. Maskelyne for the same purpose, given in the first volume of Vince's Astronomy.

One of the most remarkable results to which the theory of attraction has led, is that of the oscillation of all the irregularities of the planetary system within certain limits which they never pass. The variation in the obliquity of the ecliptic is an example of this kind; and M. Biot, in common with many other mathematicians, French and English, ascribes the discovery of this fact to M. Laplace, while, in truth, he has only the merit of affixing the last link to an interesting chain of deduction. Our countryman, Thomas Simpson, has the honour of forming the *first*; for, in the resolution of some general problems in physical astronomy, in his 'Miscellaneous Tracts,' applying his results to the lunar orbit, he concludes, 'by showing that the effect of such terms or forces as are proportional to the *cosine of the arch z*, is explicable by means of the cosines of that arch and of its multiples, (no less than the effects of the other terms that are proportional to the *cosines of the multiples thereof*,) *a very important point is determined*; for, since it appears thereby that no terms enter into the equation of the orbit but what by a regular increase and decrease do after a certain time return again to their former values, it is evident from thence that the

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the mean motion and the greatest quantities of the several equations undergo no change from gravity.'—*Tracts*, p. 179.

The reasoning in the preceding quotation evidently applies to all that has been since done, and is, in fact, the source of every subsequent investigation. It was upon analogous principles that Frisi proved, in his third book *De Gravitate Universali Corporum*, prop. 45, that the 'obliquity of the ecliptic can scarcely ever be more than *a degree* less than it is now, and that not in less than sixty centuries to come.' And, more generally still, M. Lagrange, employing the principles of Simpson, *completed* the discovery of the permanency of the whole system in a state but little different from what obtains at any assumed period of its existence; as well as traced the extent of the oscillations in many particular cases. His method has been thus developed;—'The law of the composition of forces enables us to express every action of the mutual forces of the sun and planets by the sines and cosines of circular arches, which increase with an uniform motion. The nature of the circle shows, that the variation of the sines and cosines are proportional to the cosines and sines of the same arches. The variations of their squares, cubes, or other powers, are proportional to the sines or cosines of the double or triples, or other multiples of the same arches. Therefore, since the infinite serieses which express those actions of forces, and their variations, include only sines and cosines, with their powers and fluxions, it follows that all accumulated forces, and variations of forces, and variations of variations, through infinite orders, are still expressible by repeated sums of sines or cosines, corresponding to arches which are generated by going round and round the circle. These quantities, as every analyst knows, become alternately positive and negative; and therefore, in whatever way they are compounded by addition of themselves, or their multiples, or both, we must always arrive at a period after which they will be repeated with all their intermediate variations.'

Such, in brief, was the process, strictly conformable to the principles originally developed by Simpson, from which Lagrange proved, that the eccentricities of the planetary orbits, though variable, will never vanish entirely, nor exceed certain quantities; that the variation in the obliquity of the ecliptic, and every other apparent irregularity in the system, has its period and its limit. Hence, considering what was accomplished in succession by the three eminent geometers here mentioned, justice compels us to lower considerably the praise ascribed by M. Biot and others to Laplace for his discoveries in *this* department of physical astronomy. His merit consists in carrying their principles into the details. Thus, taking 1750 for the origin of any time t reckoned in years, the distance

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tance *antecedent* to that date being reckoned *negatively*, and the time *subsequent* to it, *positively*, calling ψ the retrogradation of the equinoctial point on the fixed ecliptic, and V the obliquity of the equator from the fixed ecliptic, Laplace gives, in his Mécanique Céleste, the following formulæ expressed in the centesimal notation:—

$\psi = t.\ 155.''5927 + 3.^{\circ}11019 + 4.^{\circ}25562 \sin.\ (t.155.''5927 + 95.^{\circ}0733)$
$\quad - 7.^{\circ}35308 \cos.\ t.\ 99.''1227 - 1.^{\circ}7572 \sin.\ t.43.''0446.$
$V = 26.^{\circ}0812 - 0.^{\circ}\ 36766 - 1.^{\circ}81876 \cos.\ (t\ 155.''5927 + 95.^{\circ}0733)$
$\quad + 0.^{\circ}50827 \cos.\ t.\ 43.''0446 - 2.^{\circ}84636 \sin.\ t.\ 99.''1227.$

If ψ^1 be the corresponding retrogradation of the equinoxes upon the moveable ecliptic, and V^1 the apparent obliquity of the equator from the movable ecliptic, then the theorems for any time whatever, reckoning from the epoch 1750, are,

$\psi^1 = t.\ 155.''5927 - 1^{\circ}.42823 \sin.\ t.\ 43.''0446 + 6.^{\circ}22038 \sin.\ {}^2t.\ 49.''5613.$
$V^1 = 26.^{\circ}0812 - 1.^{\circ}03304 \sin.\ t.\ 99.''1227 - 0.^{\circ}73532 \sin.\ {}^2t.\ 21.''5223.$

From these theorems, which have not, as yet, we believe, been published in any English work, it follows that, with regard to the obliquity of the equator from the *fixed* ecliptic, its total change from the time t will be equal to the product of the annual acceleration into the half of t, that is to say, after the time t the obliquity V will become $V + t^2.\ 0.''00003037$; while, for the annual change of the obliquity with respect to the *moveable* ecliptic, we have $-1.''6083 - 0.''2486 \sin\ t.\ 43.''0446 + 3.''2166 \sin\ {}^2t.\ 49.''5613$ which, besides the terms proportional to the time, and to the powers of the time, contains the constant term $-1.''6083$, to which there is nothing analogous in the variations of obliquity with regard to the fixed ecliptic.

'The reason of this difference (says M. Biot) may be traced in the causes which produce the two phænomena. The attraction of the sun and moon, if they acted alone, would produce a constant precession equal to 155.'' 5927 (centes.) and would not change the obliquity of the equator from the ecliptic, which would then be fixed. But, by the effect of the planetary attraction, the true ecliptic is displaced in the heavens, and carries those two luminaries with it. Their action in consequence varies, and produces a small variation in the obliquity of the equator from the fixed ecliptic. This variation, at first insensible, becomes accelerated proportionably to the time, and the resulting absolute change of obliquity is therefore proportional to the *square* of the time. But, farther, the attraction of the planets which displaces the true ecliptic, inclines it also towards the fixed ecliptic. This other annual variation is at first constant, and its effect is proportional to the time. But the apparent obliquity which we *observe* is the difference of the

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the two inclinations of the equator and of the true ecliptic towards the fixed ecliptic. It is, in fact, the excess of the first over the second: it is therefore, the difference of the two preceding results; and it is thence obvious why its expression, which we have developed, should contain the two kinds of variations which characterise them.'

Our author gives an interesting account of the subjects of precession and nutation. But, on comparing his language in the first and second editions of his work, we cannot but notice the singular evidence which they furnish of his progress in national partiality. In his first edition, (speaking of the inferred existence of these phænomena previously to their discovery by observation,) he says,

'L'existence de ces phénomènes est une suite de la théorie de l'attraction; ils ont été découverts et calculés par Newton, avant d'être vus. C'est l'*excellent* astronome Bradley qui les a le premier reconnus et determinés par l'observation.'

Since that edition was published, however, he seems to have obtained some new light as to these particulars, for his language now is,

'La théorie de l'attraction universelle a fait connaître pourquoi les variations périodiques observées par Bradley dans l'obliquité de l'ecliptique et dans la position des equinoxes, &c. sont en rapport avec la position des nœuds de la lune. C'est à *d'Alembert* que l'on doit cette importante confirmation de la théorie de l'attraction universelle.'

In treating the subject of the motion of the apsides of the sun's apparent orbit, our author presents some particulars worth recording.

'According to the observations of Lacaille, the longitude of the perigee, in 1750, was 309.°5827 (centes.).

'When the major axis was perpendicular to the line of the equinoxes this longitude would be 300°.

'The difference is 9°.5827, which at the rate of 191."0668 per year, requires a number of years equal to 958270000÷1910668, or about 500 years.

'This phænomenon would therefore take place in the year 1250; when the sun's perigee would coincide with the winter solstice, and the apogee with the summer solstice.

'In like manner when the major axis coincided with the line of the equinoxes, the longitude of the perigee was 200°. From that epoch to 1750, it would have advanced 109°.5827. The number of years necessary for this displacement is 1095827000÷1910668, or about 5735, which refers this phænomenon to about 4000 years previous to the Christian æra. By a coincidence sufficiently singular it happens that most chronologers refer nearly to this time the first traces of the residence of man upon earth; though it appears by a great number of physical proofs, that *the earth itself is much more ancient.*'

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We shall not stop to expose the folly of this observation, but leave M. Biot to settle the point with his 'cher et illustre confrère,' Laplace, who, in his 'Exposition,' liv. iv. ch. 4, throws a doubt of a contrary kind upon the Mosiac accounts, and eagerly endeavours to adduce proofs of 'la nouveauté du monde moral, dont les monumens ne remontent guère, au-delà de *trois milles ans.*' Our author, however, goes on:

'The same phænomenon will occur again when the solar perigee becomes 400°, that is to say, when it has described 100°—9.°5827, after the year 1750; and, estimating from the preceding results, we shall see that in order to that there will be required a number of years expressed by 5735—1000=4735, which refers this phænomenon to the year 6485. The solar perigee will then coincide with the vernal equinox, while in the opposite position it coincided with the autumnal equinox. In these two cases the line of the solstices, which is always perpendicular to that of the equinoxes, coincides with the minor axis of the solar ellipse.'

M. Biot next proceeds to shew how the position of the apsides affects the relative length of the seasons. Thus, it has been computed that in the year 1800:

'From the vernal equinox to the summer solstice was 92d.90588.
'From the summer solstice to the autumnal equinox 93d.56584.
'From the autumnal equinox to the winter solstice 89d.69954.
'From the winter solstice to the vernal equinox 89d.07110.

'The spring is, therefore, *now* shorter than the summer, and the autumn longer than the winter.

'So long as the solar perigee remains on the side of the equator, on which it is now, the spring and summer taken together, will be longer than the autumn and winter together. In the present age the difference is about 7 days, as appears from the preceding values. These intervals will become equal about the year 6485, when the perigee will reach the vernal equinox; afterwards it will pass beyond it, and the spring and summer taken together, will become shorter than the autumn and the winter.

'These phænomena could not obtain if the motion of the sun were circular and uniform; but all the seasons would be equal. The eccentricity of the orbit, therefore, though very small, has a sensible influence on the duration of the seasons; and the displacement of the major axis, though very slow, produces varieties that become perceptible in different ages.'

Book III. on the theory of the moon, contains 21 chapters, and occupies the rest of the second volume. Its subjects are: General phænomena of the lunar motions; theory of the moon's circular motion, (or the *first* approximation to the true motions); moon's phases; apparent diameter and parallax; theory of the moon's elliptical motion,

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motion, (or the *second* approximation to the true motions,) secular equation of the moon's mean motion; secular equations affecting the elements of the lunar orbit; periodical inequalities in the lunar motions; those which affect the longitude, latitude, and radius vector; libration of the moon, and position of its equator; form and physical constitution of the lunar spheroid; nature, cause, and computation of solar, and lunar eclipses, transits and occultations; determination of terrestrial longitudes by lunar eclipses, occultations, &c.; relations observed between the age and course of the moon and the tides; explication of some useful periods connected with chronology. The book concludes with two useful notes, one respecting the influence of refraction on the inclined diameters of the moon's disc; and the other exhibiting some ingenious formulæ of M. Olbers for obtaining the elements of the apparent places of the stars in functions of the elements of the true places. The most valuable part of this book is that which relates to the computations of eclipses; but it is not susceptible of abridgment. We have only room for one quotation, which contains the most simple and satisfactory elucidation of the moon's *libration*, that we remember to have seen.

'The desire to determine the axis of rotation and the plane of the lunar equator, has led to a very careful observation of the lunar spots. Two circumstances facilitate this research: these spots are permanent, and we may in general observe them during the whole course of the same revolution.

'These spots present some varieties in their apparent positions on the lunar disc: they are seen alternately to approach toward and recede from its borders. Those which are near to these edges disappear and re-appear in succession, thus making periodical oscillations. Yet, as the spots themselves do not seem to experience any sensible changes in their respective positions, and as they are always seen again of the same magnitude and under the same form, when they have returned to the same position, it is hence concluded that they are permanently fixed upon the moon's surface. Their oscillations seem, therefore, to indicate a sort of balancing in the lunar globe, to which the name of *libration* has been given, from a Latin word which signifies *to balance*.

'But, in adopting this expression, however well it depicts the appearances observed, we must not attach a positive sense to it, for the phænomenon itself has nothing of reality; it is only a complex result of several optical illusions.

'To conceive and separate these illusions, let us recur to some fixed terms. Imagine that a visual ray is drawn from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon. The plane drawn through the latter centre perpendicular to this ray will cut the lunar globe according to the circumference of a circle, which is, with respect to us, the apparent disc. If the moon had no real rotatory motion, that is to say, if each

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point of its surface remained invariably directed towards the same point of the heavens, its motion of revolution about the earth alone would discover to us all the points of its surface in succession: the visual ray would therefore meet its surface successively in different points, which would appear to us to pass one after another, to the apparent centre of the lunar disc. The real rotatory motion counteracts the effects of this apparent rotation, and constantly brings back towards us the same face of the lunar globe: whence it is obvious why the opposite face is never revealed to us.

'Suppose now, that the rotation of the moon is uniform, as to sense, that is to say, that it does not partake of any periodical inequalities, (this supposition is at least the most natural which can be made, and theory proves that it is correct): then, one of the causes which produce the libration will become evident; for the motion of revolution partaking of the periodical inequalities, is sometimes slower, sometimes more rapid: the apparent rotation which it occasions, cannot therefore, always exactly counterbalance the real rotation, which remains constantly the same, and hence the two effects alternately surpass each other. The points of the lunar globe ought, therefore, to appear turning sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, about its centre, and the resulting appearance is the same as if the moon had a small balancing from one side to the other of the radius vector drawn from its centre to that of the earth. It is this which is named the *libration in longitude.*

'Several accessary, but sensible causes modify this first result. The spots of the moon do not always retain the same elevation above the plane of its orbit: some of them, indeed, by the effect of its rotation, pass from one side of this plane to the opposite side. These circumstances indicate an axis of rotation, which is not exactly perpendicular to the plane of the lunar orbit; but according as that axis presents to us its greater or its smaller obliquity, it must discover to us successively the two poles of rotation of the lunar spheroid; in like manner as the axis of the earth presents successively its two poles to the sun in the two solstices. Hence we come to perceive, at certain times, some of the points situated towards these poles and lose sight of them afterwards, when they arrive nearer the apparent edge; and it is this which is denominated the *libration in latitude.* It is but inconsiderable, and therefore indicates that the equator of the moon differs very little from the plane of its orbit.

'Finally, a third illusion arises from the observer's being placed at the surface of the earth, and not at its centre. It is towards this centre that the moon always turns the same face, and the visual ray, drawn from thence to the centre of the moon, would always meet its surface at the same point, abstracting the preceding inequalities. It is not the same with regard to the visual ray drawn from the surface of the earth; for that ray makes a sensible angle with the preceding one, by reason of the proximity of the moon; an angle which, at the horizon, is equal to the horizontal parallax: in consequence of this difference, the apparent contour of the lunar spheroid is not the same with respect to the centre of the earth, and to the observer placed at its surface. This, when

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when the moon rises, causes some points to be discovered towards its upper edge, which could not have been seen from the centre of the earth. As the moon rises above the horizon, these points continue to approach the upper edge of the disc, and at length disappear, while others towards its lower edge become visible; the same effect is continued during the whole time that the moon is visible, and, as the part of its disc which appears highest at its rising, is found lowest at its setting, these are the two instants when the difference is most perceptible. Thus, the lunar globe, in its diurnal motion, appears to oscillate about the radius vector drawn from its centre to the centre of the earth. This phænomenon is distinguished by the name of *diurnal libration.*'

In this book the chapter on the tides is very meagre and defective; but as this is a subject on which we recently had occasion to speak at large, it need not here be resumed.

The fourth book is devoted to the astronomy of planets, comets, and fixed stars; and is divided into fifteen chapters, occupying 243 pages. The following is the distribution of subjects. General phænomena of the planetary motions, mode of determining the positions of the planets' orbits from observation, exact determination of their elements, laws of Kepler, manner of predicting the return of the planets to the same situation with respect to the sun and earth, particularities relative to the physical constitution of the planets, observed rotations, compressions of their axes, &c. satellites of the planets, transmission of light rendered measurable by the retardation of their eclipses, Saturn's ring, comets, determination of their orbits, formulæ for parabolic trajectories, aëroliths, recapitulation of the phænomena which indicate the reality of the earth's motion, aberration of light, stations and retrogradations of the planets, true dimensions of the planetary orbits as deduced from the sun's parallax and other considerations, distances, motions, and annual parallax of the fixed stars, universal gravitation considered as a general fact resulting from the laws of Kepler, masses of the planets, satellites, &c. concluding with a long note on the method of computing the transits of Venus, and making the necessary deductions as to parallax, and the real magnitudes of the planets and their orbits.

This is, on the whole, a valuable book, though the arrangement of its constituent chapters might have been greatly amended. Considering the length to which our article is running, we can only venture upon one quotation from it. After tracing the method of determining the parallax of the sun, from a transit of Venus over the disc of that luminary, M. Biot says,

'The author of the "*Celestial Mechanics*" has shown* that we may

* Mec. Céleste, tom. iii. pa. 1.—*Rev.*

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also obtain the parallax of the sun after another manner, without observing it immediately, and from the knowledge of an inequality of the lunar motions which is connected with that parallax. To conceive such connection it must be recollected that the inequalities of the lunar motions have determinate relations with the positions of the earth and sun. The calculus makes these relations known; the observations determine the extent of the inequalities; and combining those data, we may deduce the value of the elements on which the inequalities depend, for we have the expression of their dependence and the measure of their action. The whole is reduced to finding inequalities in which that action is, in some sort, comprehended, or in which it is incessantly reproduced, in such manner that it may be inferred exactly by a great number of observations. There exists in the motion of the moon an inequality of this kind, which depends upon the sun's parallax, or upon its distance from the earth; and on determining that by observation, M. Laplace has thence deduced the value of the parallax equal to 26″. 4205 (8.″560243 sexiges.) which is nearly the same as the result deduced from the transits of Venus. It is probable that this result of the theory is even more exact than that which has been derived from the observations upon those transits.'

Such coincidences of results, deduced from totally independent methods, are extremely interesting; and every fresh instance has the effect of banishing to a greater distance than ever, all possible doubt of the sufficiency and correctness of the great principle of universal attraction, according to the inverse ratio of the square of the distances. We have long been in possession of a simple and satisfactory method of determining the *moon's* parallax from the usual theory of gravity, which is brought to our recollection by the preceding quotation; and which, though we know not how to ascribe it to its proper author, we cannot refrain from transcribing from our port-folio, as we think it far too ingenious to remain unknown.

Let S be the space in feet fallen in 1 second, by a heavy body in vacuo at the equator; V the versed-sine of the arc described by the moon, in the same time, to radius 1; R the radius of the equator in feet, ratio of the distance of the moon's and earth's centre, to the semidiameter of the latter that of X to 1: then, by the general law of gravitation, the space descended by the moon in 1″, is $s = \frac{S}{X^2}$. But the same space is evidently $s = VRX$. Therefore $VRX = \frac{S}{X^2}$, and $X = \sqrt[3]{\frac{S}{VR}}$. Now at the equator,

S = 16.10185, its logarithm 1·2088645
Log. R = - - - - - - - 7·3211900
Log. V = - - - - - - - 7·5492882

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The sum of the two latter taken from log. S, and the remainder divided by 3, gives 1·7787954 = log. of 60·08906; its arithmetical complement is = log. tan. of 57′12.″34 the approximate horizontal parallax.

Now, let $x+1$ be the distance of the centres of the moon and earth, divided by their centres of gravity in the ratio of x to 1. Imagine a sphere of the same dimensions as the earth placed at that centre, and to exert the same attractive force on the moon as our earth actually does, the periodic time remaining unaltered: then must the density of this sphere be diminished in the ratio of x^2 to $(x+1)^2$ that its nearer distance from the moon may be compensated by the defect of density and attraction. Now, if an inhabitant of this fictitious earth were supposed to compute its distance from the moon in the manner above explained, the quantities V and R would be the same as in the former computation; but his S′ would be to our S, as x^2 to $(x+1)^2$; and thence his X′ would be to our X, as $x^{\frac{2}{3}}$ to $(x+1)^{\frac{2}{3}}$; that is, $X' = \left(\frac{x}{x+1}\right)^{\frac{2}{3}}$. X. This is the distance from the fictitious earth, or from the common centre of gravity: but (D) the distance from our earth is $\frac{x+1}{x} \cdot \left(\frac{x}{x+1}\right)^{\frac{2}{3}}$. X, greater, as was supposed, in the ratio of $x+1$ to x; that is, $D = \sqrt[3]{\frac{x+1}{x}}$. X. But, Newton, from the phænomena of the tides, estimated the ratio of $x+1$ to x, at 40·788 to 39·788 (Princip. lib. iii. prop. 37. cor. 6.) So that the log. of $\sqrt[3]{\frac{x+1}{x}} = 0{\cdot}0035934$; which added to 1·7787954, the log. of X for an immovable earth gives 1·7823888 = log. of 60·5883 radii of the equator, whence the horizontal parallax there = 56′44.″07.

M. Biot having unnecessarily swelled his book by the introduction of extraneous discussions, fiuds, unfortunately, that he has too much matter for two volumes, but not enough for three; he therefore has recourse to his earlier publications, and the communications of his friends, to eke out his last volume. Thus, we are favoured with 216 pages of 'Additions,' such as, first, a tedious disquisition on the measure of altitudes by the barometer and thermometer, taken from his former work on that subject; then a treatise on dialling, by M. Berroyer, professor of mathematics at the college of Sens; then an essay 'Sur le mouvement de translation du système planétaire,' by M. Biot himself, who concludes that we have no evidence whatever of any such motion; then, a tract on the rectification of a transit instrument, of course closely connected with *physical* astronomy; then, an essay on the length of the se-

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cond's pendulum in different latitudes, furnished in part by M. Mathieu; then, the 'Description et usage du *Comparateur*,' an instrument designed for the purpose of measuring and comparing distances, such as the metre, accurately, but which will be of no use to those who are acquainted with the ingenious means employed by Mr. Bird, in determining the length of toises, &c.;* and, lastly, an ingenious and scientific method of determining the orbits of comets, by M. Laplace. This article, peculiarly interesting so soon after our evening's skies have been decorated by the most splendid comet which has been seen here for more than a century, has, we observe, found its way into one of our philosophical journals.

In conclusion, we are presented with a treatise on nautical astronomy, abridged from a former piece by 'M. de Rossel.' This treatise, which occupies 250 pages, is, with the exception of a few neat formulæ and useful tables by Borda and others, nearly as unscientific as the well-known production of Mr. Hamilton Moore; and an author must be reduced to wretched shifts before he could congratulate himself and his readers, as M. Biot does, on its insertion.

We have now reached the end of our analysis; and if it should be thought that we have extended our remarks too far, we must beg our readers to recollect that we have been sketching the contents of nearly 1800 pages; the joint labour of a dozen of the most celebrated men in France. We have no time to dwell minutely upon the disadvantages attending M. Biot's method of employing sometimes the centesimal, at others, the sexigesimal division of the circle; or those which arise from his frequently transcribing *results* from Laplace's 'Mécanique Céleste,' without sufficiently developing the principles on which they depend. Altogether, however, the work contains much that is valuable; and we regret sincerely that from a desire to swell out his treatise to undue dimensions, and an obvious unwillingness to do justice to our countrymen, he should have compelled us to blend so much censure with our commendation.

* See Philosoph. Transac. vol. lviii; or New Abridgment, vol. xii. pa. 577.

ART.

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ART. VIII. *Portugal. A Poem; in Two Parts.* By Lord George Nugent Grenville. London, Longman, &c. 4to. pp. 120. 1812.

OUR poets seem resolved not to resign to our soldiers all the laurels of the Peninsula. Though we have not thought fit to introduce to our readers many of those modern Tyrtæi, we have not been inattentive observers of the tuneful campaign which has been prosecuted with almost as much vigour as the actual warfare.

However deficient these effusions may be in poetical merit, (and they are, in general, lamentably so,) they are not without a value of another kind: if they be not calculated to excite the public feeling, they may at least be admitted as some evidence of it. They furnish an humble testimony of the popularity of the cause of the Peninsula, and of the revived military pride of this country. 'You shall better discover,' Lord Bacon somewhere says, 'how the wind blows by throwing up a straw than by casting up a stone.'

If, for this reason, we have regarded with complacency, even the weakest efforts of the muses militant, it will readily be believed, that we heard with great satisfaction the first rumours of the work before us: they were on many accounts calculated to excite no ordinary expectations. A younger branch, it was said, of a noble family (whose political opinions on the subject of the peninsular contest are notoriously hostile to our own) was, during a residence of some months in Portugal and Spain, so affected by the evidence of facts, as to have abjured the tenets of his House, professed himself a convert to the general opinion, and produced an ample and tuneful recantation.

What precise degree of credit should be attached to these rumours we cannot take upon us to say. Twice, with the most patient attention, have we read every line of this poem, and twice have we risen from the perusal, 'perplexed in the extreme.'

Lord George Nugent Grenville has, it is certain, published a poem under the title of Portugal; but though the stream of verse is sufficiently smooth, it is so prodigiously deep that our plummets have, in very few places indeed, been able to find the bottom; and, notwithstanding much intense study, we frankly confess, that had it not been for some extraneous assistance, which shall be hereafter gratefully noticed, we could not have ventured to offer any opinion on the merit of a work, which we could by no means flatter ourselves that we had duly comprehended.

The darkness is indeed so complete and uninterrupted, that we, at once, perceived that it was not produced by an involuntary confusion of ideas, but must have arisen from a regular and systematic design, formed on mature consideration, and executed with the most nebulous felicity. At first we suspected that this obscurity might

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have been somewhat too freely admitted as a source of the sublime; but this could only have dimmed particular passages. Then it occurred to us that the noble author had collected all the fragments of all the exercises which he had formerly sung in the academic bowers of Brazen-nose, and that we had here the 'disjecti membra poetæ' hastily put together; but this, too, appeared to be an untenable hypothesis; for though it would explain much of the incoherence, it could not account for the total absence of light under which the whole appears to labour.

Another solution of the difficulty remains, and we are inclined to believe that it may be the true one. The author appears, under circumstances of peculiar delicacy—his feelings are at variance with those of his relatives, and what candour urges him to speak, the partialities of private kindness make him desirous of concealing. Appreciating, therefore, as we sincerely do, the painful struggle in which he was involved, we are inclined not merely to excuse, but almost to admire the dutiful confusion and pious obscurity in which he has buried his contending feelings.

But 'this mighty maze' is not, as we have already hinted, 'without a plan;' and it is but justice to Lord George Nugent Grenville, to say, that he himself provides us with the clue, by prefixing a kind of preface *raisonné* to the whole, a detached *argument* to each of the parts, and explanatory *notes* to individual passages.

From all these sources we learn that his lordship has actually been (as rumor stated) in Portugal, 'and that the outline of his poem was suggested' by a walk, which, one fine evening, he took in that country. Of these circumstances we entreat the reader not to lose sight; for we confess, that in the keenness of appetite with which we opened the book, we proceeded at once to the poetry, and had actually read it through without guessing at these, and other facts, which we afterwards gleaned from the several commentaries, and the knowledge of which rendered our second perusal much more easy and delightful.

The poem opens with an address to Portugal, spoken by his lordship on the rock of Cintra, about sun-set, on an autumnal evening in 1810, in which he tells her 'that our feelings of enthusiasm,

> '————when faery hands have wrought
> Those ruddiest hues, by poet Fancy taught,'

'should not indispose us towards the consideration of the cause of Portugal in all its bearings, the character of its assertors, with reference to its worse, as well as its better properties'—and having thus clearly explained his moral sensations, he proceeds to a description of the scenery around him, which, we believe, for strength of

touch,

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touch, brilliancy of colouring, and novelty of conception, has not been exceeded since the days of Della Crusca.

> '——I turned where Tejo's glimmering stream,
> In melting distance *owned* the dubious beam;
> Lisbon shone fair, beneath the lively glow,
> Spread to its parting glance her *breast* of snow.
> And, as her *faery form* she forward bowed,
> *Woke* the soft slumbers of her *native flood*,
> While her white summits *mocked* the rude command
> Of the dark hills that fence her distant strand.'—p. 8.

Who is there that does not feel as if he saw Lisbon? What accuracy, what simplicity, what truth of delineation! The breast of snow, the fairy form, the gentle inclination forward, the playful naïveté with which she disturbs the slumbers of her native flood, &c. are circumstances all admirably chosen and highly characteristic. But even this beautiful picture is exceeded by that of Belem Castle.

> ' ——— the embattled head
> Of towery Belem in the radiance *played*,
> From fretted minaret or antique spire,
> *Welcomed* the *farewell* glance of living fire,
> And *smiled* to view its turret's dazzling pride,
> In pictured lustre *deck* the answering tide.'—p. 9.

We entreat our readers to admire the head of Belem playing in the radiance; and though we cannot much commend the hospitality which welcomes a farewel, we are agreeably surprized at the complacent smile of the old castle at seeing itself in the water; a vanity the more excusable, as we apprehend that he never did 'see himself in the answering tide' before, or since that memorable evening.'

The convent of N. S. da Penha next engages his lordship's attention, and gives occasion to a strain of invective, in which, with equal novelty and truth, he attacks the 'Tiger superstition,' and shows that convents were originally built and are *still* maintained by 'feudal frenzy' and 'regal rapine,' for the purposes of 'shrouded murder,' 'trembling guilt,' and 'dark remorse.'

An ordinary poet would, at the moment when Lord George wrote, have seen in Portugal the stains of more recent blood than that which superstition had shed; he would have seen, raging far and wide, flames which the torch of bigotry had not lighted; and he might have deplored desolation not caused by the blighting shade of the convent. The conflagration of towns—the devastation of whole provinces—the massacre of half a people were before his eyes; but these unhappily were *real* and recent scenes, and Lord George's poetry

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poetry is too refined and subtilized for actual existence. In the quiet seclusion and religious shades of N. S. da Penha, which the English army covered from profanation, he was at leisure to remember all the enormities of the 'tyrant superstition,' and to forget the tender mercies of Massena's invasion.

Through the next seven pages the author proceeds in a high strain of poetry, of which we humbly confess we can give the reader no other account than, that we find in *The Argument* the following passage.

'The performance of the duties of religion by no means *necessarily*, or *inseparably* connected with the artificial gloom inspired by the seclusion of the cloister.'

'The divine Being *perhaps* to be worshipped with feelings of a more exalted devotion in his works, as displayed in an extensive prospect.'

If we could have found the corresponding lines in the poem, we should quote them, but we have really found it impossible to select from the seven pages any passage which was capable of bearing this or any other meaning. There is indeed something, which to our understanding, is like a shipwreck, but as the *argument* says nothing of any such event, it is possible that we may have mistaken the description of some part of 'the cloister' for it; and lest we should mislead the reader, we leave the choice to his unbiassed judgment.

But whatever this passage be intended to represent, we are not, we hope, mistaken in selecting the following lines as the description of an 'atheist,' which the *argument* states as occurring in this part of the poem:

'And thou poor hopeless wretch! *if such there live*,'—
Too wise to feel, too haughty to believe,
Poor worshipper of something undefined,
The wreck of genius, twilight of the mind,
That *seeks* high born above the sons of men,
To pierce those shades unsought by mortal ken,
And catch the *unearthy* sounds of yonder sphere,
Which crowding angels tremble while they hear.'—p. 23.

Of this picture (which is evidently intended as a pendant to the portrait of superstition,) we have certainly never seen the original; of what immediately follows we have indeed some recollection.

'Are these thy triumphs, this thy proudest aim,
This, that first taught thy raptured flight to soar
As the wild wanderings of some feverish hour
Far above nature's calm and peaceful bound,
To pause and hover o'er a dark profound,
Where e'en *conjecture* ends, in the deep gloom
Of doubt and death—'

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Our readers will immediately perceive that we allude to the well-known soliloquy in the Rovers, where Rogero describes himself, in the character of Hope, 'sitting by the bottomless pool of Despondency, angling for impossibilities.' But though we doubt, with his lordship, whether 'any such there live' as the foregoing lines describe, there is one passage that not a little disturbs us. We flatter ourselves that we are not obnoxious to the charge of atheism, and yet, we are really unable to answer certain questions, which our noble Inquisitor, with the assistance of Job, (upon whose patience, by the bye, he piously calculates,) propounds as infallible tests for detecting latent atheists:—

> '—— Canst thou trace the birth sublime
> Of infant nature, or the march of time?
> Tell how the wakening spheres in concave high
> First caught the strains of heaven-born melody,
> Owned thro' the brightning vault its mystic sound,
> And 'gan with time itself their everlasting round?
> And 'til 'tis given to thy mental sense,
> O'er boundless space to scan omnipotence?'—p. 25.

We know not how far the noble author might have proceeded in these theological discussions, had not his rapturous admiration of the works of nature fortunately brought a cork tree to his recollection —the cork tree reminded him of Cintra—Cintra of Lisbon—Lisbon of all the kings and queens of Portugal, and his Pegasus, 'right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels' of controversy, gallops along the high road of history, to the conclusion of the first part of the poem.

We cannot enter into an examination of this portion of the work, nor venture to give any opinion on the merits of the Alfonzos, Emanuels, Johns, Jozes, and Joachims, who 'come like shadows and so depart;' because, unhappily, the two great sources of information on which we relied, are, on this topic, entirely at variance. The *Argument* states these persons to be 'ancient Portugueze *worthies*;' the notes shew them to be some of the greatest monsters that ever scourged mankind; and as the text is *equally* irreconcileable with either of these descriptions, we retire from the responsibility of deciding between them.

The second part of this poem has all the beauties of the first, with some which are peculiarly its own. Of the latter, the most striking is that, though it still bears the name of Portugal, it chiefly relates to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland: there are, indeed, several patriotic allusions in the first part also, but the second amplifies and repeats them with greater tenderness. Thus, in the former part we read,

'Seaward

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'Seaward I stretched my view, where to the west,
The sun *beam* lingered on the ocean's breast,
Where soft the *Atlantic* wooed the *dying breeze*,
On the smooth surface of his *waveless seas*,
On my own land the evening seemed *to smile*,
And, fondly tarrying, pause o'er *Britain's isle*.'—p. 10.

This is so exquisite that we were not surprized that the author's partiality induced him to insert it again in the second part, with slight variations of the expression, but none, we are glad to observe, of the meaning.

'England, my country!—generous, great, and brave,
Tho' far between us yon Atlantic wave
Stretches his giant arm—at evening still,
As slow my footsteps climb yon heath clad hill,
High on its *butting* top I'll bless the *smile*
Of the last *beam* that gilds my native *isle*.
Trace these, in fancy, o'er the *waveless seas*,
Catch thy faint accents in the *whispering breeze*,' &c.—p. 75.

When the noble author thus imitates himself, we are not to wonder, and still less to lament that he has on several occasions copied with great accuracy and taste several other poets. In a few instances, however, impartiality obliges us to say, that the imitation is rather too close; we doubt whether it was prudent to adopt so exactly from the Vision of Don Roderic, the description of the soldiers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and to apply to the battle of Busaco precisely the same traits which Mr. Scot had given to the battle of Albuera.

We should be sorry, however, (without offence to any poet,) that Lord George Grenville should resign his individual style, and lose any portion of his originality. Could the study of any model furnish him with more beautiful lines than the following?—

'Call *it* not false, when faery *fingers shed*
Their twilight *visions* o'er the wanderer's head,
And Feeling *wakes to* morning's pensive eye
The living *image* of each kindred *tie*,
Call *it* not false.'—p. 77.

Whence could he copy such delineations of natural objects as the following? The sea in a storm

'Rises, in foamy wrath, his *frowning* face
And bows the welkin to his rude embrace.'—p. 21.

The sun;

'——— red in clouds the Sun of battle *rode*,
And *pour'd* on Britain's front its favouring *flood*.'—p. 68.

The moon;

'The dewy Moon a *thankless vigil* keeps.'—p. 85.

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An island;

'——— ocean, *with affection wild*,
Clasps to her heaving breast her favourite child.'—p. 81.

Sheep or snow (it is not clear which) on a mountain;

'——— the mountain's topmost pride,
The *fleecy tract* that *decks* its *glimmering* side.'—p. 5.

An army marching through a defile;

'——— they, who burst the wizard spell
Of nature, shrined within her peaceful dell.'—p. 58.

A ghost appearing;

'But who is he, who from the *wide expanse*
Of *unseen distance* moves?'—p. 48.

Of passages similar or even superior to these, the store is inexhaustible; one is so characteristically excellent, that we cannot but recommend it to particular attention—it is the description of the morning of the day on which the battle of Busaco was fought.

'The *unwilling* sun *from out* his heathy bed,
In *tearful* moisture raised his *shaded* head;
Paused in his *giant* course, then *bending* slow,
Gazed on the embattled throng that moved below;
Sought with dark *blush* the Empyrean's breast,
And *veiled* in purer air his *conscious* crest.'—p. 55.

We do not recollect seeing the sun on the 27th September, 1810; those, however, who were so fortunate as to behold this unwilling, tearful, shaded, giant, bending, gazing, seeking, blushing, veiling and conscious luminary, must have assisted at his levee,

Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.

But it is in the part of 'Portugal' which relates to the *United Kingdom*, that the peculiarity of the author's manner is most striking, and the feeling which causes it most apparent. Between the husbanding system of his party, and the peninsular policy of their adversaries, he is so unwilling to decide, that we doubt whether he applauds or reprobates the war in Portugal, and is most inclined to hope or to despair of the public fortunes of his country.

This moment, he hails Britain as

'——— the loveliest, bravest, best,
Cradle of worth, of liberty, and *rest*,
The last stout bulwark of a tottering world,'—p. 81.

the next, he sees her

'Weigh'd to the earth,—by countless foes oppress,
The iron dint has entered *to* her breast,
In fatal pomp her gory ensigns wave,
And Europe's shores are *but* her soldiers grave.'—p. 82.

Then

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Then again she looks up a little, and appears as one

'——————— whose form,
Like her own oak, ne'er trembled in the storm.'—p. 89.

The reader will easily perceive that these and similar passages are shrouded in oracular darkness. In our wish to reconcile them, we had recourse, as usual, to the *notes*, where we found, in reference to this part of the subject, two quotations from Exodus, the first of which, as being most to the point, it will perhaps be sufficient to give.

'And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where you are, and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you when I smite the land of Egypt.'—Exodus, c. xii. 8. 13.

This exposition was not, at first sight, very promising; but by a careful collation of the note with the text, we are enabled to state with some confidence, that the author's meaning must be this, that *as* the destroying angel spared the houses that *were* marked with blood; *so* shall he spare England, because she is *not* marked with blood.* This explanation is in the best style of the ancient soothsayers; but lest there should be readers so uncandid as not to admit its applicability to the noble lord's topic, we shall state the elucidation which the *argument* affords, of these different passages,

'I turn to the ocean,—England—the feelings of joy occasioned by the recollection of our native country, and the pride with which we contemplate her present gallant struggle in the cause of Europe, PERHAPS a little damped by reflecting upon the scenes of misery which *inevitably* accompany war, *wherever it is found*, as well as upon the severe and irretrievable loss of valuable lives she has herself sustained in its prosecution.'

The noble lord thinks the war *perhaps* glorious, and we infer that he thinks it *perhaps* necessary; but it is *perhaps* a natural damper of the feelings which *such* a war should excite, to recollect that *war in the abstract* is attended with some human misery. This reasoning, which is perfectly clear and irrefragable, leads his lordship to a conclusion which approaches very nearly to the declared opinion of his noble relatives, that as war, *wherever it is to be found*, is attended with local evil, it would be prudent, instead of carrying it abroad, to permit it to come amongst us at home.

* It is but justice to observe that the author is not less happy in his profane than in his scriptural references. We never met with a more surprising instance of illustration by an apt classical allusion, than the following.

'Nor rouse to save tho' ruin sap the wall.'—p. 58.

This is the text; the note follows.

——— tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum
Ut soubo careas.—Juv. Sat. iii.——p. 106.

It

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It is a scourge which ought by no means to be inflicted by us upon the French on any part of the continent of Europe; but it may very properly be visited (as surgeons try experiments, 'in corpore vili') on the Turks, Egyptians, or South Americans: when directed against Ciudad Rodrigo or Badajos, it is a miserable waste of strength; but when waged upon Alexandria or Buenos Ayres, it is good husbandry and statesman-like resolution.

The last four lines of the poem, in which he dissuades England from *toiling* for fame or glory; and in which, because she is stout and able, he exhorts her by no means to fight; till she is forced to *fight for her life*, are of so high a strain of public spirit as well as poetry, that we cannot refrain from quoting them.

> 'Let others *toil* for fame, thy veteran ray
> Beams yet undimmed, nor knows, nor fears decay,
> Virtue thy cause, thy birthright liberty,
> *Fight England but for life*, and live but to be free!'—p. 92.

We must here, admonished by our contracting limits, conclude our review of this excellent work. We can only hope that what we have said will not damp the curiosity of the reader, nor induce him to take our opinion upon a poem, which we promise him he will find, upon one or two perusals, (we recommend two at least,) to exceed any idea that we have been able to convey of it.

ART. IX. *Observations on the Criminal Law of England, as it relates to Capital Punishments, and on the Mode in which it is administered.* By Sir Samuel Romilly. London.

THIS able and luminous pamphlet, which was published two years ago, was intended to convey to the public the substance of a speech delivered by the author in the House of Commons, (9th February, 1810,) on moving for leave to bring in a series of bills to repeal the acts of 10 and 11 William III. 12 Anne, and 24 Geo. II. which make the crimes of 'privately stealing in a shop, goods of the value of five shillings; or in a dwelling house, or on board a vessel in a navigable river, property of the value of forty shillings, capital felonies.' The publication took place while the fate of the bills was still depending in parliament. On the 2d of May, the motion for a repeal of the capital punishment for the larceny in a dwelling-house was rejected by a small majority. Soon after, the second bill, relating to larceny in a shop, was carried in the House of Commons without a division; but its progress was stopped in the House of Lords by a majority of three to one. At the end of the same session, the third bill, from the pressure of business, was given

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given up without having come to a final hearing. The legislative question having been thus disposed of, for a time, the pamphlet itself remains as a memorial of the author's views and reasonings upon one branch of the criminal law of our land.

An argument which submits to competent authority, does not immediately forfeit, as a matter of course, all esteem either with the author of it, or with many of his reflecting readers, who, although they delegate their public voice, reserve their judgment to themselves. In the present instance, if the learned author still holds the same unshaken confidence in the justness of his principles, he probably will not consent to abandon, on the first failure, this attempt to humanize the laws of his country in the few cases where they appear to have departed from their usual spirit of a judicious and temperate severity. But were all expectation gone, of seeing his proposed improvement carried into effect, we should only be the more inclined to bear our humble testimony to the principle of it, and pay a few literary obsequies to a fallen speculation.

By the law as it now stands, the offences which we have already described are punishable with death. But the statutes which enjoin that punishment are not put in execution, except in a very few rare examples. From the records of the criminal courts, (Observ. p. 11,) we find that, in a period of seven years, from 1802 to 1809, inclusive, out of 508 persons, capitally convicted in London and Middlesex, 67 suffered the sentence of the law; these convictions including, it must be observed, every species of capital offence. By other tables of information it appears that, within the same period, there were committed to Newgate for trial, charged with the crime of stealing in dwelling-houses, 1013 persons; of shoplifting 859. The number of capital convictions obtained upon these charges is not easy to be ascertained: but of the persons so charged, one only was executed.

Such are some of the phenomena of the criminal courts at a recent time; and from them it is plain that the letter of the penal law, and the administration of it, as to the statutes already cited, are as widely at variance with each other as life and death can be. The documents that have been published are not so complete as could be wished in some other points, but particularly in that which respects the comparison of the actual convictions under each statute, with the instances in which the penalty has been enforced. But by arguing from the two general statements which we have just now given, and assuming, as a probable conjecture, that some proportion between a fourth and an eighth of the 1872 charged with those larcenies may have been found guilty of the capital part, the result will be that the law should seem to hold its course of rigour, without any violent inequality, against the more atrocious

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atrocious crimes, while the sentence of it is so rarely enforced upon the offences of capital theft, that usage has, in fact, anticipated that repeal of the statutes in question which it has been proposed to the legislature to enact.

No one blames this laxity in the administration of laws of unmeasured and revolting rigour. It brings them more nearly to the point where they ought to be. It vindicates the national character; upholds the distinction between cruelty and justice; and puts the means of redress on better conditions to the community. Those tribunals which have thought to keep order by a ferocious system of vindictive justice, have forgotten that such a system maintained in vigour must do away the dutiful respect and confidence which human beings ought to feel towards the laws under which they live; that it must alienate the humane and moderate, who most deserve to be protected, and harden the minds of a rougher cast by the spectacle of sanguinary or frequent executions. When life is made a cheap and vulgar thing by the laws themselves, to what principle of human nature can they apply for an effectual sanction? It may be right to remind men who are for making thorough work in the business of legislation, that it is better that some evils should be endured than that others should be done. All punishment is a sore and painful evil, not more to the offender than to the state which inflicts it. Not only, therefore, does it become a duty in the state to take care that the least measure of punishment that is sufficient, be inflicted, but sometimes to forego a remedy, which would put the common sense of humanity and justice to too severe a trial. Laws cannot do every thing we might wish, and we do wrong in acting as if we thought they could when strained to it. As they are human contrivances, partial inefficiency cannot be a heavy reproach to them; but as they are made by man against man, extreme severity must be so. Let it be granted that the first duty of the legislature is to give the citizen protection in his rights and property. Unquestionable, however, as this duty is, the performance of it must be attempted with those abatements and qualifications of prudence, which will give a more beneficial enjoyment of the object, than a keen, morose, and peremptory pursuit of it at all hazards. By no severity, inflicted as well as denounced, could crimes ever be wholly extirpated. Beyond a certain point, therefore, there may be an increase of severity that is a useless excess, and gains nothing but odium and obstruction to the course of justice. The true aim of legal rigour must be to make a compromise with things which it cannot subdue, and abate the prevalence of fraud and outrage so far as to render life tolerably secure. On this moderated scheme, which agrees best with the imperfection of the world in its means of power, and its destiny of happiness, law may begin to econo-

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mize in the evils which it is compelled to employ, and abate something of the sternness of its retaliations and inflictions.

Whether the three particular statutes we have to consider were ever meant to be literally executed has been made a doubt. That they are not executed, is the fact; and that they ought not, is on all hands admitted. They who are anxious for reform, think the result of the practice is right in the main, but desire to see the sanguinary statutes abolished, and other provisions introduced in their place more congenial to the spirit and opinions of the age, and more consistent with the actual administration of justice. Their request does not seem very unreasonable. They desire to have justice done according to the laws rather than in spite of them.

That lenity, which the sense and usage of the times have substituted for a regular execution of the law, is a benefit upon the whole, but obtained at the price of many and great inconveniences. For, first of all, in how many instances do the parties themselves, who have been sufferers, decline to prosecute, or to urge the prosecution, deterred by the inordinate hardship of the fate to which they may by possibility bring the culprit? The loss of property is a wrong which men do not bear with very remarkable patience; but neither the goading sense of that wrong, nor obedience to public duty, will be strong enough to carry men through the anxieties of a capital prosecution, unless they are rather more vindictive than they ought to be, or hardier patriots than can be expected. Whereas it has been said that sanguinary penalties rarely enforced, can inspire no terror; we conceive this to be a mistake. They do often inspire a very effectual terror into the person who is injured; though it may be doubted how far he is exactly the proper object of legal intimidation. Seldom as it is put in force, the very name and apprehension of the sentence of death is a detriment to the cause of justice with him, however weak it may be as a check to the violation of it with the offender. In this way, severe statutes become often a charter of impunity to the crimes which they were intended to punish.

Suppose, however, that a prosecutor is found, whether honest or vindictive; that a man who has lost a piece of cotton from his shop, or a few silver spoons from his closet, undertakes, with great labour and expense to himself, to push the offender to the peril of his life; we are only one step in advance. Few are so little acquainted with the proceedings in a court as not to know that the evidence brought there is way-laid with the same scruples which impede the first movements of the prosecution; that witnesses do not unfrequently appear to disguise and withhold the truth, the whole of which they are sworn to speak, from the 'dread of swearing away,' how innocently soever, a man's life, for a matter of five shillings,

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shillings; and also that juries, under the same influence of tenderness towards that sacred deposit of life, have been led to make up their verdict by some other rule of judgment than that which their oath prescribes; and, finally, that when these several arbitrary corrections have been applied to the law, and rescued many from its grasp, the hand of justice is stayed towards others, after sentence passed, and when it is in the very act to strike, by the intercession, or the immediate mercy of the bench; so that the whole train of the judicial proceeding might be taken for an arrangement to protect the culprit, and to save him, if not from all punishment, certainly from that which the legislature has appointed.

Now, supposing that the ultimate distribution of penal justice by a mode so extraordinary is as good to the full for the present moment, as it would be by an amended system, explicitly laid down in law, which, however, is too much to be conceded, still the mode seems fraught with irregularities and inconveniences which it might be expedient to correct. The tone of lenient and equitable dealing, which has made its way into our courts, would be a more secure and legitimate benefit if it were invested with the force of the legislative sanction. We have it and have it not. It is only an equivocal possession. Being a practice, why should it not be a law? It is a wholesome irregularity; why not adopt it into the public code? As the matter now is, courts of justice, most contrary to their true functions, become the legislative body: for such they are when the law is to be modified by them in the application of it to the particular case, according to measures and principles which are no where to be found but in their own occasional and recent practice. Most thankfully do we acknowledge that English courts are now guided by an enlightened feeling of what is upright and just. But what security is there for the permanence of this spirit? or for its steady and uniform tenour of operation, while it continues? The fluctuations that may, nay, must ensue, from differences of character in the judge or jury; from his particular course of legal observation, or his construction of what the public good requires; seem far to exceed those useful or passable inequalities which come within the meaning of a reasonable discretion. An ex post facto law is universally held to be a grievance; but are there not many of the objectionable ingredients of such a law contained in a practice which leaves it in the breast of jurors or judges to decide by what name the offence shall be described, and to vary the sentence from a short imprisonment to the loss of life? In this latitude of power the joint interpretation of the several members of the court does, to all intents and purposes, make the law, for the immediate case; an interpretation which is quite a precarious

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and modern thing, guarded by no positive rules of statute, precedent, or any other authentic and systematic direction.

It is a truth we all believe, that known and written laws are the only safeguard of liberty, justice, and public order. It is another, as little to be denied, that no provisional wisdom can draw out a plan of statutes so complete in the enumeration of the lower genera and species of crime as to present a definite idea of the guilt and measure of punishment that shall tally exactly with the real case, and reduce the whole affair of justice to a technical reference to the statute-book. A legislative Linnæus is out of the question. The operose detail could never be carried far enough for the end in view, though it might soon be done to an extent which would cramp the interests of justice, and might lower that high sense of duty and the superior intelligence which are now seen upon the bench, so greatly to the public benefit.

Both of these maxims being equally true, and, perhaps, equally important, it remains to harmonize them, and make them act together. How far each should be studied is difficult to define in words, and is best determined by the occasion. But we hope that no statesman will content himself with standing exclusively on either of them alone, or contend so much for the ascendency of the one as virtually to set the other aside. On the judicious accommodation of conflicting principles, and a mixed feeling for different ends, depends almost every thing practically useful in matters of government and legislation. Society exists by the union of restraint and freedom; and there must be more or less of these two qualities in every subordinate function in it. But those who plead for the expedience of bringing the administration of the penal law more precisely under the dominion of known restrictions, can hardly be thought to encroach too far on the freedom of courts, when they except from it the general commutation of life and death, and would take from them the power of pronouncing a sentence which, of their own accord, they forbear to execute above once in three or four hundred times. Nor is it a reform that threatens to encumber the statute law very grievously, when they would select some of the chief and palpable differences which common sense might point out, in the enormity of the same general offence, and make those differences the subject of a distinct enactment. In doing which they would willingly avail themselves of every light and assistance that can be had from a review of what has been the practice.

But it is urged that the threat of death is of use, under all the infrequency of it; that men fear what may be inflicted be it ever so seldom. We may well hesitate to admit this; for, considering the,

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the perverse and infatuated calculations which the folly of a dishonest mind is known to indulge, and the remoteness of the chance upon any calculation, as far as these statutes are concerned, we may doubt whether a single crime have been checked by the odd example or two which may have been made in the memory of the present house-plundering and shoplifting practice. In the debate between villany and prudence, such solitary examples pass perhaps for little or nothing—if they are even remembered at all; and yet the efficacy of them has been rated so highly, that the great stress of the legislative question has been laid upon them. But if we take into account the greater promptitude there would be to pursue the offence, when the capital threat was completely done away, we may rest satisfied, that nothing would be lost to the laws on the score of useful fear. A person high in station, and whose opinions on the whole of this subject deserve the greatest deference, has observed, indeed, that in the experience of criminal courts no unwillingness can be seen in prosecutors to do their utmost against the criminal. It is very material, however, to remark, that if this observation be correct still it can be made only on those who stir a prosecution and bring it into court. The many who accept their loss, and do not choose to punish themselves by becoming prosecutors, are not seen in that place.

But—there is danger in every change. The salutary mistrust of innovation is a feeling we do not wish to see impaired. Let every change that is proposed bring with it the strongest credentials; let it be shewn to be not only good in the design, but safe by its agreement with what we already enjoy. It may be good in the abstract; but not for us: we may have prejudices or interests of another kind, which may be shocked by the intrusion of the benefit. But what is there in all this caution which is not fully secured in the amendment before us? That amendment goes to establish, by the legislature, what is already adopted by a precarious practice. The previous dispositions of men and things, which are wanted for the sober conduct of every improvement, are here all in being already; in the very same persons and functions that are to be the medium of the change. And although it may appear to some a matter of little moment whether we hold a benefit by a law, or a custom against a law; by a sufferance, or a sanction; we are not ashamed of preferring the direct and unequivocal assurance of the public faith in a declaratory law as the best basis for a beneficial practice.

If, for nothing else, to preserve the sanctity of an oath, it appears desirable that the law should be altered. Are we safe when jurors, who are to bear a part in doing justice, are laid under a temptation to violate and elude the strongest pledge of it? If, in the zeal of their humanity, they have returned verdicts, as they often

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have, which it is not easy to reconcile with their oath, we must point to the law for corrupting its own spring. This is done, indeed, for the sake of mercy; and the casuistry of the virtues is not so bad as perjury that is wilful or corrupt. But the wiser method would be, to relieve them, as far as may be, from the occasion of chicaning between their duties, and lay the way of mercy more open to them, since they will break the fences to get at it.

Some remarkable evidence of this evil is given by Sir S. Romilly in a note subjoined to his pamphlet, from which we shall make an extract or two.

'In the year 1731-2, which was only thirty-two years after the act of King William, and only sixteen after the act of Queen Ann, a period during which there had scarcely been any sensible diminution in the value of money, it appears from the sessions papers that, of thirty-three persons indicted at the Old Bailey for stealing privately in shops, warehouses, or stables, goods to the value of five shillings and upwards, only one was convicted, twelve were acquitted, and twenty were found guilty of the theft, but the things stolen were found to be worth less than five shillings. Of fifty-two persons tried in the same year at the Old Bailey, for stealing in dwelling-houses, money, or other property, of the value of forty-shillings, only six were convicted, twenty-three were acquitted, and twenty-three were convicted of the larceny, but saved from a capital punishment by the jury stating the stolen property to be of less value than forty shillings. In the following years the numbers do not differ very materially from those in the year 1731.

'Some of the cases which occurred about this time are of such a kind, that it is difficult to imagine by what casuistry the jury could have been reconciled to their verdict. It may be proper to mention a few of them.—Elizabeth Hobbs was tried in September 1732, for stealing in a dwelling-house one broad piece, two guineas, two half guineas, and forty-four shillings, in money. She confessed the fact, and the jury found her guilty, but found that the money stolen was worth only thirty-nine shillings. Mary Bradley, in May 1732, was indicted for stealing in a dwelling-house, lace which she had offered to sell for twelve guineas, and for which she had refused to take eight guineas; the jury, however, who found her guilty, found the lace to be worth no more than thirty-nine shillings. William Sherrington, in October 1732, was indicted for stealing privately in a shop, goods which he had actually sold for 1l. 5s. and the jury found that they were worth only 4s. 10d.

'In the case of Michael Allom, indicted in February 1733, for privately stealing in a shop forty-three dozen pairs of stockings, value 3l. 10s. It was proved that the prisoner had sold them for a guinea and a half, to a witness who was produced on the trial, and yet the jury found him guilty of stealing what was only of the value of 4s. 10d. In another case, that of George Dawson and Joseph Hitch, also indicted in February 1733, it appeared that the two prisoners, in company together at the same time, stole the same goods privately in a shop, and the jury found one

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one guilty to the amount of 4s. 10d. and the other to the amount of 5s. that is, that the same goods were at one and the same moment of different values. This monstrous proceeding is accounted for by finding that Dawson, who was capitally convicted, had been tried before at the same sessions for a similar offence, and had been convicted of stealing to the amount only of 4s. 10d. The jury seem to have thought, that having had the benefit of their indulgence once, he was not entitled to it a second time, or in other words, that having once had a pardon at their hands, he had no further claims upon their mercy.'—pp. 66, 67.

It is satisfactory to think we are reciting here the verdicts of a former time. As the Bench, then, was little in the habit of applying for, or exercising the prerogative of mercy, the jury must have felt that it rested almost entirely with them to decide upon the prisoner's fate. The general lenity of the judge has now superseded a good deal of their extra-official service. But there is reason to believe they are still ready in many cases of lighter guilt, to save the criminal by a forced mitigation of their verdict, rather than make over the whole of the act of grace to another quarter. In the little that we have seen ourselves, such appears to have been their leaning. The fact is probable in itself. And many who speak from larger and legal experience affirm it. To recal juries therefore to their precise duty, we should be glad to see one inducement to swerve from it taken away.

By whatever cause the jurisprudence of the country is turned afloat, the discredit and evil consequence of it are apparent; but they are the worst when the supreme officer of justice bears himself an unsteady hand. Yet it has occurred that criminals have been tried for one and the same offence in which they were equally concerned, and went hand in hand, but being tried by different judges have learnt that equal guilt is by no means sure of receiving equal punishment. A case in illustration of this is given (Observ. p. 18.) with the names of the judges and the circuit; so strong a case indeed that we shall not quote it in words: but the result was, that without a shade of difference in the act, or the character, of the two criminals, one was sentenced to a few months imprisonment, the other, who came before a different judge at the next assizes, was transported. Choosing rather to draw a veil over the particular case, as it is a recent one, we take the right of alluding to it so far as to urge, that since no rectitude or purity of intention in the wisest men will guide them to think and decide alike, the legislature is bound to come forward in aid of their duties, and grant them the benefit of instructions to act by. While the other courts have a fixed usage, a doctrine, or a body of precedents to enable them to interpret what the law says, or supply what it does not say,

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with some kind of system and order; the criminal courts that are charged with the execution of the three extreme penal statutes we are considering, have at this day neither compass nor meridian to steer by, but are tossed between a rigid law and a lax practice, and all the chasm between, filled up with varieties of anomalous judgments, mitigations, equitable abuses, and cross examples; the theory and principle of which are no where recorded, having vanished with the circuit, or the judge who acted upon them. Where the king's highway ends, and nothing is left but to strike out upon the common, we know what a choice of tracks are always to be seen, to perplex the traveller who has his way to seek; and people are agreed that a few finger posts would be a clear improvement. A new judge in a criminal court, who has to administer the acts of 10 and 11 William III. and 12 Anne, is placed in the same situation; and the reasons are not very obvious, why the legislature should decline to take a survey of the open country he has to travel, leaving him wholly to rely on his own sense.

And so much for the considerations that prevail with us for the expediency of repealing these statutes, and declaring the law a-new more explicitly, as far as they are concerned.

But as the author has taken something of a wider range in his remarks, which were only preliminary to the debate upon the direct question, we ought, perhaps, to extend our line a little farther, to notice some of his general or collateral topics.

If in an argument, which has raised the opinion we had entertained before of the author's energy and sagacity of mind, there be any thing we could wish to see altered, it is an occasional symptom of more favour than we think is due to a plausible theory which professes to punish, according to the moral guilt of the offence. Law and ethics, friendly as they are to each other, cannot, we apprehend, be brought into so strict a union. Although the laws are in the mass, a promulgation of moral duty, and to some men the only code of duty; yet after all, they are apt to be very indifferent moralists, because while they teach men to abstain from rapine, theft and violence, their chief design, at least in all great and populous states it must be so, is to preserve the peace and civil welfare of the community, and to take care of the rights of those who may suffer injury, more than the conscience of those who may do it. Here is a wide difference then in the object of law and morals.

Again, the depravity of some crimes is on a par with the inconvenience of them. They pour forth all their poison on the world, and are immoralities and nuisances, at once, in the same degree. But in others there is no common measure between the public detriment

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triment of the action, and the demerit of the doer of it: and in this respect the private and the political ethics will vary.

Nay, harsh as it may sound, the artificial law of society, and the natural law, are sometimes obliged to judge of the same actions on principles directly opposite, and with the best reason for it. What is there that can extenuate a crime more in the eye of nature, than if it be done under a strong and general temptation; and if it be easy to commit, and hard to be discovered? Yet these are the very circumstances which, in the abstract view of the penal law, become aggravations. It undertakes to check something that is amiss: temptations, inducements and facilities only irritate it, therefore, to more rigorous coercion. It has to deal with a numerous host of petty enormities which could never be pursued in the detail one by one; but since upon the whole they make a serious invasion on the public, it is obliged to arm itself with the greater terrors, to keep them down by the compendious policy of severe example: a policy which is just, because it is necessary, and does the thing intended with the least expense of human suffering.

Sir S. Romilly has drawn a contrast between the unequal measures of guilt and punishment in the case of a guardian who steals the property of his ward, and a shop-lifter who takes a few yards of lace or ribbon, and nothing can be more defective than our law, if these crimes ought to be punished according to their comparative deserts.

The violation of a guardian's trust is certainly a crime of such a kind as infinitely to surpass the every-day matter of the annals of larceny. But if it should be thought proper to make a new adjustment of the laws between these two offences, still we could by no means consent to make the moral scale the rule of punishment for them. Without refining too much, these objections to it seem valid. Breach of trust in a guardian is not likely to be common. He is a selected person; and the selection almost ensures the trust. If the opportunity to offend be great, so is the chance of detection; and flagrant, unpitied shame, the consequence. These are checks to every one; but most powerful in a rank of life, where character is the great stake: by the spontaneous action of these causes, the villany is fettered; and when it breaks out, punished too; so that what remains to be done by positive law is so much the less.

It would not then be a preposterous lenity in the law, but a wise and equitable temperament of its power towards the several interests it has in charge, to vary its penalties according to some closer construction of what it ought to do, than can be drawn from an estimate either of the pecuniary amount, or the intrinsic turpitude of the theft. Penal sanctions are only auxiliary to the other restraints by which men are governed: and we must forget, that such restraints

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straints are in being, before we can proceed to pair crimes and penalties together by any scheme of mathematical ratio.

The primary social restraints which exist independently of law, and contain in them the best spirit of society, will always deserve to have the appeal first made to them, wherever they can be supposed to act with any force at all; and to have their paramount value acknowledged on the face of the statute book; first, by its declining to take the cause out of their cognizance; or next, by shewing itself unwilling to stigmatize the failure of their authority, by tendering in their place the grosser and more shocking kinds of punishment. And as laws, when they are once made, ought to be executed with unrelenting impartiality between man and man, it seems the more necessary to provide in making them, not to tarnish the better orders and motives of society. On this account, however we may detest the guardian who defrauds his ward, or the governor who plunders a province, we should be sorry to see them tried under a statute of larceny; or read their names among the convicts sentenced to hard labour on board the hulks, or in a penitentiary house.

But we have been opposing an idea of criminal law concerning which we are not certain whether it be really adopted by the author, or only employed by him as an *argumentum ad hominem*, in a turn of his controversy with Dr. Paley, whose whole doctrine on crimes and punishments he has endeavoured to refute.

It may be officious, and not perfectly safe for us to step in between two such disputants, and try to make their differences appear not quite so great as one of them might lead us to imagine, by the very exact and elaborate refutation of his opponent, which he has attempted: and yet only to hint a belief of this kind would be less respectful than to state the grounds of it: which we shall therefore do, as briefly as we can.

Dr. Paley* is the advocate of a system which 'assigns capital punishments to many kinds of offences, but inflicts it only upon a few examples of each kind.' In this view he includes the great body of our capital statutes collectively; many of which, or rather most of them were, at the time when he wrote, and still continue to be executed, frequently enough to make the dread of the law very sensibly felt. This is true, not only of crimes the most atrocious, as murders, rapes, burning of houses, and forgeries; but also of sheepstealing, horsestealing, burglaries, and highway robberies, which are punished with death in a number of instances sufficient for an operative example. What is the kind of proportion, we can learn only by a rude estimate, of which the elements are, that

* Moral Philosophy, book vi. c. 9.

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out of 528 persons capitally convicted for crimes of every description, about an eighth suffered the sentence; but since there are included in this account the convictions for larceny, which probably made up half of the whole, whereas only one execution for larceny took place; it follows that the grants of mercy for other crimes must have been in a much lower proportion than that general average would indicate, and perhaps did not exceed three cases out of four. The whole balance of the calculation is deranged by the single article of the larcenies being included; on one side they double the convictions, while on the fatal side of the account there is only a unit to be added for them.

Now had the question been put to Dr. Paley, whether he would defend a statute which creates a capital theft, with the condition of the sentence being almost universally remitted; it is clear from the whole tenour of his principles that he would have given his voice for the repeal of that mockery of legal terror. In his system there was some moderate proportion between the frequency of executing, and remitting the law. The fact as he took it and has expressed it, supposes the ratio to be one to ten: which, notwithstanding the confidence of adventurers in crime, will not make such a tempting 'lottery,' as every one must allow is now open for speculators upon the property of shops and dwelling-houses. Dr. Paley's work was written about thirty years ago, when the sentence of the law was much more steadily inflicted, even upon the larcenies in question, than it is at the present day; and by referring to his expressions, which are of this sort,—'By this expedient, few actually suffer death, whilst the dread and danger of it hang over the crimes of many.—The tenderness of the law cannot be taken advantage of.—The life of the subject is spared as far as the purposes of restraint and intimidation permit;'—we may be satisfied he never meant that crimes which are committed every day, should be intimidated by a threat to be put in force once in six or seven years. In short, he defends sanguinary statutes, as useful, according to a certain standard of mixed severity and relaxation which he had in his mind when he wrote; that standard cannot be pretended to exist in the present argument—the conclusion is undeniable, that his authority is so far from being opposed to the immediate motion which Sir S. Romilly was about to make in parliament, that it might fairly have been quoted in favour of it.

But on the extent of discretionary power, in general, which ought to be reserved to a criminal court, these two authors differ beyond all hope of reconciliation. Dr. Paley had no conception of a dispensing power which was to contravene a statute: but he has taken the side of latitude; as Sir S. Romilly does of strictness. The

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The one would make the judge the intuitive arbitrator of the law. The other would make the legislature the virtual judge; or to use his own forcible language, the law should be the rule; the relaxation of it, the exception. Upon the abstract question we feel little doubt in embracing it as a safer principle to narrow rather than to enlarge the commission of a judge, and to frame the laws in such a way that they may be, not with literal, but substantial exactness, a known, steady and immutable rule. A loose administration of law contradicts the first notions we have of justice, which no man ever thought of but as something uniform and fixed. Take this character from the law, and however it may inspire dread, it certainly will not command respect.

At the same time, for every purpose of practical improvement, we should think it the best policy to put the question, both as to discretionary power, and every other arrangement, on each measure, step by step: otherwise the best general principles may only mislead us, as none stumble oftener than those who are constantly looking at the stars.

It was no longer ago than the year 1808 that the offence of taking privately from the person above the value of twelvepence was punishable with death. So it was before the conquest; only there was a ransom, and he who could pay it saved his life. But in the time of Henry I. it was made strictly capital, and in the reign of Elizabeth debarred the benefit of clergy; and then neither ransom nor learning would do. During many a reign, and after the value of that sum was shrunk to nothing, we continued in love with the old Saxon denomination, and men were executed according to those antediluvian comparisons of life against money, or saved by the sovereign mercy of the court. *Sir Henry Spelman had justly complained, that while every thing else was risen in its nominal value, and become dearer, the life of man had continually grown cheaper. Still we adhered to the constitutions of Athelstan, till Sir S. Romilly had the courage to make a stand against him, and obtained a repeal of his life-appraisement. But it must be observed also, to the honour of Dr. Paley, that he has written most forcibly in behalf of the same reform. He has the merit of having laid his finger upon the very law at which Sir S. Romilly began his work of improvement; and as we have had to remark upon the opinions in which these two distinguished persons differ, our readers may not be sorry to know that there are also some points of agreement between them.

The question on the necessity of capital punishment in general is by no means involved in the legislative measure which this pam-

* Blackstone, book iv. 17.

phlet

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phlet was intended to introduce and recommend. The laws which make certain kinds of small theft death, but are not executed, it may be fit to repeal simply on the ground of their non-execution, or of their excessive and disproportioned rigour. But the clearest reasons for revising such laws are placed at an immeasurable distance from the perils of that vast speculation, whether death might not be left out of the penal code altogether. The author has not declared himself in any positive terms upon this bold theory, nor given any cause to believe, as far as we can see, that he is a convert to it. The avowal of such a theory would certainly have created a greater opposition to the measure he had in hand; and therefore his silence may pass for caution with those who like to improve to the utmost every circumstance in a debate, and find more meaning in a speech or pamphlet than lies open to view. But we frankly own that this pamphlet does not bring the subject before us; a few ambiguous intimations in it of a leaning towards a milder system of penal law, may only be expressive of that humane feeling which will prompt many to indulge a wish for more than they seriously think possible to be done in lessening the ills of life. This is one of the cheap gratifications of every good mind, and of the wisest too, before it has strictly compared its ends and means together. Yet, since the subject has been started, and in connexion with the pamphlet, both by those who favoured the bills to which it was a prelude, and by those who were adverse to them, we shall not digress very far, if we propose a few hasty observations upon it.

They who speak as if they were for trying the experiment of a bloodless code of laws; if they should feel any scruple in taking the hazard of the theory upon their own wisdom, may avail themselves of some great names, Beccaria, Voltaire, and the Empress Catherine, as authorities for it. They are all foreigners, and perhaps there is a vulgar taste in many of our speculators at home to admire the wisdom of other countries, as we do their fashions; while the corps who have to officiate in the institutions of their country, carry their prejudices as far the other way. The right method would be to take foreign examples and opinions, as hints to be consulted, with this specific caution, that however strong in the general principles of reason, a stranger may seem to be, the case of our own country is not before him.

The Marquis Beccaria argues thus:—'The sovereign power in the magistrate or laws is composed of those portions of personal liberty which the individual gives up to the state, that he may live under it: he makes the best bargain he can, and sacrifices only the smallest portion of his stock. The sovereign therefore can have no *right* over the *life* of a citizen—a right we may be sure he never parted

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parted with. Besides, the citizen has no right over his own life, and therefore cannot, if he wished, give it to another.'*

The subtilty of this argument may perhaps entangle those who yet would never be governed by it. When laws are really to be made, we hope that statesmen will follow their unphilosophical sense, in making them at once merciful and effective; and that they will employ the obvious means to counteract crimes, without waiting to know whether those means are included in some clause of the surrender made to the public in the original compact—a compact which we highly revere, though we have never been able to interpret more than two or three of the leading articles contained in it.

But there is a fault in the argument of the humane philosopher which vitiates it even as an exercise of ingenious speculation. When men are supposed to negociate originally with the state, they do it as innocent persons; they surrender something, to obtain, what? protection as honest men, certainly; not licence to do wrong. Were they making a treaty for theft and murder, the state would raise its demands upon them, far beyond the minime porzioni; it would hardly admit them to treat except with a cord about their neck; or to speak more correctly, it could hold no correspondence with them in that character. In a word, crimes cannot be favoured in the conditions of a compact, the two parties in which are leagued together expressly against crimes: and if they are united for a just purpose, the power and discretion of the confederacy are justly exerted to obtain it.

His lively commentator (Monsieur Voltaire) writes upon the subject in another style. 'It is high time,' he says, 'to tell the world that a man who is hanged is good for nothing; and that punishments which were intended for the good of society, should be useful to society. It is plain that twenty stout robbers, condemned to the public works, serve the state by their punishment; whereas when they are put to death, they benefit nobody but the executioner.'

But with Monsieur Voltaire's leave, the poor wretch who is brought to such an end, may be good for many things, and among others to shew how ill a philosopher may reason upon him. He may be good to save his fellows from the same fate, and the life and property of honest men besides. Stat magni nominis umbra. If he cannot beat hemp, or repair the fortifications, he may teach

* His words are, 'Qual può essere il diritto, che si attribuiscono gli uomini di trucidare i loro simili? Non certamente quello, da cui risultano la sovranità e le leggi. Esse non sono che una somma di minime porzioni della privata libertà di ciascuno.—Chi è mai colui, che abbia voluto lasciare ad altri uomini l'arbitrio di ucciderlo? Come mai nel minimo sagrificio della libertà di ciascuno vi può essere quello del massimo tra tutt' i beni, la vita?' Dei Delitt. &c. § xvi.

hundreds

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hundreds to be honest and industrious, and that is no small use in a man whether living or dead,

> ' ————fungi vice cotis, acutum
> Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.'

Before laws are made or unmade on the principle of being useful to the state, we ought to have good definitions of être utile, servir, &c. and know whether those phrases always mean work done with a spade or a mallet. For anxious as we are to have it tried whether more humanity may not be infused into the English laws, we shall never think of enlarging upon the funds that may be raised by convict labour. Life is too sacred a thing to be either taken or spared on such considerations.

The Empress of all the Russias acquired the reputation of great tenderness for human life by a code of laws which contained no one capital punishment. Her predecessor Elizabeth had ordered justice to be administered in the same way. Elizabeth promised that no one should be put to death during her reign, and Voltaire says she kept her word. *But unfortunately for the fame of her clemency, and the historian's exactness, there were many examples to the contrary; not to mention torture, and other cruel punishments worse than death, during her time. The edicts of a despotic government are one thing, its practice another; and Sir William Blackstone seems to have put too much faith in them when he described, as he has done, with some encomiums, the total abolition of legal bloodshed under this princess, who yet was the most benevolent and forbearing of the sovereigns of Russia.

The constitutions of Catherine profess a deliberate abhorrence of taking away human life, which is ill supported by the events of her reign. She has condescended to transcribe into her Instructions for the Compilement of the Russian Code many of the sentiments of Beccaria, retaining his very words in her imperial homilies. We may remark in passing that her extracts from his essay are most judiciously chosen; for while she adopts his arguments against the use of death as a punishment, upon the account of its being less efficacious on the public feeling, than a more prolonged state of suffering; she omits every thing he has said respecting the original compact, and limitations of the sovereign right, arising from it, as doctrines not equally good to be taught in all countries.†

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* See Coxe's account of Russia. Penal Code.

† The imitation of a transcriber will be seen by reading cap. 16, dei Delitti e delle Pene; and sect. 4. art. 10. in the 'Instructions pour dresser la Code de Russie.'— We have some doubt as to the *dates*, but believe that Beccaria's work was published *before* that of the Empress.

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It would be a happy thing to be able to borrow a precedent of lenity from the example of a despotic government; and as Russia stands indebted to the older states of Europe for her arts and manners, it would be a splendid compensation if she could give them a model of jurisprudence in return. But the phænomenon is too wonderful to be easily believed. An empire which only the other day was still 'in the woods,' can hardly have become perfect so soon in the most difficult of all the sciences. And what is the report of travellers as to the tried value of the code of Catherine? It is going daily into disuse. Or who will vouch for the fact of its having been truly administered even in her own life-time? Does her personal character permit us to suppose it? Is arbitrary power so faithful to the popular principles which it is known to assert in its official decrees and manifestos? Or does it not hold a privilege of dispensing with the laws in favour of severity when occasion requires? But be it so that this merciful code was actually administered, which it might very well be, where there was nothing more to be alleged against the criminal than his crime: we should be glad to see a report from the fifty provinces of the empire, whether men were at ease in their rights and property, safe in their homes, and slept securely under the superintendence of this indulgent system. Before we send a decemvirate of English lawyers to transcribe the imperial code at Moscow, it would be right to ascertain whether it has been found sufficient in the country which gave it birth. If to these suspicions, we add, that, although in Russia, death is nominally not the punishment, it often ensues from the mode in which other punishments are inflicted, we shall have little cause to envy them their plan of criminal law. Will humanity find her heart much relieved by turning from an execution to the sanguinary inflictions of the knoot, or the slow deaths that make up the eternal living obituary of the Siberian mines? Nor should we forget that one of the most suspicious benefits of despotic power, is a pretence to make wrongs between man and man of easy atonement. This plausible lenity may be indifference to the welfare of those who ought to be more anxiously defended; or it may be a compromise of policy to be remiss in avenging the mutual wrongs of the subject, and severe in its own cause; for however cheap penal justice may have been in Russia for private injury, in no country have offences against the state or the sovereign been visited with more signal and unceremonious rigour. Upon the whole we expect to receive little assistance in the amendment of English law from a study of the Muscovian pandects.

Whatever the law chooses to make a punishment, becomes so in fact, is the maxim* of Montesquieu, and copied also into the In-

* Esprit des Lois, liv. vi. chap. 9.

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structions of the Empress. Montesquieu however was far from supposing that laws could be kept without the last and fatal sanction to enforce them; and he has exposed the weakness of two or three of the Greek Emperors who made general vows and resolutions of dispensing with it.

Shame and civil disabilities are among the best resources of a penal code—but we must take care—for the law cannot absolutely create feelings, nor make a punishment of that which men themselves do not concur in making such. Those who are to be restrained by the law, must be first considered; for such as they are, such must the restraints be. If they are men who laugh at the conventional sway of opinion, and set civil life at defiance, there is no resource for the law, but in those feelings which men cannot renounce at will, the dread of pain, labour, and death. When the tigers are loose, it will be in vain to bring silken cords to bind them. Ineffectual coercion of crimes is in one sense even worse than impunity, for the offender is punished, and yet the peaceful citizen not protected, which is the end of punishment. The magistrate himself too becomes a party to the aggression, when he makes crimes a matter of eligible calculation to those who are ready to commit them.

If, then, a revisal of our criminal law should take place, with the view of making it more temperate in its enactment, and more correct and certain in the application, we hope the interests of humanity will be placed upon the same foundation with the public good. The theories which we have seen, that promised to gratify our mind with some prospect of an improved jurisprudence, have only amused us with a perverse substitution of evil; and given us such kind of satisfaction as the exchange of too much fierceness in the law into too much boldness in crimes was likely to inspire. If they divested the magistrate of some of his painful and invidious duties, to make him appear more humane, they did not make him appear more respectable when, by the abdication of his trust, he was to be a tender-hearted spectator of multiplied disorders and miseries. In listening to their illusive panegyrics, upon legal and judicial lenity, we have found the Utopian dream cruelly disturbed by the cries of its own victims.

To make any real improvement we should think a statesman ought to set aside all theory, and begin by assuming nothing; that he should call before him an account of each law as it is now adminstered; the prevalence of the offence; the habits and condition of those who may be guilty of it, or affected by it; and after consulting the voice of the courts, as expressed in their practice, as well as the judgment of individuals who sit in them, should proceed to solicit in behalf of mercy such concessions as the actual state of the coun-

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try will admit of, and the sense of it will support. He must work his way towards improvement; not jump at it. Such humanity will be safe, because it is progressive; before he quits the footing he now holds, he will see the ground on which he is to plant his next step. The present vigour and force of the laws will experience no interruption, but continue to circulate through the new channels laid for them.

In recommending a method less airy and ostentatious than will content the spirit of those who wish to get a name by making things better on a large scale; if there be any good sense in our advice, it must be taken as nearly an account of what Sir S. Romilly has done. His plan is the model we have been describing. He began with a single law; a very old one; so old indeed that it was time for it to be taken down, having stood in some shape as a capital law for a thousand years. We have already described what it was. This piece of obsolete and injudicious severity being reformed, he proceeded next to three statutes, nearly connected with each other in their subject; and with great temper of inquiry, and after a diligent examination of the mode in which they had been executed, submitted them to repeal. We do not think he could have selected three more meritorious candidates for amendment. But that is not the point at present; what we wish to suggest is, that whether his notions be right or wrong as to what he wished to effect, he has taken the only course of proceeding we ever wish to see followed; a patient examination of his subject, and a single and temperate effort at once.

We might embellish our pages, if we were so inclined, with many forcible quotations from Lord Bacon, (who had planned a revisal of our laws, and has drawn an idea of what a good law ought to be,) from Stiernhook, the Swedish Blackstone; from Sir W. Blackstone himself; and from the recent work of Mr. Bentham on the Theory of Punishments and Rewards; to illustrate the superior value of certainty and precision in laws above severity, and expose the defects of those legislators who have spared their wisdom, and trusted all to their vigour. But we shall forbear to collect maxims and sentences; perhaps an opportunity will occur when we may be able to treat those points more fully and usefully than in a series of quotations.

To return to the three acts we have been speaking of; our readers will observe that they are of a date comparatively recent; having been passed in the reigns of William the Third, Queen Anne, and George the Second. The first two are levelled at offences which were capital before, but entitled to the benefit of clergy. The effect of the acts, therefore, was only to take away that plea of general grace. The time of their passing seems to mark

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mark the increase of our wealth and commerce, which would contribute to render the crimes in question more frequent, as when the bees have filled their hive, the wasps will be there. In different stages of society there will be a succession of new crimes to exercise the vigilance of the law; and the general habits and state of the times cannot vary faster than the vices produced or fostered by them. In a ruder age the violent crimes will prevail; in a more civilized one, the meaner. We rather believe, however, that in a rude age there is much violence and baseness joined together; as none are more addicted to theft and sordid cunning than savages; but the atrocities throw the humbler vices into the shade, and cause them to be less felt in their own age, and less known in another. Commerce itself, however, is the fruitful mother of the crimes of theft in all their varieties; not more from the habits it bestows than the opportunity it affords to that offence. It pours in wealth in a shape the most convenient for plunder. The rural opulence of our forefathers was not completely safe; still, their oaken tables and their wheat ricks could not be carried off without some trouble, and men were honest because property was immovable. But when commerce has collected together the enjoyments of life, and given to more men the taste than the means of them, dishonesty is whetted by all it sees, and by the ease of invading it. We need not wonder at the activity of theft when we look at the accumulated riches of a metropolis, crowded with shops and houses overflowing with loosely-guarded plenty; shops where trade thrives so well that the owner cannot attend to his customers and the thief at the same time; and houses where the display of wealth is more a fashion than the economy of it. In Newgate biography, perhaps, examples might be found of a man's setting out perfectly honest at the one end of Cheapside and becoming fit for a prison before he reached the other. The circulating force which keeps property constantly afloat, and ready to fly at a touch, places it equally in the way of traffic and of pillage. To be ready to be sold, it must be ready to be stolen. To protect all this plenty, and especially in its less divisions, the law is called upon to exert its power. The small proprietor, indeed, could hardly be called the owner of what he enjoys but for the strong hand of the law. His inventories and title deeds would be nothing without the statute-book.

That there was too much zeal, however, in the legislature when it made a capital offence of every small invasion of this property, is allowed by the universal disinclination to treat it as such at the present day. The spontaneous judgment and feeling of the courts have corrected the law. Our attempt has been to shew, that it would be expedient for the law now to fix the judgment and feeling of the courts.

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ART. X. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, a Romaunt.* By Lord Byron. 4to. pp. 226. London, Murray. 1812.

WE have been in general much gratified, and often highly delighted, during our perusal of this volume, which contains, besides the two first cantos of the 'Pilgrimage,' and the notes by which they are accompanied, a few smaller poems of considerable merit; together with an Appendix, communicating a good deal of curious information concerning the present state of literature and language in modern Greece. The principal poem is styled 'A Romaunt;' an appellation, perhaps, rather too quaint, but which, inasmuch as it has been always used with a considerable latitude of meaning, and may be considered as applicable to all the anomalous and non-descript classes of poetical composition, is not less suited than any other title to designate the *metrical itinerary* which we are about to examine.

'The scenes attempted to be sketched,' says Lord Byron in his preface, 'are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. Here, for the present, the poem stops; its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the east, through Ionia and Phrygia. These two cantos are merely experimental. A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, 'Childe Harold,' I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage; this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim. Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated.'

After the usual invocation to the muse, the supposed traveller is thus introduced to our acquaintance.

II.

'Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight,
But spent his days in riot most uncouth;
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

III.

'Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:

But

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But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time,
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.'

This description is continued through eight more stanzas, for the purpose of exhibiting, at full length, this singular child of profligacy, who is 'drugged with pleasure,' and driven, at once by the 'fulness of satiety,' and by the pangs of unrequited passion, to seek relief from the intolerable tediousness and monotony of life, in voluntary exile. To quit the companions of his debaucheries required little effort; but he quitted with the same abruptness a mother and a sister, for whom he felt a sincere affection.

X.

'Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel;
Ye, who have known what 'tis to doat upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.'

These lines will probably recal to the memory of our readers the pathetic passage in Virgil where Eutyalus makes mention of his mother.

Hanc ego nunc ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli est,
Inque salutatam linquo: nox, et tua testis
Dextera, quod nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

Childe Harold now embarks; and having soon lost sight of land, seizes his harp, and composes a lay of 'Good Night' to his native country. On the fifth day he reaches the mouth of the Tagus, and the city of Lisbon, whose 'image floating on that noble tide which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,' inspires him with delight, nearly equal to the disgust with which he afterwards contemplated the filth of its interior, and the character of its inhabitants; then degraded by a weak government, and evincing no symptoms of that noble energy, by which they have latterly been distinguished. But it is the 'glorious Eden' of Cintra which calls forth his warmest admiration.

XIX.

'The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.'

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The buildings that add splendour to this sylvan scenery are next described; and Childe Harold, who, like Voltaire's Pococurante, is often disposed to be sarcastic, takes care to remind us of the celebrated Cintra convention, and ascribes to a wicked fiend, inhabiting the castle of Marialva, the absurdities of that martial synod, who were so eager to throw away their hard-earned laurels for the purpose of hooding themselves in the 'fool's cap' of diplomacy.

After casting one look at the palace of Mafra, the restless Harold proceeds in his devious wanderings.

'Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chace,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace;
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share!'

In passing from the Portugueze to the Spanish territory, he is somewhat disappointed, by the smallness of the stream which forms the boundary between two nations, so long disunited by their reciprocal animosity.

XXXIV.

'But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and knight, in mailed splendour drest;
Here ceas'd the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's* traitor-sire first call'd the band
That dy'd thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Wav'd o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.

* 'Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Grenada.'

Pride!

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Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate;
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve the great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies;
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls—'Awake! arise!'
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?'

These animated lines, and a most terrific description of the genius of battle which follows them, are naturally dictated by the arrival of the traveller at the camp of the allies, on the morning of the battle of Talavera; and he pays a willing tribute of praise to the splendid and orderly array of the contending armies; but in his reflections on these sanguinary contests, the libertine Childe appears to be a true disciple of Falstaff; and speeds to Seville, where he finds the inhabitants rioting in pleasure, with as much security, as if the defeat of Dupont's army had crippled the French power, and rendered the Morena impervious to future invasion. At Seville he beholds the illustrious maid of Saragoza. It certainly is one of the miracles produced by the Spanish revolution, that

'She whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread:'

and the miracle is, in this case, rendered much more impressive by the personal charms of the heroine. Childe Harold therefore surveys, with much complacency, her fairy form—her graceful step—her dazzling black eyes, and glowing complection; but having no predilection for Amazon beauties, is anxious to exculpate this paragon of Spain, as well as her countrywomen, from any deficiency in the 'witching arts of love,' observing that when they mix in the ruder scenes of war,

''Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate.'

The fascinations of young females are, naturally enough, the favourite theme of young poets; but the minstrel of Childe Harold, aware that some of his readers may possibly be older than himself,

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has very judiciously suspended his description of the 'dark glancing daughters' of Andalusia, for the purpose of saying a few words to Mount Parnassus, at whose foot (as we learn from a note at the bottom of the page) he was actually writing, and whom he consequently addressed as seen,

'Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through his native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty.'
* * * * * *

LXII.

'Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confin'd their lot,
Shall I unmov'd behold the hallow'd scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave!
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave,

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Even amidst my strain
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear,
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:—
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
As Greece can still bestow, though glory fly her glades.'—p. 40.

It is impossible not to join in the prayers of the last couplet, if it be true, as the poet proceeds to assure us, that Venus, since the decay of her Paphian temple, has taken possession of the city of Cadiz, where her votaries are at present very ill provided with those 'peaceful shades' which they would find by emigrating into Greece. They, therefore, amuse themselves as well as they can, with processions, and with bull-feasts, (in the poetical description of which we have

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have found more pleasure than we probably should have experienced in contemplating the reality;) and they had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of Childe Harold, who, though 'pleasure's pallid victim,' on whose 'faded brow' was written, 'cursed Cain's unresting doom,' was induced to 'pour forth an unpremeditated lay,' of some length, in honour of a certain bewitching Inez. He then prepares to embark at Cadiz, and bids adieu to his favourite city, where

'———— all were noble, save nobility,
None hugg'd a conqueror's chains, save fallen chivalry!'

LXXXVI.

'Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free;
A kingless people for a nerveless state,
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slaves of treachery:
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to liberty,
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"*

The same train of reflections is pursued through a few more stanzas, and the first canto closes with a pathetic address to a young military friend, whose death was occasioned by a fever at Coimbra.

At the commencement of the second Canto, we find the following apostrophe, to the ruins of Athens:

II.

'Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were,
First in the force that led to glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.'—p. 62.

The poet is thus naturally led into a long train of reflections on the decay to which the noblest works of human industry and genius, are necessarily exposed; and on the blindness, the arrogance, the perversity of conquerors, who so often anticipate the ravages of time, and doom these monuments to premature destruction. He then inveighs, with great vehemence, against the whole tribe of *collectors*, who having purchased from the stupid and sordid officers

* "War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.'

of

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of the Turkish government, a general right of devastation, have proceeded to deface, and are daily defacing, the beautiful specimens of Grecian architecture, by removing and carrying off the bas-reliefs and other ornaments, from the ruined temples of Athens. Amongst these minor plunderers, the most prominent object of the poet's sarcasms, is Lord Elgin, who is very plainly designated in the text, and actually named in the notes; and it is only when the shafts of his ridicule are exhausted, that Lord Byron is at leisure to think of his imaginary pilgrim, who had embarked at Cadiz on board of a frigate, and whose voyage is described in the following spirited and beautiful stanzas.

XVII.

'He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea,
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well reev'd guns, the netted canopy,*
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high;
Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or school-boy midshipman that standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks.
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the penant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.

* 'The netting to prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.'

Ah,

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Ah, grievance sore! and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore,
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-ey'd Maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
From mountain cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled.

XXVI.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

XXVII.

Pass we the long unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall, the billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.'—p. 74.

We

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We are then informed, that the island of Goza was once the abode of Calypso; that it possesses a safe harbour; but that it is still as dangerous as ever to tender hearted travellers, being the residence of a certain fascinating female, called Florence, whose attractions, even Childe Harold, steeled as he was against the charms of beauty and coquetry, was scarcely able to resist. He proceeds however, on his voyage, passes the barren island of Ithaca, comes in sight of the Leucadian promontory, indulges in some melancholy musings on the death of Sappho, and disembarking on the coast of the Morea, continues his pilgrimage by land to Yanina, the capital of Albania and of all modern Greece, and residence of the celebrated Ali Pacha. The magnificence of the surrounding landscape is thus described:

XLVII.

'Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volum'd cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

XLVIII.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
The convent's white walls glisten far on high:
Here dwells the caloyer,* nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind nature's sheen to see.

XLIX.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself we may inhale the breeze:
The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untir'd, the morn, the noon, the eve away.'—p. 85.

* 'The Greek monks are so called.'

Ali

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Ali was at this time engaged in a military expedition at some distance from his capital; a circumstance which afforded Childe Harold an opportunity of contemplating the diversified scenery of a camp, occupied by a mixed soldiery of Albanians, Turks and Tartars, and by a still more various multitude of attendants on the army; and at the same time, of beholding the terrible chieftain whose friendship is courted by the most powerful sovereigns of christendom, and whose influence awes the councils of the Ottoman empire. The mild and venerable countenance, and courteous demeanour of this aged warrior, are represented (and we believe with great truth) as concealing a character disgraced by the excess of lust, avarice, and cruelty, yet calculated to secure the affections as well as the obedience of the wild mountaineers whom he commands, by intrepid courage, considerable military skill, and consummate policy. His head-quarters being at this time at Tepaleni, his favourite and splendid country-residence, Childe Harold's curiosity was here gratified, by a sight of all the magnificent baubles, with which the eastern potentates are encompassed in their solitary retirement; but he is soon disgusted with the contemplation of a mode of life chequered only by the alternations of harassing fatigue and monotonous insipidity; and again sets off, to explore the wild mountains of Albania, and to examine the manners of its untutored inhabitants. Their valour, their independent spirit, and love of their country, were well known to him by common report; but these virtues were said to be accompanied by a gloomy and undiscriminating ferocity. An accident, however, during one of his excursions, having thrown him into their power, he found amongst them shelter and protection, and the kindest hospitality. He partakes of their humble fare; is guarded by their unbought vigilance; and during a journey which would not only have been hazardous, but even impracticable, without their assistance, is amused by the spectacle of their favourite pastime, the Pyrrhic dance; which it seems still survives amongst these martial tribes, and still animates them to a repetition of those enterprizes, of which it exhibits the representation. A translated specimen of one of the choral songs which usually accompany this dance, is introduced into this part of the poem, and we here lose sight of Childe Harold; the remainder of the canto being occupied, partly by reflections on the present degraded state of Greece, and partly by a melancholy retrospect of the domestic calamities, which have deprived the author of those, whose affectionate greetings, after his return from his travels, he had most fondly anticipated. From the former class we select the following stanzas, with which we shall close our extracts.

LXII.

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LXXII.

'Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

LXXIII.

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow*
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslav'd; in word, in deed unmann'd.

LXXV.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

LXXVI.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with arts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then mayst thou be restor'd; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
Recal its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

LXXIX.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smil'd,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;

* 'Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.'

There

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There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare:
Art, Glory, Freedom fails, but Nature still is fair.'—p. 104.

The foregoing sketch, slight and imperfect as it is, may serve as an introduction to a few general observations on the nature of this work, which we are desirous of submitting to our readers, before we proceed to a minute and particular comment on the sentiments, or language, or versification.

We believe that few books are so extensively read and admired as those which contain the narratives of intelligent travellers. Indeed, the greater part of every community are confined, either by necessity or indolence, to a very narrow space on the globe, and are naturally eager to contemplate, in description at least, that endless variety of new and curious objects which a visit to distant countries and climates is known to furnish, and of which only a very limited portion can be accessible to the most enterprising individual. If, then, this species of information be so attractive when conveyed in prose, and sometimes, it must be confessed, in very dull prose, by what accident has it happened that no English poet before Lord Byron has thought fit to employ his talents on a subject so obviously well suited to their display? This inadvertence, if such it be, is the more extraordinary, because the supposed dearth of epic subjects has been, during many years, the only apparent impediment to the almost infinite multiplication of epic poems. If it be supposed that the followers of the muse have not carelessly overlooked, but intentionally rejected the materials offered by a traveller's journal as too anomalous to be employed in a regular and grand composition, we answer that Homer was of a different opinion, and that the Odyssey is formed of exactly such materials. It is true that of the two great epic poems which Homer has bequeathed to the world, the Iliad is generally preferred as the noblest monument of his genius; but it does not follow that the Iliad is therefore the properest model for imitation; because the modern poet does not possess the privilege of conferring sublimity on the squabbles of two rival chiefs, or on the exploits performed during a siege, by calling in the habitual intervention of Heaven;—whereas the magnificent scenery of the Odyssey still remains and must ever remain at his disposal.

We do not know whether Lord Byron ever had it in contemplation to write an epic poem; but we conceive that the subject, which he selected, is perfectly suited to such a purpose; that the foundation which he has laid is sufficiently solid, and his materials sufficiently ample for the most magnificent superstructure; but we doubt whether his plan be well conceived, and we are by no means disposed

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disposed to applaud, in every instance, the selection of his ornaments.

Of the plan indeed we are unable to speak with perfect confidence, because it has not been at all developed in the two cantos which are now given to the public; but it appears to us that the 'Childe Harold,' whom we suppose, in consequence of the author's positive assurance, to be a mere creature of the imagination, is so far from effecting the object for which he is introduced, and 'giving some connection to the piece,' that he only tends to embarrass and obscure it. We are told, however, that 'friends, on whose opinions Lord Byron sets a high value,' have suggested to him that he might be 'suspected' of having sketched in his hero a portrait of real life; a suspicion for which, he says, 'in some very trivial particulars there might be grounds; but in the main points *I hope* none whatever.' Now if he was so anxious to repel a suspicion which had occurred to friends, on whom he set a high value; if he was conscious that the imaginary traveller, whom, from an unwillingness to appear as the hero of his own tale, he had substituted for himself, was so unamiable; we are at a loss to guess at his motives for choosing such a representative. If, for the completion of some design which has not yet appeared, but which is to be effected in the sequel of the poem, it was necessary to unite, in the person of the pilgrim, the eager curiosity of youth with the fastidiousness of a sated libertine, why revert to the rude and simple ages of chivalry in search of a character which can only exist in an age of vicious refinement? Again, if this apparent absurdity was unavoidable; if the 'Childe,' and 'the little page,' and the 'staunch yeoman,' whom the Childe addresses in his farewell to his native land, could not be spared, why is this group of antiques sent on a journey through Portugal and Spain, during the interval between the convention of Cintra and the battle of Talavera?

It may perhaps be said that this anachronism, being convenient, is in some measure pardonable; and that the other inconsistencies which we have pointed out do not, after all, detract much from the general effect of the poem. But we answer that such inconsistencies appear to us to be perfectly needless; that they may be easily removed; and that they are by no means innocent if they have led Lord Byron (as we suspect) to adopt that motley mixture of obsolete and modern phraseology by which the ease and elegance of his verses are often injured, and to degrade the character of his work by the insertion of some passages which will probably give offence to a considerable portion of his readers.

The metre adopted throughout this 'Romaunt' is the stanza of Spencer; and we admit that, for every ancient word employed by the modern poet, the authority of Spencer may be pleaded. But we think that to intersperse such words as ee, moe, feere, ne, losel, eld,

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eld, &c. amidst the richest decorations of modern language, is to patch embroidery with rags. Even if these words had not been replaced by any substitutes, and if they were always correctly inserted, their uncouth appearance would be displeasing; but Lord Byron is not always correct in his use of them. For instance, when he says, (Canto I. st. 67.)

> 'Devices quaint, and Frolics ever new,
> Tread on each other's *kibes*,' ———

it must be supposed that he did not mean to personify devices and frolics for the purpose of afflicting them with chilblains. When, again, in describing Ali Pacha, he censures (C. II. st. 62.)

> '—— those ne'er forgotten acts of *ruth*
> Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
> In years, that mark him with a tyger's tooth,' &c.

it is plain that the noble lord must have considered 'ruth' as synonymous, not with pity, but with cruelty. In a third instance where we are told that '*Childe* Harold had *a mother*,' the equivocal meaning of the first word has evidently a ludicrous effect, which could not have escaped the attention of our author whilst writing in the language of his own day. On such errors as these, however, which obviously originate, not in any want of genius, but in accidental heedlessness, we do not mean to lay any stress; we complain only of the habitual negligence, of the frequent laxity of expression—of the feeble or dissonant rhymes which almost always disfigure a too close imitation of the language of our early poets, and of which we think that the work before us offers too many examples.

Spencer, it must be observed, is always consistent. He lived at a time when pedantry was the prevailing fault, not of the sedentary and studious, but of the flighty and illiterate; when daily attempts were made to introduce into our vocabulary the mangled elements of the more sonorous languages of Greece and Rome; and when this anomalous jargon was hailed, by many of his contemporaries, as a model of melody and refinement. Anxious to preserve the purity and simplicity of his native tongue, the 'well of English undefiled,' he appealed from the vitiated taste of the court to the good sense of the nation at large: he thought that significant words were not degraded by passing through the lips of the vulgar; his principal aim was to be generally intelligible: he formed his style on the homely models which had been bequeathed to him by preceding writers, and trusted to his own genius for the supply of the necessary embellishments. The extent of that genius is displayed in the extraordinary variety and elegance of the decorations, thus composed from the most common materials. Spencer was in

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England, as La Fontaine in France, the creators of that style which our neighbours have so aptly denominated 'le genre *naïf*.' The flowers which he scatters over his subject are, indeed, all of *native* growth: and they have a life and fragrance which is not always found in those more gaudy exotics, imported by succeeding poets, with which our language has been enriched and perhaps overloaded. Hence, though it is easy to catch his manner in short and partial imitations, it is almost impossible to preserve, throughout a long poem, his peculiar exuberance united with his characteristic simplicity. Lord Byron has shewn himself, in some passages, a tolerably successful copyist; but we like him much better in those where he forgets or disdains to copy; and where, without sacrificing the sweetness and variety of pause by which Spencer's stanza is advantageously distinguished from the heroic couplet, he employs a pomp of diction suited to the splendour of the objects which he describes. We rejoice when, dismissing from his memory the wretched scraps of a musty glossary, he exhibits to us, in natural and appropriate language, the rich scenery and golden sunshine of countries which are the

> 'Boast of the aged, lesson of the young;
> Which sages venerate, and bards adore,
> As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.'

But we have not yet exhausted our complaints against the wayward hero of the poem, whose character, we think, is most capriciously and uselessly degraded. The moral code of chivalry was not, we admit, quite pure and spotless; but its laxity in some points was redeemed by the noble spirit of gallantry which it inspired; a gallantry which courted personal danger in the defence of the sovereign, because he is the fountain of honour; of women because they are often lovely and always helpless; and of the priesthood because they are at once disarmed and sanctified by their profession. Now Childe Harold, if not absolutely craven and recreant, is at least a mortal enemy to all martial exertions, a scoffer at the fair sex, and apparently disposed to consider all religions as different modes of superstition.

The reflections which occur to him, when he surveys the preparations for the conflicts between the French and the allied armies, are that these hosts

> 'Are met (*as if at home they could not die*)
> *To feed the crow* on Talavera's plain.—
> There shall *they rot; ambition's honours' fools!*
> "Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!"
> Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,
> The broken tools that tyrants cast away, &c.—

Enough

Enough of *battle's minions!—let them play*
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame;
Fame, that *will scarce reanimate their clay,*
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth, 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim,
Who strike, *blest hirelings!* for their country's good,
And die, that *living might have proved her shame.*'—St. 41, 42, 44.

———————— he would not delight
(Born beneath some *remote* inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loath'd *the bravo's trade*, and *laughed at martial wight.*'—
C. 11. St. 39.

Now surely, it was not worth while to conjure a 'Childe Harold' out of some old tapestry, and to bring him into the field of Talavera, for the purpose of indulging in such meditations as these. It is undoubtedly true that the cannon and the musketry must often anticipate the stroke of time; and carry off, in the vigour of life, many who might have been reserved at home to a long protracted decay. It is moreover true that the buried will rot; that the unburied may become food for crows, and consequently, that the man who has bartered life for fame has no chance, when once killed, of coming to life again. But these truths, we apprehend, are so generally admitted that it is needless to inculcate them. It is certainly untrue that fame is of little value. It is something to be honoured by those whom we love. It is something to the soldier when he returns to the arms of a mother, a wife, or a sister, to see in their eyes the tears of exultation mixing with those of affection, and of pious gratitude to heaven for his safety. These joys of a triumph, it may be said, are mere illusions; but for the sake of such illusions is life chiefly worth having. When we read the preceding sarcasms on the 'bravo's trade,' we are induced to ask, not without some anxiety and alarm, whether such are indeed the opinions which a British peer entertains of a British army.

The second feature in Childe Harold's character, which was introduced, we presume, for the purpose of giving to it an air of originality, renders it, if not quite unnatural, at least very unpoetical. Of this indeed the author seems to have been aware; but instead of correcting what was harsh and exaggerated in his sketch of the woman hater, he has only had recourse to the expedient of introducing, under various pretexts, those delineations of female beauty which a young poet may be naturally supposed to pen with much complacency. This we think ill judged. The victim of violent and unrequited passion, whether crushed into the sullenness of apathy, or irritated into habitual moroseness, may become, in the hands of an able poet, very generally and deeply interesting; the human heart

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is certainly disposed to beat in unison with the struggles of strong and concentrated feeling; but the boyish libertine whose imagination is chilled by his sated apetites, whose frightful gloom is only the result of disappointed selfishness; and 'whose kiss had been pollution,' cannot surely be expected to excite any tender sympathy, and can only be viewed with unmixed disgust. Some softening of such a character would become necessary even if it were distinguished by peculiar acuteness of remark, or by dazzling flashes of wit. But there is not much wit in designating women as 'wanton *things*,' or as 'lovely harmless *things*;' or in describing English women as '*Remoter* females *famed for sickening prate*;' nor is there much acuteness in the observation that

> '———— Pomp and power alone are woman's care,
> *And where these are, light Eros finds a feere;*
> Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
> And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.'

We utterly dislike the polyglot line compounded of Greek, Saxon, and modern English; and do not much admire the confusion of images in the others; but we wish to abstain from minute criticism, and are only anxious to remonstrate against those blemishes which, in our opinion, detract from the general beauty of the poem.

Having already given our reasons for thinking that the perversity of character attributed to the hero of the piece is far too highly coloured, it is needless to comment on that settled despair,

> '*That will not look beyond the tomb*,
> But cannot hope for rest before.'—(p. 52.)

This is the consummation of human misery; and if it had been the author's principal object, in delineating this fictitious personage, to hold him up to his young readers as a dreadful example of early profligacy, such a finishing to the picture might be vindicated as consistent and useful. In that case, however, it would have been doubly essential to divest the 'Childe' of his chivalrous title and attributes; and the attention of the poet and of the reader being engrossed by one dismal object, it would have become necessary to sacrifice a large portion of that elegance and animation by which the present work is confessedly distinguished.

We certainly do not suspect Lord Byron of having made a pilgrimage to mount Parnassus for the sole purpose of wooing the muses to assist him in the project of reforming his contemporaries; but as we are, on the other hand, most unwilling to impute to him the intention of giving offence to any class of his readers, we much wish that he had assigned to his imaginary Harold, instead of

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of uttering as his own, the sentiments contained in the following stanzas.

'Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of doubt and death, *whose hope is built on reeds.*

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? *Is this a boon so kindly given,*
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou *dream on future joy and woe?*
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:*
He fell, and falling, nations mourn'd around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike-worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.

* 'It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax in particular was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease, and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, &c. and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.'

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Pursue what chance or fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron;
There no forc'd banquet claims the sated guest,
But silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.'

The common courtesy of society has, we think, very justly proscribed the intrusive introduction of such topics as these into conversation; and as no reader probably will open Childe Harold with the view of inquiring into the religious tenets of the author, or of endeavouring to settle his own, we cannot but disapprove, in point of taste, these protracted meditations, as well as the disgusting objects by wich some of them are suggested. We object to them, also, because they have the effect of producing some little traces of resemblance between the author and the hero of the piece; a resemblance which Lord Byron has most sedulously and properly disclaimed in his preface.

It will now be proper to take a slight survey of the remaining contents of this volume.

On the subject of the notes, which are always lively and amusing, and sometimes convey much curious information, we should have had no comments to make, if Lord Byron had not occasionally amused himself with provoking controversy, and, in one instance at least, without any very legitimate reason.

He was, indeed, bound to state the grounds on which he had thought it necessary, in his poem, to designate Lord Elgin as 'the last, the worst dull spoiler' of Athens; as a man whom Scotland must blush to own; as a 'modern Pict,'—'cold as the crags upon his native coast, his mind as barren and his heart as hard;'—but we doubt whether the plea adduced by the poet would be admitted in any sober and impartial court of justice, as a complete excuse for so much invective. This allegation in the note amounts to this:—that whilst the Consul of France has been endeavouring to obtain from the Turkish government their permission to seize and send to Paris the most valuable remnants of antiquity which still remained at Athens, our ambassador at Constantinople had contrived, by means of a more active agent, to get possession of the said antiquities, and to ship them to England; and that the same agent, in executing his commission, has 'wantonly and uselessly defaced a whole range of basso-relievos in one compartment of the temple' which he was suffered to pillage. Supposing this statement to be correct, the Athenians have, undoubtedly, good reason to complain; and if Lord Byron, indignantly feeling his share in the degradation of the national character consequent upon such acts of outrage, had contented himself with producing his charge; with proving that the immediate instrument of the mischief had acted under the authority of a British ambassador, and with arguing against such an abuse

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abuse of the influence derived from this high situation; we should have thought his spirit and his eloquence well employed. But it surely is not quite fair to begin by executing a supposed delinquent, and then to put him upon his defence. We can forgive, in a young and ardent traveller, the bitter expression of disappointed curiosity; but Lord Byron, as a traveller and a scholar, may, perhaps, derive some advantage from the spirit of depredation of which he so feelingly complains. He has printed in his Appendix an extract from Meletius, containing a transcript of the Hellenic inscription, &c. on the marbles found at Orchomenus; now we are informed that the marble containing this inscription is at present in England; and that, by a reference to the original, Lord Byron may easily satisfy himself that the copy given by Meletius in his Geography is full of inaccuracies.

In the note inserted at p. 143, Lord Byron has certainly replied, with great liberality and decorum, to a set of critics, who, in their censures of his earlier works, had not set him the example of extreme urbanity; but the instance of unprovoked pugnacity to which we allude is exhibited in pp. 146 and 147, where he denies to Mr. Thornton any 'claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera;' assuring us that 'this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants than as many years spent at Wapping into that of the western Highlanders.' But, in the first place, if Lord Byron be right, Mr. Thornton cannot be wholly wrong; for, on comparing their respective opinions, it will be found that, in all essential points, they very nearly coincide. Secondly, as Constantinople and its immediate vicinity may furnish about one hundred thousand specimens of Greeks of different ranks and conditions, whilst Wapping cannot be supposed to offer very numerous samples of western Highlanders, we cannot consider the noble lord's illustration as very apposite. Thirdly, as Lord Byron admits, (pp. 159, 160,) that the best account of Turkish manners is Mr. 'Thornton's English,' it is not very probable that so accurate an observer of character, in instances where the means of observation were comparatively rare, should have been totally blind to the manners of a people with whom, during fourteen years, he must have been in habits of daily intercourse. Whilst we feel ourselves indebted to Lord Byron for the light which he has thrown on the character and manners of the Albanians, we are sorry that, in criticizing an intelligent and, apparently, accurate writer, he should condescend, more than once, to employ a tone of sarcasm which nearly borders on coarseness and vulgarity.

The notes are followed by a series of small lyric pieces, fourteen in number, some of which (and particularly the last) we should have been glad to transcribe, but that we are conscious of having

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already exhausted, and, perhaps, abused, the privilege of quotation.

Of the Appendix, which consists of various specimens of the Romaic, we need only say, that we consider it as a valuable supplement to this entertaining 'Pilgrimage.' National songs, and popular works of amusement, throw no small light on the manners of a people; they are materials which most travellers have within their reach, but which they almost always disdain to collect. Lord Byron has shewn a better taste; and it is to be hoped that his example will, in future, be generally followed.

It is now time to take leave—we hope not a long leave—of Childe Harold's migrations; but we are unwilling to conclude our article without repeating our thanks to the author for the amusement which he has afforded us. The applause which he has received has been very general, and, in our opinion, well deserved. We think that the poem exhibits some marks of carelessness, many of caprice, but many also of sterling genius. On the latter we have forborne to expatiate, because we apprehend that our readers are quite as well qualified as ourselves to estimate the merits of pleasing versification, of lively conception, and of accurate expression. Of those errors of carelessness from which few poems are, in the first instance, wholly exempt, we have not attempted to form a catalogue, because they can scarcely fail to be discovered by the author, and may be silently corrected in a future edition. But it was our duty attentively to search for, and honestly to point out the faults arising from caprice, or from a disregard of general opinion; because it is a too common, though a very mischievous prejudice, to suppose that genius and eccentricity are usual and natural companions; and that, to discourage extravagance is to check the growth of excellence. Lord Byron has shewn that his confidence in his own powers is not to be subdued by illiberal and unmerited censure; and we are sure that it will not be diminished by our animadversions: we are not sure that we should have better consulted his future fame, or our own character for candour, if we had expressed our sense of his talents in terms of more unqualified panegyric.

ART. XI. *The Judgment delivered Dec.* 11, 1809, *by the Right Hon. Sir John Nicholl, Knt. LL. D. Official Principal of the Arches of Canterbury; upon the Admission of Articles exhibited in a Cause of Office promoted by Kemp against Wickes, Clerk, for refusing to bury an Infant Child of two of his Parishioners, who had been baptized by a Dissenting Minister.* pp. 47. London, Butterworth. 1810.

A Re-

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A Respectful Examination of the Judgment, &c. in a Letter to Sir John Nicholl. By the Rev. Charles Daubeney, LL. B. Archdeacon of Sarum. Bath, Meyler and Son; London, Rivingtons. 1811.

Remarks upon a late Decision in the Court of Arches, &c. By the Rev. George Hutton, D. D. Vicar of Sutterton, &c. Boston, Kelsey; London, Baldwin. 1811.

IT was our intention to avoid all notice of the controversy maintained in these pamphlets; not because we considered the question as unimportant, or the parties engaged in it as undeserving of attention, but because, in truth, we lamented that such a dispute had ever arisen, and were unwilling by any remarks of ours to prolong its existence or increase its notoriety. Circumstances, however, have occurred to make us depart from this determination. We have heard of late from various quarters that the question has not been suffered to sink into oblivion; that persons of high authority in the church have thought it necessary to raise their voice against the dangerous consequences of Sir J. Nicholl's judgment; and, in particular, that one learned prelate has not only addressed his clergy on the subject, but has also circulated some printed 'Reflections,' in which he endeavours to prove that the decision of the Court of Arches is unfounded, and that nothing less than the integrity and stability of the Established Church is involved in the issue. Even the labours of Dr. Hutton, though they prove nothing else, shew that the question is not yet at rest. His pamphlet, indeed, is invested with somewhat more of authority than its intrinsic merits could claim, from being 'dedicated *by permission* to the Lord Bishop of Peterborough,' within whose diocese the case arose, which has given origin to so much discussion.

The facts of this case are, in brief, as follows; the Rev. J. W. Wickes, Rector of Wardly, refused to bury Hannah, the infant daughter of John and Mary Swingler, protestant dissenters of the denomination of Calvinistic Independents, assigning, as the reason of his refusal, the baptism of the said infant by a minister, preacher, or teacher of the same class of dissenters, which baptism was with water, and in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. For this refusal articles were exhibited against Mr. Wickes in the Arches Court of Canterbury; the admission of these articles was opposed on the plea that, if the facts were true, still the defendant had been guilty of no offence. When, after a patient hearing of the whole cause, the official principal, Sir John Nicholl, decided that the minister, in refusing to bury the child, had acted illegally, and consequently admitted the articles exhibited against him.

It

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It is our intention to lay before our readers an impartial view of the grounds of this decree, and of the arguments by which it has been controverted: we shall not scruple to give our own opinion of the merits of the controversy, and to make such observations as may occur to us, on the principal points involved in it.

The 68th canon, and the rubric before the office of burial, comprise the whole law of the case. The canon ordains 'that no minister shall refuse to bury any corpse brought to the church or church-yard, except the party deceased were denounced excommunicated majori excommunicatione for some grievous and notorious crime.' The rubric adds two other exceptions expressly. 'Here is to be noted that the office ensuing is not be used for any that die *unbaptized* or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands on themselves.' In the present instance the question is whether this infant did die *unbaptized* within the true meaning of the rubric. This, at least, is considered to be the only point at issue in the judgment of Sir John Nicholl; other matters are introduced by him, but incidentally, or for the sake of illustration.

To ascertain the meaning of the disputed word, the learned judge has recourse to the ordinary rules of construction; first, he considers it in its general sense and unconnected with the rubric, and states it then to mean 'not baptized at all, not initiated into the Christian church.'—p. 11. He next examines whether in the context there be any thing to vary or limit this general meaning. The context associates with the unbaptized, persons excommunicate, and suicides, obviously not contradicting, but, in the opinion of Sir John Nicholl, rather confirming the former construction, that persons unbaptized are those who are not Christians at all; for such, he thinks, excommunicates also, and suicides are to be deemed.

Having thus considered the word in its general meaning and in its context, he notices another rule of construction, namely, that the general law is to be construed favourably, and the exception strictly. Here the general law is, that burial is to be refused to no person; and, since exceptions must not be extended by mere implication so as to limit the general law, it would have been necessary, instead of using the term 'unbaptized,' to have said 'not baptized according to the form prescribed by the book of Common Prayer,' if it had been the intention of the legislator to give to his exception so large a meaning.

He next proceeds to examine whether there be any thing in the history of the law to confirm or disprove the interpretation, to which the course of his argument hitherto has led him: particularly whether lay-baptism has been recognized as valid by the church of England; for if it has, he contends that the church cannot mean by

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by the word 'unbaptized' to exclude from burial all persons who have not been baptized according to the forms of its liturgy.

In prosecuting this inquiry, he first refers to the law of the English church before the Reformation, and deducing it both from the general canon law and also from the particular constitutions of this country, he finds that down to that period lay-baptism was allowed and practised; it was regular and prescribed in cases of necessity; and in all cases, when administered with water, in the name of the Holy Trinity by a laic, a schismatic or a heretic, it was so complete and valid that it was by no means to be repeated.'—p. 21.

'Thus the matter stood at the time of the Reformation; and that period is an important one: for if lay-baptism had been considered as one of the errors of the Church of Rome, it would then have been corrected; but the fact is otherwise, for the use of lay-baptism was manifestly continued by the English reformed church.' In proof of this assertion, he adduces the rubrics before the office of private baptism in the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. Such was the state of things till the time of James I, except that in 1575 an article was passed by convocation but rejected by the crown, restraining private baptism to the lawful minister.

On the accession of James I. conferences were held at Hampton Court for the purpose of revising and reconsidering the Liturgy, and particularly that part of it which relates to private baptism. It was here agreed so far to alter the rubric, as to direct that private baptism should be administered by a lawful minister; but neither the king (who disapproved the practice of lay-baptism) nor any of the bishops, or others, present, maintained that such baptism was *invalid:* on the contrary, the king himself expressly declared, that a person so baptized ought not to be baptized again.

The rubric at that time agreed on, was not confirmed by parliament, and owed whatever force it had to a proclamation of the king, in which he speaks of the result of the conference as utterly unimportant. 'We have thought meet, that some small matters might rather be explained than changed.' From these words, Sir John Nicholl contends, that so great a change in the constitution of the church could not have been intended as that baptism by a layman, administered with water and the proper invocation, which had hitherto, even since the Reformation, been considered as valid, should now be regarded as wholly null and void, and that such a baptism could bear re-baptization.—p. 25.

'In construing all laws,' he farther argues, 'it is proper to inquire how the law previously stood; for it will require more express and distinct terms to abrogate an old established law than to provide for a new case, upon which the former law has been wholly silent; consequently if

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if this new rubric had been intended to invalidate the old law in this respect, and to ordain that all other baptism, except that by a lawful minister, should be considered as absolutely null and void, the new law would most expressly and distinctly have declared it.'

But so far from this, the rubric itself, as published by King James, proves the contrary. Certain questions are to be asked, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the child has been already baptized or not. The order in which these questions run, and the preamble to the third and fourth, interposed in the middle of the queries, '*because some things essential to the sacrament may happen to be omitted, therefore I demand of you with what matter was this child baptized? with what words was this child baptized?*' prove that water and the invocation of the Holy Trinity were held to be the duo necessaria. This conclusion is strengthened by the concluding fact of the rubric, which directs, that if there be a doubt respecting the matter or the invocation, the child is to be baptized anew, and even this conditionally (so eager is the church to avoid iteration;) but if there be a doubt respecting the minister, there is no order for even a conditional re-baptization. 'Hence,' says Sir John Nicholl, 'it is obvious, that the person performing the baptism was not essential by the rubric.'—p. 29.

After the Restoration, this rubric was revised and confirmed by parliament, and no alteration was made except in the title of the office, in which the words 'lawful minister,' which had before stood in it, were omitted.

So the matter still remains; and after tracing the law through the several stages of its history, it appears to the learned judge impossible to entertain a reasonable doubt, 'that the English church did at all times hold baptism with water in the name of the Holy Trinity to be valid baptism, though administered by a layman or any other person. If this be so, it follows, that the prohibition of burial to the *unbaptized* in the rubric before the office of burial, cannot mean that it should be refused to persons not baptized by a lawful minister in the form of the Book of Common Prayer, since the church itself holds persons to be not unbaptized (because it holds them to be validly baptized) who have been baptized with water and the proper invocation by any other person and in any other form.'—p. 31.

This conclusion is strengthened by reference to some particulars in the history of the times at which the law was made. During the usurpation, great numbers of the inhabitants of this country must have received baptism at the hands of ministers not episcopally ordained. Yet, after the Restoration, there not only was no direction given to baptize such persons anew, but one of the first cares of the bishops was to go about confirming, among others, the very

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very persons who had been so baptized. Converts from the Presbyterians and other protestant dissenters, as well as from the Papists have become members and ministers of the church of England, yet have not been re-baptized; if therefore the question be whether the term 'unbaptized' means 'not baptized by a lawful minister of the church of England, and according to the form prescribed by that church;' and if no dissenters, whether Papists or Protestants are so baptized, and yet are considered by the practice and constitution of our law as baptized, there is an end of the question.

Such is the course of Sir John Nicholl's main argument. We omit much of the subordinate matter, to some of the most interesting particulars of which we may have occasion to refer hereafter, and shall now proceed to give a summary view of the reasoning of his opponents.

Of these the most considerable is the Archdeacon of Sarum; a gentleman already known for his zeal in the cause of church union, and for the strenuousness with which he has defended it. Dr. Hutton is a disputant of a very inferior order. Though he has had the advantage of at least seeing the arguments of those who had preceded him, though he professes that his object is to dwell only on the stronger and more prominent points of the case, and to compress them into a smaller compass for the benefit of more cursory readers, he seems absolutely ignorant of the real point at issue, and not to have given himself the trouble of comprehending the reasoning of either his friends or his adversaries. His tract would not have drawn from us even this notice were it not, as we have before said, ushered into the world with somewhat of an official air, and had he not mixed up the meagre effusion with more of pertness and incivility towards the learned person, whose decision he arraigns, than any real strength of argument could redeem. Of one or two anonymous publications on the subject it is not necessary that we should say any thing.

Archdeacon Daubeney's book is the great authority referred to by all the other writers on his side of the question; we find it, however, by no means easy to give a clear and satisfactory account of it. He not only opposes the ground of the judgment by controverting the interpretation given to the word 'unbaptized' in the rubric before the office of burial, (on which word, as has been seen, Sir John Nicholl makes the cause to rest,) but he also adduces arguments to take the case altogether out of the reach of the alleged laws, and to justify the defendant on principles wholly independent of them. Yet unluckily (for us at least) these arguments are so complicated with the discussion of the word 'unbaptized,' that it is no light labour to disentangle them. Our duty, however, bids us make the attempt; and if we do not succeed so well

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well as we wish, we trust that the candour of the Archdeacon and our readers will excuse us.

We will endeavour, first, to state the grounds on which he contends that the laws alleged have no relation to the matter at issue: and since it would be an idle waste of time to go farther into the question if these grounds are solid, we shall, as we proceed, give our reasons for differing from him.

With regard to the 68th canon, which orders the minister to bury 'all persons brought to the church' except the excommunicate, Dr. Daubeney understands it of all persons who have a right to burial by the 'minister of the particular church to which they may be brought.'—p. 37. One effect of this comment is to recognize the right of the excommunicate to burial; for they, by every rule of logic and grammar, belong to the general description of 'all persons' in whatever way that phrase may be explained. The minister, therefore, if this be the meaning of the canon, is directed by it to bury all persons who have a right to burial, except the excommunicate, of whom the church is made to declare, at one and the same time, that they shall not be buried, and that they have a right to burial. We may be excused for passing to something else.

2. We read, p. 94, that 'the canons having been made with a view to the discipline of the church of England, the 68th canon is applicable only to the clergy and members of the established church.' It is farther said, that 'the canon evidently proceeds, on the supposition, that those whom the minister might be called on to bury, had previously been christened by him.'

What appears so evident to our author, is to our apprehension utterly without evidence; and we rejoice in thinking that ours is at least the more comfortable persuasion to all who are desirous of Christian burial for themselves or their friends. How few of us are there, whose lot it can be to be committed to the grave by the same hands which first received them into the flock of Christ! Yet the Archdeacon seems to say that only these few have a right to the obsequies of the church. This, however, we shall attribute to a momentary confusion of thought. But for the reference of the canon solely to members of the church of England: it happens that only two years after it was made, a law passed inflicting heavy penalties on the executors of all deceased Papists who were not brought to the church to be buried according to the rites of the church of England. Now were Papists at that time members of our church? If they were not, here is an instance of a contemporary law, considering the canon as applying to the burial of persons not members of the church of England. The law, which is still in force, (3 J. c. 5. s. 15.) is very remarkable: it does not direct the clergy to bury those persons, but plainly assumes it

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it as a matter of course, that they will bury them according to the canon; for the canon is manifestly recognized in the statute, and there is an express saving of its exception; 'If any Popish recusant, *not being excommunicate*, shall be buried in any place other than the church or church-yard, *or not according to the ecclesiastical laws*,' &c.

3. A third reason is given, p. 107, that 'as no infant can be in the situation, in which the canon places the person to whom burial is to be refused, therefore the sanction of the canon ought not to be enforced in a case to which the canon cannot apply.' If we understand the argument, it amounts to this; that as the case of an infant does not fall within the exception, it cannot fall within the general rule!

4. It is affirmed, p. 115, that 'the original makers of the 68th canon could have no such case in contemplation, as that to which the judgment of the Court of Arches was directed; to no such case, consequently, can this canon, in their sense of it, be applied.' Now this is to us a novel method of getting rid of a law. We have always thought, that if a case falls within the general provisions of a law, it is of no consequence whether it was in the contemplation of the legislator or not, unless it manifestly appear that if contemplated by him, it must have been excepted. But why is it impossible that the makers of the canon could have had in their contemplation no such case as that of an infant, baptized by a schismatic, being brought to church for burial? Our readers will expect to hear either that there were no schismatics in those days, or that they did not presume to baptize infants, or that infants so baptized, if they died in their infancy, were not brought to church for burial. We do not find, however, that any of these propositions is maintained; but that the only evidence or argument offered, is the declaration of Dr. Daubeney. He is pleased, hereupon, to quote against Sir John Nicholl, who *adheres to the letter of the canon*, some strong language of the late Lord Camden, enforcing the necessity of 'leaving a rule inflexible, rather than permitting it to be bent by the discretion of a judge.'

5. There remains one other reason for considering the 68th canon inapplicable to the case in question, namely, that the Toleration Act has exempted protestant dissenters from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical law, and must, therefore, be considered as depriving them of the rights conferred by it. To this it is a sufficient answer at present that an infant is not a protestant dissenter, and therefore, that the case of an infant comes not within the provisions of the Toleration Act.

So much for excluding all consideration of the *canon*. With regard to the *rubric*, the argument is very similar. 'It was made for

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for the direction of the clergy of the Church of England, who could not be ignorant, that the services of the church belong only to its members.'—p. 42. 'The right to burial, in particular, rests on the circumstance of the party dying in communion with the church.'—p. 48. 'Therefore an express exclusion of dissenters would have been a needless waste of words.'—p. 42.

In answer to this, the archdeacon will first permit us to ask, why then is there an express exclusion of the excommunicate? for surely the clergy could not be ignoraut, that they are not members of the church; or that if the right to burial belongs only to persons dying in actual communion with the church, the excommunicate are not of this description. Here, therefore, is that needless waste of words which seems to be considered incompatible with the true meaning of the rubric. We might cite again, the law which compels the executors of Papists to carry them to the church for burial, and assumes, as a matter of course, that they will be there buried. We might also again insist on an infant's not being a dissenter. But more than enough has already been adduced to prove, that there is no solid reason for denying that the case falls within the canon and the rubric; and, consequently, that we are not released from the duty of attending the archdeacon through the remainder of his argument.

Now if the canon and rubric be applicable to the matter in question, the only point to be decided is, whether the child whom the ministers refused to bury, did die 'unbaptized.' Dr. Daubeney maintains the affirmative; and the following is his reasoning.

'The place in which the word occurs, viz. a rubric, or order made by the governors of the Church of England for the direction of the clergy in the discharge of their minsterial office, shews, that it must be taken in connection with the other rules and ordinances of the church. Comparing then the 19th and 23d articles with the 11th canon, and thence proceeding to the ordination service, he concludes, that the word 'unbaptized' in the rubric, must be understood in an *ecclesiastical* sense, according to which sense all are considered to be *unbaptized, who have not been baptized by persons to whom, in conformity with the articles of the Church of England, the office of ministering in the congregation has been lawfully committed.*'—p. 24.

Here then we are presented with a short method of dispatching the whole question, if the argument be correct. We will examine it impartially, and see how far it will carry us. It may, however, be right previously to remark, that the words of the archdeacon seem to take for granted that which is really the only matter in dispute, namely, that the *ecclesiastical* sense of the word 'unbaptized' is what he states it to be. For we apprehend, that no one is so weak as to contend, that the word in the rubric, may be construed

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strued in any other than its ecclesiastical meaning: certainly the whole argument of Sir John Nicholl is employed in ascertaining what that meaning is. The archdeacon therefore will, we are persuaded, feel obliged to us for understanding his words, as if they ran thus, 'that the word "unbaptized," in the rubric, must be understood in an ecclesiastical sense, *and that according to this sense all are to be considered as unbaptized, &c.*'

We proceed to inquire how far the ordinances referred to by the archdeacon, prove this to be the ecclesiastical meaning of the word. The 19th and 23d articles state, 'that one of the constituents of the visible church is, that the Sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same: that it is not lawful for any man to minister the sacraments in the congregation, till he be lawfully called and sent to execute the same; and that those are lawfully called and sent, who are chosen by men who have public authority given to them for that purpose.' The canon denounces excommunication against 'all who maintain, that any other congregations of the king's subjects within this realm, than such as by the laws of this land are held and allowed, may rightly challenge to themselves the name of true and lawful churches.' And in the ordination service, the bishops, who alone have public authority in this country to call and send forth ministers, do so send those, whom they ordain.

Such is the sum and substance of the premises, from which the archdeacon concludes, that the ecclesiastical sense of the word 'unbaptized' is that which has been stated above. For ourselves we confess, not only that we cannot deduce any thing like this conclusion, but that we cannot even perceive the process by which other minds are enabled to arrive at it.

If it be meant, that a 'lawful minister' is essential to baptism, we can only request the archdeacon to be more explicit in detailing his mode of reasoning. Meanwhile, we will adduce certain considerations, which satisfy us, that that mode of reasoning, whatever it be, was not adopted by those who composed our articles. Let it be remembered, then, that these articles were framed A. D. 1562, and that the rubric, at that very time, authorized lay persons to baptize in case of necessity. Let it be remembered too, that in the convocation, at which these articles were agreed on, a paper was brought in by Sandys,* then Bishop of Worcester, and its averment admitted without remark from any one, the first head of which was, 'that the rubric, which gives *women* a liberty to baptize in case of necessity, might be altered.'

* See Collyer's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. I. p. 485.

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His reason was, 'because the Holy Scriptures declare *women* incapable of administering the sacraments.' With this reason we have here nothing farther to do, than as it shews what were the sentiments of convocation respecting the rubric at a time when it was directly brought under their view; and how little it was then imagined that baptism by *men*, though laics, could be deemed by the church to be no baptism. As far, therefore, as the articles are concerned, and if they are to be understood in the sense of those who framed them, it is plain, that unless we suppose that they were framed to contradict the rubric, there is nothing in them which declares a 'lawful minister' essential to baptism.

If, however, the archdeacon means that these articles, &c. prove that all are considered by the church as 'unbaptized,' who are baptized in this country by persons not of her communion, we must then entreat him to account for some other phænomena apparently at variance with his theory. In the analysis of Sir John Nicholl's argument, it has already been noticed, that at the time of passing this law there were many inhabitants of this country, who, during the Usurpation, had received baptism from the hands of men not episcopally ordained; and we may now add, that a large proportion of them must have received it from those who were not members of the Church of England. Yet it has been seen, that these persons were confirmed by the bishops of that time without scruple. This, therefore, is, of itself, a strong reason for supposing that those very bishops in framing the rubric, did not mean to designate all such, as 'unbaptized.' But a still stronger reason is derived from the consequence which must follow from the rubric, if such be the meaning of 'unbaptized;' namely, that all these persons were deprived by law of Christian burial. Is it credible that such could be the intention with which the word was inserted by convocation? If so intended, could parliament have endured to give the force of law to an ordinance, by which many of its members, in communion with the church, must have seen their families cut off from all participation in the most interesting of religious rites? Could this have been done without opposition, and even without remark? Yet the history of that, not distant, period is without the smallest trace of any emotions excited by an enactment, which, if Dr. Daubeney rightly interprets it, must have operated in so powerful a manner. We do not read of any persons being impelled by the rubric or any other cause, to seek re-baptism from a minister of the Church of England for nearly half a century; and when at length the instance of Mr. Lawrence occurred, we do not find it was even then pretended, that the judgment of the church in 1661, had been thus decisive. If, indeed, such a plea could have been established, there

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there would have been no longer any ground of controversy between him and his opponents.

We are aware, that the archdeacon has armed himself with an answer to all remarks of this sort, by admitting that there may be 'exceptions to his conclusion, and that such exceptions may furnish a field for the exercise of discretionary judgment in ecclesiastical governors.'—p. 24. But thus peremptorily to assign meanings, and thus imperfectly to provide for objections which start up at every step, is not so much to interpret as to make laws. And who is it, that here attributes this enormous and indefinite power to ecclesiastical governors? The same person, who, in p. 110, denies that the opinions of Bishops Fleetwood and Warburton are of any value in the question; and who, p. 115, as has been already observed, triumphantly quotes the saying of Lord Camden, 'that the discretion of a judge is the law of tyrants: in the best, it is oftentimes caprice; in the worst, it is every vice, folly, and passion, to which human nature is liable.'

But what does Dr. Daubeney say to the acknowledged practice of admitting converts from among the dissenters to all the privileges of the Church of England, and even to its orders, without being re-baptized? a practice, to which it is owing, that our church numbers among its members the two greatest ornaments of this or any other church during the last century, Bishop Butler and Archbishop Secker. Why it seems, that their baptism 'is, under circumstances, capable of being *recognized* as valid.'—p. 45. Of the meaning of the word *recognized*, Dr. Daubeney has, in another part of his book, favoured us with a very accurate definition, which we beg leave to insert in this place, as explanatory of the sentence just quoted. 'By *recognizing* any thing, we do not change either its nature or character, but only renew our knowledge of it *as it is*.'—p. 103. The baptism of dissenters, therefore, is under circumstances (e. g. their conversion) capable of being again known by us to be, what we indeed knew it to be before, but with a knowledge requiring renovation, namely, that it is in itself, in its own nature and character, valid baptism.

Must we trespass on the patience of our readers any longer? yes, we will not leave the archdeacon room to say, that we condemn him for one or two instances of confusion both of sentiment and language, however gross, or for the weakness of a single part of his argument, however necessary to his conclusion. We proceed, therefore, to his more direct attack on Sir John Nicholl's reasoning.

After a few preliminary observations, he proposes to 'state the nature of the ground on which the judgment has been built.' And here we have seriously to complain of the extremely inadequate,

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confused, and erroneous view of the learned judge's argument, which his analysis presents. Whatever may be thought of some of the incidental positions advanced in that argument, whatever difference of opinion may be entertained of the truth of some of its premises, or the soundness of its conclusion, at least it must be allowed, by every candid reader, that the general course of the reasoning is luminous and powerful. Yet those who acquire their notion of it only from the pages of Dr. Daubeney, would naturally suppose, that the learned judge is as ignorant of the rules of logic, as he is represented to be of the law which he administers. In p. 15 Sir John Nicholl purposes to examine the history of the law, in order to see whether any argument can thence be drawn either for or against the general meaning of the word 'unbaptized.' 'If,' says he, 'the Church of England has recognized lay-baptism, &c. &c. it will necessarily follow, that it cannot mean (by the word "unbaptized") to exclude from burial all persons who have not been baptized according to the forms of its liturgy.' Accordingly, he proceeds to inquire, from history, whether the Church of England has thus recognized lay-baptism or not. Nothing, surely, can be more plain or logical than such a course; yet, in the 9th page of the archdeacon, all this is given as an inference from what has preceded. 'From these premises' (that is, from the statement of the general meaning of the term unbaptized, and from a view of the context) 'you draw the following conclusion; that if the Church of England has recognized lay-baptism,' &c. Such a perversion of a very plain passage, if we could believe it intentional, would call forth our loudest reprobation; as it is, we cannot but express our astonishment, that so practised a controversialist, as Archdeacon Daubeney, should have erred so grossly in apprehending the argument of his adversary. But this, we are sorry to say, is not the only instance of the same kind to be met with in the tract before us. In p. 63, inconsistency is insinuated against the learned judge, where not only there is no foundation for the charge, but the very words adduced to establish do, in fact, disprove it. 'By the law of the English Church,' says Sir John Nicholl, '*down to the Reformation*, lay-baptism was allowed and practised; it was *regular*, and even prescribed in cases of necessity.' 'Were I disposed to cavil,' says his censor, 'I should object to the word *regular* in the above sentence; and I might quote you against yourself, where you say, "That the Church of England has recognized lay-baptism to be, though *irregular*, yet valid."' Now, in truth, Sir John Nicholl, in the passage thus referred to, does not say what is here said for him; his words are '*If* the Church of England has recognized, &c.' meaning that it would be sufficient for his purpose that lay-baptism should have been recognized as valid, even though it were considered

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considered as irregular. But, supposing the words to be as quoted, what inconsistency is there in saying that lay-baptism was, in certain cases, regular before the Reformation, and considered irregular afterwards? Though, therefore, we are unwilling to think the archdeacon 'disposed to cavil,' yet, we must express our regret that he should, with so little reason, seek to depreciate the argument which he is opposing.

But not to weary our readers with a detail of petty mis-statements of this sort, we will examine the principal objections urged by him against the learned judge's argument. The first affords a lamentable instance of the confused view taken by Dr. Daubeney of the subject in question. Sir John Nicholl, considering that the whole stress of the cause lies on the word 'unbaptized' in the rubric before the office of burial, makes it the principal object of his argument to ascertain the import of the word in that particular place. The first step taken by him for this purpose is, to state its *general meaning unconnected with the rubric;* which is accordingly given by him, not as the full import of the word as it stands in the rubric, but expressly as a step towards arriving at the true interpretation. Yet the archdeacon is pleased to speak of this as 'the interpretation, which you (Sir John Nicholl) have *affixed to the word unbaptized in the rubric!*' p. 23.

His next objection, which he deems a strong one, must be given in his own words. 'It attaches to your indiscriminate use of the term Christian church; where, in p. 11, you give us to understand, that persons baptized into the forms of what you represent to be *different* churches, as the Romish or Greek church, the Presbyterian church, that of the Calvinistic Independents, or the Church of England, have all been baptized into the Christian church.'

Here is a good deal of confusion, and not a little of misrepresentation. 'Persons baptized *into the forms* of different churches,' is a phrase for which Dr. Daubeney only is answerable. Utterly unintelligible as it is, there is, however, an apparent purpose in using it; for without it there would be no colour or pretence for insinuating, as is presently done, that Sir John Nicholl maintains, 'that baptism *into* these different churches, as distinguished from the Church of England, admits the baptized parties into that one church of Christ of which the Church of England is admitted to be a branch.' The language of the learned judge gives not the slightest ground for this strange accusation. He does not talk of baptizing into a particular church, but leaves both the notion and the terms in which it is expressed, to his censor, who is so partial to it, that he will give us another opportunity of remarking on it before we have done. His real position is, that baptism, according to any of these forms, provided the essence of baptism have taken

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place, is baptism, and admits into the Christian church. If he errs in this opinion, he errs with the sanction of no light authority. Among others, Archbishop Whitgift must bear equal blame with him; for he (Def. of Ans. to Adm. p. 519) says distinctly, 'So farre as I can reade, the opinion of all learned men is, that the essentiall forme, and, as it were, the lyfe of baptisme, is to baptize in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoste, which forme being observed, the sacrament remaineth in full force and strength, *of whomsoever it be ministred.*' And farther, p. 521, he argues on it as certain, that 'baptisme ministred by hereticall ministers, which be no members of the church, is, notwithstanding, good and effectuall.' Happily, therefore, Dr. Daubeney, even if he admit the learned judge's notion, may yet, with as good a right as before, have 'the dying words of Whitgift in his mouth, pro ecclesiâ Dei, pro ecclesiâ Dei.'—p. 141.

To return; the position of Sir John Nicholl, whether true or false, certainly involves no indiscriminate use of the phrase 'Christian church;' still less does it afford any pretence for a charge, which follows in the archdeacon's next page, that he 'represents that Christian church as consisting of different religious societies, not only independent of, but unconnected with, each other by any common principles of unity:' and again, 'that, according to his description of the church,' (which he has not attempted to describe at all,) 'the sin of schism cannot possibly exist.' We would willingly forget who it is that advances these charges, and against whom they are brought; we would gladly, too, if it were possible, dissemble the conclusion, which is forced upon us, that nothing can here protect Dr. Daubeney from the disgrace of wilful misrepresentation but an absence (casual let us hope) of those qualities as a writer which can alone give any value to his opinions.

Whether it be to strengthen these accusations we know not; but the archdeacon is pleased to represent the judge as speaking of the Presbyterian Church, and *that* of the Calvinistic Independents; again, p. 29, he talks of the 'Presbyterian and Independent Churches,' as if so named by Sir John Nicholl. So far, however, as Christians of the latter denomination are concerned, Sir John purposely goes out of his way to avoid the application of the word 'church' to them. He speaks of the form (in ministering baptism) 'of the Romish church, of the Greek church, of the Presbyterian church, the form used *among the Calvinistic Independents*, and the form used by the Church of England.' This part of the complaint, therefore, is not so much without evidence, as contrary to it.

With regard to the Presbyterian church, Sir John Nicholl has pronounced no opinion, whether it be, or be not, a member of the Christian church. He has, indeed, used the phrase, and so, in truth,

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truth, has Dr. Daubeney, p. 20, where he speaks of 'the established Church of Scotland.' He has also asserted that, in the common use of language, it may be said, that persons baptized according to the form of the Presbyterian church have been admitted into the Christian church. But the truth or falsehood of this proposition rests not on the Presbyterian church being, or not being, a member of the one church of Christ, but on a totally different question, viz. whether baptism, in whatever congregation administered, provided the essence of baptism have been preserved, may be said to admit into the Christian church: for it does not follow that any congregation is pronounced a member of the Christian church, because its baptism is said to admit into the church.

But the archdeacon's zeal for episcopacy is so inflammable that the very name of Presbyterian seems sufficient to set it in a blaze. We are not so presumptuous as to attempt to extinguish it; but we may be allowed to congratulate him, that he lives in an age when the practice of the Church of England is no longer in opposition to his feelings. What would these feelings have been, had he flourished in the first century after the Reformation, and witnessed the favour then shewn to Presbyterians? Congregations of them placed under the protection of our most orthodox bishops; a synod, composed of Presbyterians, inviting and receiving the cooperation of English divines, deputed by the head of the Church of England (himself a zealous episcopalian) as to a lawful meeting of reformed *churches*, without any remonstrance from either house of convocation; Presbyterian ministers instituted to English benefices without being re-ordained, and this not clandestinely, nor by connivance, but openly, avowedly, and habitually, till at length, in 1661, episcopal ordination was made essential to the lawful ministry in the Church of England. A recurrence to these times may at least justify us in asking, whether it be decent or tolerable, that a judge, in one of our ecclesiastical courts, should be publicly and rudely censured by an archdeacon for using the phrase 'Presbyterian church,' and saying that those, who have been baptized according to its form, have been admitted into the Christian church. For ourselves, to use the language of the venerable Bishop Cosin on a somewhat similar occasion, we 'love not to be herein more wise, or harder, than our own church is;' and we defy Dr. Daubeney to produce any authoritative declaration of the Church of England against thus denominating the Presbyterian church, or against allowing baptism according to its form to be a valid initiation into the church of Christ.

To proceed: after renewing his attack on the general meaning said to be affixed to the word 'unbaptized,' and producing evidence, which plainly proves, on the contrary, that, before he affixes any

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meaning to the word, the learned judge examines the context, &c. Dr. Daubeney combats, and, we think, successfully, the argument drawn from the rubric's associating excommunicates and suicides with the unbaptized.

On the next point he is far from being equally happy. 'You proceed to observe,' says he, p. 34, 'that the general law is, that burial is to be refused to no person,' &c. 'but,' he continues, 'no general law, that I am acquainted with, has determined any thing on this point.' He presently afterwards calls on the judge to 'point out to notice the general law to which he refers, where this law is to be found, and in what language it is drawn up.' Such is the tendency of his strictures, poured forth through several pages, and renewed we know not how often in the course of his book; though Sir John Nicholl has expressly referred to the 68th canon, which prohibits the refusal of burial in all cases, and punishes such refusal. 'Nothing,' says he, 'can be more large than the canon is in this respect. It does not limit the duty to burial of persons who are of the Church of England—all persons, not specially excepted, are entitled by it to burial,' &c. &c. Now let the archdeacon prove, if he can, that the view here taken of the canon is erroneous; let him shew, that what Sir John Nicholl has assigned as the general law is, in truth, limited and particular; but let him not presume so far either on the carelessness of his readers, or on the silence which official decorum may impose on the judge, as to proclaim, that no general law has been 'pointed out to notice.'

To follow him through all the windings of his argument, on this point, is not within our purpose. But we are unwilling to leave unanswered a question proposed with an air of triumph, as if it were decisive of the cause.

'On the supposition that the word "unbaptized" in the rubric was meant to convey no precise meaning to the clergy, and that it was to be understood generally of all persons who had never been baptized in any way, what reason can be given for the insertion of such word in the rubric at all? Since the clergy certainly could not need to be informed that persons, so circumstanced, were not subjects for Christian burial.' p. 43.

We will answer his question first, by telling him, that it would have been a sufficient reason, for introducing the word into the rubric, that it limits the general expression of the canon, which might be perversely construed (as has been shewn by himself, p. 39) into a command of burial even of Jews and Pagans; 2dly, by referring him to the history of the age when the rubric was composed. He will find that, 'by the growth of anabaptism through the licentiousness of the late times,' (as the preface to the Common Prayer expresses it,) as well as by the rise of a sect which wholly rejected baptism,

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baptism, there were many who called themselves Christians that had never been baptized at all; that a prohibition of burial, therefore, to such persons, under the designation of 'unbaptized,' was not so nugatory as the archdeacon may imagine; 3dly, We will answer by asking him a question in return; Why, if the authors of the rubric meant by the word 'unbaptized' to include all who, though baptized with water and the proper invocation, were not baptized by a lawful minister, did they not take the trouble of expressing themselves to that effect? especially since they must have been aware that there were thousands of persons then in the country, so circumstanced, who stood in need of the information, that they were unbaptized. Surely, this course would have been somewhat more reasonable than what he attributes to the framers of the rubric, p. 98, viz. that 'the word unbaptized was introduced to warn the wilful separatists that, the validity of their baptism not having been recognized by the church, they were unentitled to the privileges belonging to communicants.'

It is not without pleasure, that we come to a part of the subject, in which, though still with much abatement on the score of inaccuracy and mis-statement, we can congratulate the archdeacon on having the better of his adversary. It is that which relates to the sentiments of the ancient church on baptism by heretics, or schismatics. Sir John Nicholl has undoubtedly gone too far, when he says, that such baptism was considered as *complete*. Many passages from the canon law might be adduced to prove, that it was not supposed to communicate the holy spirit, nor to give remission of sins, nor to admit into the Catholic church. Still, however, even in this particular, Sir John Nicholl's argument has been most incorrectly stated. He no where professes (as is asserted by the archdeacon, p. 62) to take the sense of the ancient church as a standard to try the question at issue:—he no where 'confidently draws a conclusion,' as is stated, p. 58, '*from the practice of the ancient church*, that baptism, by whomsoever administered, does in itself constitute a legal and valid initiation into the Christian church.' This conclusion is not drawn by him from the practice of the ancient church: such practice has, indeed, nothing to do with it, excepting as it may explain the opinions of the Church of England.

And here it is proper to observe, that the Church of England could not on this point go the whole way with the ancient church: it could not adopt all its sentiments, or practice, respecting baptism by heretics or schismatics. To have done so, would have been no less than an act of suicide. For the Church of England derived its own baptism from heretics and schismatics: if, therefore, it had acquiesced in the decision of the ancient church, it must have

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have acknowledged, that none of its own members had been admitted into the Christian church.

We are aware, that Bingham (Scholast. Hist. Lay Bap. ch. i. s. 23.) has endeavoured to remove all difficulties of this sort, by stating that the Church of England, on shaking off the yoke of the Romish church, reforming its errors, and returning to the unity of the catholic church, got rid of all its disabilities. We have no doubt that it did so. But the present question is, how far the practice and the decrees of the ancient church were satisfied by what was then done. Now the quotations of Bingham himself prove, (as does the argument of Dr. Daubeney, from p. 48 to 62,) that the wishes or the acts of the parties to be received were not held to be sufficient; imposition of hands, or something equivalent, was to be given by the church which received them. It is evident, therefore, that the Church of England could not have adopted the sentiments of the ancient church on this subject: it is evident also, that it not only was not the business of Sir John Nicholl to state, or to inquire into, the whole of the ancient discipline on this point, but that, by taking so wide a course, he would have obscured, rather than enlightened, his subject. His object was to ascertain the meaning of the Church of England in one of its own laws; and his references to antiquity were limited to the express purpose of illustrating that meaning; of shewing, that baptism with water in the name of the Holy Trinity, by whomsoever administered, was considered as baptism, and was not to be repeated. In what light irregular and unauthorized baptisms were farther considered by the ancient church, it was not his business to inquire; his sole object being to discover, whether those who had received such baptism, were considered by the canon law as 'unbaptized,' in order to assist him in the inquiry, whether our reformed church, in using that word, meant to include those who had received baptism at the hands of schismatics.—Now we are decidedly of opinion, that one single quotation of his, (that from 28th Sect. of IV. Dist. Dec. III. de Cons.) is sufficient to shew, that the canon law does not consider such persons as 'unbaptized:' 'recipiantur ut *baptizati*, ne Sanctæ Trinitatis invocatio annulletur.'

Before we leave this point we must remark, that the Church of England, departing from the precedents of the canon law, has made no special provision for receiving persons baptized by schismatics into the church, as if they before did not belong to it. Nay, even the ancient church seems to have founded much of the severity of its judgment on the supposition, that the persons so baptized were themselves at their baptism not in charity with the church. For baptism by a heretic or schismatic in case of necessity, under the

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the apprehension of approaching death, was adjudged to be good baptism, and to admit to the spiritual benefits of the Sacrament. 'Ille, cui traditur, potest salubriter accipere, si ipse non separatus acceperit.' Dec. III. de Cons. Dist. IV. s. 112. But can an infant be thus separatus? Augustine himself (whose authority on this point was principally regarded) makes an exception out of his general condemnation of those who were baptized by heretics, which seems strongly in favour of infants so baptized. 'Illi, &c. neque omnino utiliter habent baptismum, neque ab eis utiliter accipitur, *nisi fortè accipiendi necessitas urgeat, et recipientis animus ab unitatis vinculo non recedat.*' Aug. de Bap. Lib. VII. c. 52. Surely an infant's mind cannot recede from the bond of Christian unity, nor can any necessity be more urgent than that which operates on him.

Again it must be remembered, that the judgment of the ancient church respecting baptism by heretics, rested on a distinction which our church disclaims. The Church of England knows nothing of the outward visible sacrament being given without the inward spiritual grace: on the contrary, it considers the outward and visible part as the sign of the inward, which is given by it, as by the appointed instrument, to all who do not themselves put a bar in the way of grace. The ancient church, on the other hand, departing from the simplicity which is in Christ, made the imposition of hands so essential, either as a part of baptism, or as a distinct sacrament, that, in a council held at Carthage under Cyprian, it was said, that 'a man ought to be regenerated by both sacraments in the Catholic Church,' and Cyprian himself declared, 'that a man's sanctification was complete, and he indeed became a child of God, when he was born again by both Sacraments,'* namely, baptism and imposition of hands; the latter of which, conferring the gift of the Holy Spirit, could only, as it was held, be effectually given in the Catholic Church.

Dr. Daubeney, having thus examined what appears to him to be the main strength of Sir John Nicholl's statement, proceeds to matters which require less of his attention. Even here, however, he advances two or three positions, which we feel it impossible to pass over entirely without notice.

In p. 91 he says, that 'the bishops, after the Usurpation, though they did not re-baptize those who had received irregular baptism during that period, still, according to the practice of the ancient church, considered that *imposition of hands was necessary to their admission into the communion of the church.*' For the truth of this very important particular in ecclesiastical history, not a particle of evidence is adduced: we are bound therefore to consider

* Bingham Ant. b. 12. s. 4.

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it as resting solely on the acknowledged fact, that the bishops, after the Restoration, went about confirming all who were presented to them, without inquiring by whom they had been baptized. And is it possible, that on such a foundation there should be reared a superstructure so momentous? If the assertion of Dr. Daubeney be correct, the bishops of the Church of England, at the æra to which he refers, considered that church as no part of the church of Christ. For, as has been already observed, the baptism of the reformed having been received from an heretical and schismatical priesthood, it would have been necessary, according to the practice of the ancient church, that our forefathers at the Reformation, should have been admitted into the true Christian church by imposition of hands; a rite, which was certainly not then performed. Happily, however, the assertion of the archdeacon is a mere gratuitous dictum; advanced, as it should seem, for the purpose of explaining away an awkward matter-of-fact in the case of his adversary.

In the same page we are told, that 'dissenting and papist converts to the Church of England, do not stand on the same footing in the eyes of that church: the orders of the Church of Rome being admitted by the Church of England, whilst those of dissenters are not. The *baptism*, consequently, *of the Church of Rome*, though not the baptism of the Church of England, *must still be lawful baptism* in the eyes of that church, *on the principle of its having been administered by a duly commissioned priest.*' In a writer, who defers so much to the sentiments and practice of antiquity, this position is somewhat surprising. Can it be necessary to remind Dr. Daubeney, that the ancient church held the baptism of schismatical priests to be the baptism of persons without commission? But not to press him on the point of external authority, let us examine his position by the declared law of the Church of England. 'The baptism of the Church of Rome must be lawful baptism in the eyes of the Church of England, on the principle of its having been administered by a duly commissioned priest.' Now this proposition goes the length of declaring, that any person, episcopally ordained, is a lawful minister of the sacraments, in the contemplation of the Church of England; that his living in a state of open schism, receiving his commission from schismatics, belonging to a schismatical congregation, disclaiming our articles, and abhorring our communion, does not affect the lawfulness of his ministry. Such is the doctrine of 'The Guide to the Church,' of an author, who, 'daring steadfastly to maintain the constitution of the church,' in spite of 'clerical indifference and sectarian encroachment,' 'must expect,' for his honest zeal, 'to be branded with opprobrious and uncharitable epithets.' What epithets may have been applied to him, it is no part of our business to inquire: but

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but the enemies of the Church of England must be unjust, rather than uncharitable, if they fail to appreciate properly the concession which is here made to them. Happily the friends of the church may appeal from Dr. Daubeney to the articles and canons of the church itself. They will there find, that 'it is not lawful for any man to take upon him to minister the sacraments in the congregation, before he be lawfully called and sent; and that those only are lawfully called and sent, who be called and chosen by men who have public authority given unto them in the congregation, to call and send ministers into the Lord's vineyard.' Unless, therefore, the Romish bishops have this public authority in the Church of England, our church does not consider the priests, ordained by them, as lawful ministers, nor on any sound principles as 'duly commissioned.' It is true, that if such persons leave their schism, and are reconciled to our church, they may be 'accounted and taken to be lawful ministers,' (provided they comply with such other requisites as the church has enjoined,) without being re-ordained. But, meanwhile, in the eyes of the Church of England, they are just as much schismatics, they have been as little 'duly commissioned,' as any presbyterian or independent teacher. To speak of them, as the archdeacon does, is going a great way towards pronouncing their congregations 'true and lawful churches;' in which case the 11th canon would denounce the sentence of excommunication, and cut off the learned author himself from all right to burial on much clearer grounds than affect the infant in question.

But we turn to another position of the archdeacon. In page 108 he speaks 'of those who have been baptized *into* the Church of England;' and the argument, with which this phrase is connected, shews that he really meant, that baptism, according to the form of our church, baptizes into the Church of England, as contradistinguished from baptism into other particular churches. This, we will venture to say, is a notion never before entertained of the Christian sacrament of baptism. The language of the Gospel is, that we are 'baptized into Christ,' and again, that we are 'baptized into one body;' but to be baptized into the Church of England is to be baptized into one member of that body. Now we contend, that they, who have received Christian baptism at all, have been baptized either into none, or into every one, of the members of the body of Christ; that to make a distinction of baptizing into this or that particular church is to multiply that Christian baptism, which by the Apostle is so emphatically pronounced 'one.' We contend farther, that, in any country, they who are baptized into Christ at all, are, on the one hand, bound, as they would avoid the guilt of schism, to communicate with the particular

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ticular church planted there; and that, on the other hand, they have a right to claim from that church a participation in all acts of its communion, until they are cut off by a judicial sentence, or have cut off themselves, from Christ's body. And this brings us to a consideration decisive, in our apprehension, of the question relative to the word 'unbaptized.' It is the law and the practice of the Church of England, to acknowledge those who are baptized by schismatics, as *baptized,* as made by their baptism members of the Christian Church: for it considers them as under church discipline, and sentences them to excommunication if they offend against its laws. Thus then they are recognized by the Church of England as baptized into the body of Christ; else it would be worse than nugatory, to cut them off from that body to which they never belonged.

To conclude on this main part of the dispute: we are clearly of opinion, that the meaning ascribed by Sir John Nicholl to the word 'unbaptized' in the rubric before the office of burial, is fully established by him; that the exceptions, taken against it, rest on no solid ground; and that every additional light thrown on the subject tends only to confirm the learned judge's interpretation. When therefore we consider that it was solely because the deceased had been baptized by a schismatical hand, that the refusal of burial was defended, and that such baptism appears on the fullest inquiry to have been uniformly recognized by the Church of England as Christian baptism, admitting the subject of it into communion with the catholic church, we cannot but acquiesce in the judgment pronounced by the Court of Arches.

It is not without surprise and regret that we have witnessed the ferment which Sir John Nicholl's decision has excited. Consequences the most tragical have been anticipated from it: the utter relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline, the destruction of every barrier against the inroads of schism, and the speedy downfal of the church itself, have been gravely deplored by bishops and archdeacons, as the almost necessary result of acquiescence in the judgment of the Arches Court of Canterbury! Strange too as it may appear, the main point, decided by that judgment, is one which Hooker, Whitgift, and Bancroft successfully laboured to maintain against the Cartwrights and Rainolds's of their time. In all the dreams of triumph in which the puritans of Elizabeth's and James's days ventured to indulge, they could hardly have looked forward to a time when high churchmen would flock to their standard, and join them in crying down the popish corruption of acknowledging baptism by a not lawful minister. But extremes, on almost every subject, have some points of union and assimilation: among other marks of resemblance is the loudness of their clamor, when any favourite prejudice is

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is assailed. Happily, in this country of sound sense and well-attempered zeal, the effects of such a clamor seldom long survive the occasion which gives rise to it. We should, therefore, have been content to leave this controversy to that great peacemaker Time, had we not perceived, in the present age, a more than ordinary disposition among some of the friends of the Church and its establishment, to pervert every manifestation of harmony with dissenters into a fresh occasion of alarm. Bound, as we are, to that church by the strongest ties of gratitude and duty, yielding to its doctrines the firmest assent of our understanding, and cherishing for its constitution and its discipline a force of attachment which is approved to us by our reason, and has long been confirmed in us by habit, we cannot behold without deep concern any symptoms of that jealous and captious spirit, which stimulates the exertions of the adversary, while it disgusts every temperate friend; and which exhausts, in its demands for imaginary dangers, much of that affection and sympathy which the real exigencies of the church would otherwise never fail to excite. In Dr. Daubeney (judging him only by the book before us) we see a specimen of this preposterous zeal in its wildest form: it is on this account, that we have felt it our duty to treat him with more severity than we could ever willingly use towards a writer whose intentions are doubtless praiseworthy, and whose talents, if well directed, might be useful in promoting the interests of a cause, which, in the present instance, they have served only to betray.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1812.

ART. I. *Present State of the Spanish Colonies; including a particular Report of Hispaniola, or the Spanish Part of Santo Domingo; with a general Survey of the Settlements on the South Continent of America, as relates to the History, Trade, Population, Customs, Manners, &c. with a concise Statement of the Sentiments of the People on their relative Situation to the Mother Country.* By William Walton, Jun. Secretary to the Expedition which captured the City of Santo Domingo from the French; and Resident British Agent there. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Longman. 1812.

AMONG those who have suddenly received the inspiration of authorship, few were ever placed in a more favourable situation than Mr. Walton when he produced his book on the Spanish colonies. He had lived from his early years in Spain; he knew the language of the country; and was thoroughly conversant with the manners of the inhabitants. He had stolen, it appears, many hours from the commercial pursuits in which he was educated, to employ himself in collecting such information about the country as its actual state and the nature of its government would allow. Scarcely had he arrived in England when an insurrection broke out which threatened Spain with the loss of her richest possessions, while she was nobly struggling for freedom against the oppressor of the Continent. The people of Great Britain, who considered the cause of Spain as their own, could not look on with indifference, whilst the Spanish nation was on the eve of forfeiting the hopes of her own liberty by imprudently engaging in a destructive war with her colonies. What were the grounds of so ill-timed a contest, whether it could be avoided, what might be hoped or feared from the character of the contending parties, were questions universally canvassed; and whoever could add to the scanty stock of information which we possessed upon those heads, was sure to be listened to with interest.

But unluckily, Mr. Walton was too ambitious to be useful. Instead of the humble detailer of such facts and observations as the contracted scenes before him readily furnished, he aspired to be-

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come the historian of the New World. 'He had formed (he says) the design of putting his researches together, at some future period, in a *large and general description* of the Spanish colonies, and, with that view, collected a variety of materials relating both to the Spanish islands and the shores of the Continent from La Vela to the Oronoko,' (a little way, by-the-bye, towards the immense excursion he meditated,) 'which have been, during the last war, the most accessible to foreigners.' Nature, however, conspired with man to frustrate his magnificent designs. Part of his papers were seized by the French at St. Domingo; and 'one of those dreadful hurricanes which sometimes sweep the West India seas,' sunk the rest, with his Majesty's ship the Lark. Still, however, the image of the *large* book was deeply engraven on his fancy; and though 'now left with little else than the faint traces of memory for his guidance,' he could not forbear writing two octavo volumes, to shew what might have been expected from him, if the enemy and the elements had not so unpitifully destroyed his 'seven years labours.'

The introduction to his work is an account of Hispaniola. This takes up the whole of the first volume; the second is devoted to the natural and political history of the New World.—But it is impossible to convey a correct idea of the loose and desultory manner in which he writes. Some notion of it may, however, be formed from a sketch of one of the most important chapters, if we are to judge from the title, which runs thus. 'Indians; their history; one of their idols described; decline and rise of Hispaniola; policy of the French in the West Indies.' 'In the first year (Mr. Walton begins) after the discovery of this island, European settlers flocked hither from every part of the mother-country, led by the impulse of riches, and baited by the flattering representations of those who returned home with the first samples of gold. Under a sun so benign, and a soil so fertile, establishments rose in every direction, lands were dealt out by grants from the emperor, the Indians were shared in *repartimientos* amongst the rich and powerful, and taught to till the earth, or dig from its bowels the means of enriching their masters. Cities, palaces, temples, and towns, to rival many in Europe, soon swelled upon the sight; and, if we can credit their own historians, in 1504, that is, ten years after the discovery, and during the government of Ovando, there were seventeen towns founded and peopled, all of which, according to Herrera, had their respective blazons, or coat of arms, of which the details are found in his history, taken from the royal grant, under date of the 6th of December, 1508. But of these, except in the capital, scarcely a trace is now to be met with or recognized by their present respective inhabitants.' 'Of short duration,

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duration, however, was this blaze of prosperity; the natives'—(it was full time to come to them)—'the natives, by whose labour this rapid advance had been made, began to decline——.' We must confess that Mr. Walton's history of the Indians does not begin *ab ovo*. But, as he had touched on their decline, he would not miss the opportunity of mentioning the famous Las Casas; and after unhesitatingly stating, as a fact, that the worthy Bishop of Chiapa was the first who introduced slaves into Santo Domingo,* and gravely philosophizing on the contradictory conduct of this humane defender of the Indians, he recollects that he had promised to give 'their history,' and we are led to hope that he is going to set about it in earnest. Nothing like it; by 'History of the Indians' the author means that such history is not to be found in his book. 'To enter' (he says) 'on the history of the Indian aborigines of Hispaṅola at the time it was discovered by Columbus, were to wander from the line prescribed; nor can we find any local traces to aid us in substituting fact for conjecture.'

To console the reader, however, for his disappointment, Mr. Walton tells him how 'he sought, in vain, some remnant of isolated population, under a wish to obtain a comparative knowledge of their language and traditions.' This, indeed, was rather gratuitous in Mr. Walton, for it is pretty well known at Santo Domingo, that there are no such remnants of *isolated* population of aborigines in the island; and he might have spared himself his wandering in search of it, and his readers this negative chapter.

But what does Mr. Walton call the Indian language? 'We sometimes' (he says, p. 166) 'meet with Spanish authors who boast of

* The extraordinary and disinterested exertions of this excellent man have made him an object of veneration. The fact of his having recommended the importation of negro slaves, to save from destruction the weak race of the Santo Domingo Indians, rests upon the authority of Herrera. But it is absolutely false that he was the first promoter of that horrid trade in the Spanish Colonies. A tax on the importation of slaves into the Spanish Colonies was planned by Cardinal Ximenes as early as 1516. (Herrera, Decad. 2. Lib. 2. c. 8.) Las Casas had limited his efforts to obtain a Regulation for the relief of the Indians, which was granted by Charles V. in 1542. These regulations excited considerable troubles in the colonies, and *Las Casas's* hopes of their good effect were completely disappointed. He then, according to Herrera, 'seeing that every thing failed him, betook himself to the expedient of recommending that licences should be granted to the Spaniards who lived in the colonies for the importation of negroes, in order to relieve the Indians.' (Herrera, Dec. 2. lib. 2. c. 20.) It is to be observed that this historian had before mentioned that such licences had been suspended in order to increase the intended duty on the importation. (Vide Dec. 2. lib. 2. c. 8.) It evidently appears from this that the humane bishop neither promoted nor invented the measure. The importation of negroes was merely suspended upon a barbarous speculation. This suspension would naturally produce a greater demand for Africans, after having occasioned the complete destruction of the Indian race at Santo Domingo. So that Las Casas's advice only tended to diminish two evils—the immediate destruction of the Indians, and an extensive importation of negroes, neither of which it was in his power to remedy.

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the fertility and softness of the Indian language.' Which? that spoken at St. Domingo? Not at all. 'Many of the Creoles of the *Main* (he continues) tell us that the Indian language is extremely adapted to express the affections of the soul, and in love matters is highly superior.' However well disposed we may be to imagine the American woods echoing the melodious strains of love, conveyed in the highly superior Indian language, we are sorry to see Mr. Walton wasting his descriptive powers and his grammatical knowledge upon a non-entity. 'The great variety of languages' (says Baron Humboldt*) 'still spoken in the kingdom of Mexico proves a great variety of races and origin. The number of these languages exceeds twenty, of which fourteen have grammars and dictionaries tolerably complete. It appears that the most part of these languages, far from being dialects of the same, (as some authors have falsely advanced,) are at least as different from one another as the Greek and the German, or the French and the Polish. This is at least the case with the seven languages of New Spain, of which I possess vocabularies. The variety of idioms spoken by the people of the New Continent, and which, without the least exaggeration, may be stated at some hundreds, offers a very striking phenomenon, particularly when we compare it with the few languages spoken in Asia and Europe.' Hervas, a learned Spanish writer, supposes that about a hundred and fifty barbarous languages are spoken in the Brazil; and he has given a long catalogue of more than fifty, of which the roots had been, more or less, investigated.† Yet Mr. Walton speaks of the Indian language as if it were one dialect from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn!

Having thus failed in finding something to say about the first topic of his promising chapter, Mr. Walton proceeds to the next, which he thus opens.

'The figure represented in the annexed plate is that of an idol in granite, found in the island of Santo Domingo, and originally worshipped by the natives as an household god.' (Could not Mr. Walton tell us from what chapter of the Indian liturgy he infers the rank which his idol held in the estimation of the Indian devotees?) 'It corresponds perfectly with the description given by Moore in his learned work called the Hindu Pantheon,' (thus it is that one shallow and incompetent writer turns the brain of a thousand others, on subjects which none of them are capable of comprehending,) 'and answers exactly to the Lingam worship of that

* Vol. I. p. 138.

† See Southey's History of Brazil, Chap. VIII. p. 224, where a very interesting account of some of these languages is given.

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people; but it may be said to represent it more fully' *(God forbid!)* 'and in a more striking manner than any idols by him described.' 'We are told by this learned and celebrated author that Brahma——.' Mr. Walton gives us the history of Brahma, (for who could doubt, after seeing such a striking likeness, that his idol is the Hindoo divinity?) and then continues his description. 'In the idol now before us the Brahma A is represented by a disk; B represents the Yoni; C the Linga, the symbol of regeneration, or the phallic emblem of the Greeks. On the top of the Linga is placed the head of the God of Prudence.' However well placed the God of Prudence may be by Mr. Walton, we cannot but wonder at his consummate assurance in the whole of this description, the minute details of which have no other foundation than the 'striking likeness' which Mr. Walton imagined himself to have discovered between his idol and one of the hundred delineated by his oracle Mr. Moore. We have undergone the toil of examining this most important likeness; and, unfortunately for the whole system of Haytian theology, which Mr. Walton has taken the pains to illustrate, we find that the St. Domingo idol is no more like the Hindoo emblem, or the God of Prudence, than any other rude imitation of a head would be, stuck upon a shaft, and bottomed with a round base, for the mystical purpose of being kept from falling.

Our readers are not to understand that this is a singular instance of the vague, inaccurate, and desultory mode in which Mr. Walton has contrived to fill his two volumes, and which can only be conceived by those who, like ourselves, may undertake to give an abstract of them. The labour we have undergone, with a view to collect either facts or observations which might coalesce into some heads or general topics, has been quite harassing, and, we regret to add, unavailing. Leaving, therefore, to those of our readers who may feel disposed to try their logical powers, the Herculean task of methodizing Mr. Walton's book, we will exert ourselves in clearing up one point at least among the many which he has specified in his title-page, and which we consider of the highest importance at this moment; that is, 'the present state of the Spanish colonies with respect to the mother-country.' In treating this subject we may, perhaps, select some passages of Mr. Walton's book, to prove that, had he limited his endeavours to a few practical observations concerning the countries which he visited, and produced a well digested collection of travelling memoirs, without any attempt at learning and science, he might justly have laid claim to the name of an enlightened merchant, who had stolen some moments from the occupations of trade, in order

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to add his mite to that peculiar stock of information which the literary world can seldom look for from the works of its sedentary leaders.

The population of the Spanish colonies may be considered as divided into five classes; 1st, Spaniards born in Old Spain; 2dly, The descendants of Europeans, without any mixture of African or Indian blood, called Creoles; 3dly, The different races of Mulattoes and Mestizoes, or the issue of the crossings of the European, Indian, and African blood; 4thly, The Indians or Aborigines; 5thly, The imported African slaves. The first two classes, from their political importance, chiefly deserve our attention.

What the old Spaniards are, when transplanted to their American colonies, or what peculiar turn their national character takes in that particular situation, would not be a difficult point for conjecture, even if we were deprived of facts and observations. Prejudices are strong in proportion to their range, and evidently derive activity from the numbers which adopt them. Family prejudices are more tenacious than those of individuals, and national prejudices exceed both, in violence and duration. Those, especially, which are grounded on pretensions to superiority over a particular set or nation, are so early imbibed by all classes of the state, so indissolubly blended with every individual feeling, that their conjoint or national effects are astonishing, even when culture has scarcely left any visible traces of them in the common intercourse of life.

We may conceive what the national prejudices of the Spaniards, with respect to their colonies, now are, from the manner in which their ancestors took possession of them, and the authority which the descendants of those conquerors have enjoyed there during four centuries. The Spanish adventurers who flocked to America, immediately after the discovery of those countries, considered them in the light of a wilderness occupied merely by four and two footed game, of which they might dispose at their pleasure. The avowed and infinite cruelties which they committed without the least feeling of remorse, would demonstrate, if other proofs were wanting, the general opinion which prevailed for some time among them, of the irrationality of the Indians.

It will be easily conceived that the overbearing pride of the first conquerors, swelled with the destruction or submission of the Indians, was transmitted in full force to the adventurers whom the thirst of gold, and the desire of living freely at an immense distance from the seat of government, allured to those fertile regions. Those whose haughty and turbulent character was scarcely to be curbed by the authority of a powerful sovereign, must have exerted a dreadful

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dreadful sway over the conquered Indians.* Every Spaniard thought himself a sovereign from the moment that he set his foot on the shores of America; and the kings of Spain would have soon lost their newly-acquired dominions, but for the uncontroulable pride of the adventurers, which operated as a check on their mutual ambition.

The first generation of creoles, though born upon the soil of America, naturally considered themselves as true Spaniards, since they could boast no other title to the superiority which they claimed over the natives; and it is probable that many years elapsed before any degree of national interest was felt by those new natives of the American continent. But when they began to multiply, and the ties of parentage between them and the European Spaniards were successively weakened—when, in the course of centuries, the natural connexions which arise from a native soil, made the creoles consider themselves as a people, seeds of jealousy against the mother-country sprung up, the growth of which nothing could check but a system of equity and moderation, seldom, if ever, observed by any government with respect to colonies or conquered countries; by none less than the despotic and tyrannical court of Madrid.

The government of the Spanish colonies was entirely confided to the hands of viceroys and captains-general, who had under them several military governors and intendants; the administration of justice being committed to the *Audiencias* or tribunals, which resided in the capitals, and were presided over by the respective viceroys and captains-general. The people, though nominally represented by the *Cabildos* or town corporations, had, in fact, no check upon the authority of their governors. The members of the audiencias were old Spaniards, and partook of the haughty spirit which considered the creoles as inferior to their own countrymen. With respect to the town corporations, nothing could be more insignificant. The seats were, for the most part, filled up by the court of Spain: several were the property of particular families, and all of them were considered as empty honours, with which the timid ambition of some wealthy creoles might be amused.

The viceroy was, in fact, as absolute as the monarch whom he represented; and, although by law responsible for his conduct to the Council of Indies resident at Madrid, on the expiration of his

* The orders which Las Casas obtained from Charles V. in favour of the Indians were openly disobeyed at Mexico, and excited a rebellion at Peru, because the commissioner who was sent with them from Spain, insisted upon having them put into practice. *Herrera*, the *Inca Garcilaso*, and all the Spanish historians of that time, are full of the rebellious and ungovernable character of the Spaniards in America.

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commission, the same laws declared that the viceroy was to be obeyed as the king in person. It would be needless to expatiate upon the futility of such responsibility. The hope of redress is but a feeble consolation for actual oppression, even when the redresser is at hand. Let those, then, who are not blind to every abuse of power, and know how easily it is made the instrument of oppression when not checked by some effective restraint, consider what sort of government the Spanish colonists must have enjoyed, under nine European Spaniards, who had nothing to dread but an examination of their conduct at two thousand leagues distance from the theatre of their injustice.

The consequences of this system were sufficiently apparent. Prosperity, and its foundation, security, were only to be found in interest and favour. The crowds of flatterers who thronged the palace of the Spanish monarch fell infinitely short of those which surrounded the Viceroy of Mexico. His secretary was generally the favourite, the mediator through whom petitions reached the idol; and the grants descended to those who could enforce them with the most suitable offerings. Dreadful as the corruption of the late court of Madrid was, it must have appeared pure and exemplary when compared with the venality of the viceroyal courts of Spanish America.—That honourable exceptions are to be found among the Spanish viceroys, we are far from bringing into question; but how cruelly must that people be oppressed, whose moments of happiness are to be counted by exceptions!

Oppression can never bear equally upon all classes, and especially when the community is divided into casts, as in Spanish America. Without speaking of those which are constitutionally degraded, as the Indians and mestizoes, we shall merely point out the effect which the unlimited powers of the Spanish governors naturally produced on that numerous and powerful class, the Spanish creoles.*

Those who are thoroughly acquainted with the character and circumstances of the two rival parties, the old Spaniards and creoles, in Spanish America, will rather feel inclined to wonder at the extraordinary forbearance of the latter, than at the war which they are now waging against the former. Let it be considered that the number of Spaniards in the colonies, bears no proportion to the creole

* We shall not enter into a separate discussion about the state of opinion among the Indians, for this poor degraded race have none at all. But we do not pretend to say that this state of mental degradation renders them insignificant in the present contest. On the contrary, we reckon them a most powerful tool. Their number, in Spanish America, is about seven millions, which forms more than one half the population of the country. Enjoying very little or no property, they are ready to follow any leaders who will conduct them to war against the Spaniards.

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population;* that these creoles, being the descendants of Spanish merchants, enjoy considerable wealth, and an education far superior to that of which their fathers could boast; while, on the other hand, very few of their rivals have the least title, from birth, education, or any other circumstance, to that superiority which they claim. Exclusively of those who are employed in the higher situations of government, the Spaniards who resort to the colonies to acquire a fortune, are, with few exceptions, a low, plodding set of people, who would never have risen from the humblest situations had they remained in the Peninsula, and who generally commence their operations in America, in the same way. Biscay, Asturias, Galicia, and Catalonia, have constantly sent out swarms of adventurers, among whom, those who expected to begin their career behind a counter in one of the shops of Vera Cruz, or Mexico, thought too highly of themselves to associate with the rest of their companions. But the means of making a fortune are so easy in Spanish America, for those who object to no sort of occupation, that there is hardly one of these adventurers who, in the course of a few years, is not enabled to vie in riches with the old families of the country. At first they limit their pride to that superiority which Spaniards of all ranks claim in the colonies, and to the privilege of *hidalguia* or nobility, which is to be found even among Spanish beggars: but no sooner have they acquired property, than a part of it is destined to purchase honours at the court of Madrid. The wealthy drudge enjoys them behind his counter; and nothing is more common than to see people of this description, in their tawdry uniforms of captains, or colonels, with a badge of one of the Orders of Spain on their breasts, sitting in their shops, and occasionally helping their clerks to dispatch the customers who come for a yard of cloth or calico.†

While

* As the common census makes no distinction between creoles and Spaniards, it is impossible to ascertain the exact number of each; but the reader may judge from the following data. "In the capital of Mexico, according to the enumeration of the Count of Revillagigedo, in every 100 inhabitants, forty-nine are Spanish creoles, two Spaniards born in Europe, twenty-four Artec and Otomitee Indians, and twenty-five people of colour." Humboldt, Book 2, c. VII.

† Mr. Walton has pleasantly described the prejudices which the employments of the European adventurers have excited among the creoles. The picture is correct in all its parts, and will contribute to give an idea of the habits and manners of the rival parties.

"The Spaniards of America possess few of the component traits of their European countrymen; but if any, it is of the Andalusian, with whom also they most assimilate. The creole has imbibed against the natives of the other provinces of Spain, peculiar prejudices, derived from their leading occupations and manners. A native mother of the country opposes the marriage of her daughter with a rich Catalan, because he has made his fortune by drawing wine, selling butter and cheese, and is filthy in his person; with the Gallician, because he is a plodding, hard working person, and the appellation of *Gallego* is almost synonymous with that of a porter in every province in Spain; with the Biscayan, because he is boisterous and tyrannic, partaking of the peculiar tinge of his

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While the proud pretensions of this gross uneducated party, supported by the Spaniards in power, naturally excite dissatisfaction in the creole gentry, the oppressive measures which they promote against the interest of the land, cannot fail to produce hatred, and an eager thirst for revenge. The Spanish merchants of America consider themselves exclusively entitled to the profits of trade,—trade, not grounded upon the mutual advantages of buyer and seller, but rather an oppressive monopoly, by which they oblige a whole population to take whatever they import from the mother-country, extorting the most extravagant prices, by all the means which a market that excludes competition can afford.

The Spanish merchants were not, however, the only monopolists in the colonies. The government which supported them was the first to derive a paltry profit from shackling the industry of the Americans. The well known simile of the savage, who cut down the tree in order to pluck its fruit, (used by Montesquieu to exemplify the effects of despotism,) was literally applicable to the Spanish colonial system. A Spanish colonist could not enjoy the advantages so lavishly bestowed on those beautiful countries. The eyes of a suspicious and oppressive government were constantly watching the progress of his industry. To sow or plant, he was not to consult the nature of the soil, but the government. Vines and olives, the two great blessings of temperate countries, were forbidden to grow in his fields, by *proclamation*. Some individuals had planted vineyards in Mexico. Whether the Viceroy winked at this infraction of the colonial regulations, or was ignorant of it, we cannot say; the Spanish merchants however, who were quicker sighted, gave the alarm to their correspondents at Cadiz. Complaint was instantly made to the court of Madrid, whence an order issued for rooting up the vines, in pursuance of the right enjoyed by the Cadiz merchants of administering to the wants of the American people, at their own discretion.

It would be endless to enumerate the grievances which the colonies suffered, from the combined action of tyranny and monopoly. Vague and desultory as Mr. Walton's account of it appears to be, it is yet more than sufficient to account for the state of habi-

his province, fiery, impatient, and jealous; with the Castilian, because he is sullen, reserved, opposed to shew and parade, in short with all the preceding, from their peculiar jargon of provincial dialect; (Mr. Walton ought to have excepted the Castilians, who speak the purest Spanish;) but in the Andalusian, she finds a gaiety, sprightliness, animation, softer modulations of language and expression, more congenial manners, and an elevation of character not descending to the calls of porters and pedlars; hence, though less rich, she prefers him. Should her daughter marry one of the former provincials, the officious mother will always pre-dispose the relations, by telling them that his fortune was the inducement, but that she hopes he will soon give up his shop, wear a long coat, and turn a gentleman.' Vol. 2. p. 69.

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tual discontent, to which the creoles were imperceptibly brought, not less by this palpable injustice, than by the civilization which the natural progress of human societies must always increase, in spite of the trammels imposed by the blindest of governments.

While the creoles conceived that their security against the Indians, the negro slaves, and the mixed casts, depended on the union of the whole European race, the Spaniards could oppress them with impunity. From this principle, Humboldt very satisfactorily accounts for the passive state of the Spanish colonies, during the succession-war in Spain. But the Indians have been so completely subdued, and the creole population has so much increased since that period, that the same tranquillity and passiveness could not be looked for, when the late shock of the Spanish throne awakened them to the hopes of bettering their condition.

There was a period, when the whole mass of native population entertained such an opinion of the knowledge and power of the mother country, that they would have shut their eyes in reverential awe, to whatever injustice she might commit; but the political events of our own times have destroyed all traces of this powerful illusion. The American war, in which Spain engaged with the most unaccountable degree of folly, could not but excite the attention of the Spanish creoles. They must have compared their own situation with that of their neighbours, and perceived how much more galling were their own grievances, than those which produced the successful resistance of the English colonies. They must have reflected on the inconsistency and injustice of the Spanish government, who with one hand was helping English subjects to throw off their allegiance, and with the other, binding its own in the most intolerable chains ever devised by oppression. About that period, the works of the French philosophers found their way into Spanish America, in despite of the terrors of the Inquisition. This circumstance, which was scarcely noticed at the time, proved momentous in the highest degree, and amidst silence and obscurity, operated with fearful effect in undermining the fabric of despotism.

Reading is one of those pleasures which a certain degree of ease and comfort will never fail to generate among all sorts of people. The higher classes in the Spanish colonies had long arrived at that state in consequence of their wealth, and books were an article not a little in request amongst them. Books, of course, were always put in the assortment of those cargoes of trash of all kinds, which were constantly sent out from Spain to the colonies. We have ourselves witnessed the making up of these literary bales, in one of the principal towns of Spain, and could scarcely repress the feelings of indignation and pity, which arose from inspecting the works selected

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lected for this purpose. The glass beads which the first adventurers bartered for gold with the simple tribes of Indians, were real treasures in comparison of the literary filth which the Spaniards exported to the colonies, with the certainty of selling it at the most extravagant price.

With the inconsistency peculiar to despotic governments, universities had been established at Mexico and Lima, to which even professors of mathematics were appointed. Thus, while they exalted the thirst for knowledge, they foolishly expected that the American youth would be still contented to seek it in those ponds of ignorance and superstition which had been prescribed to them.

The consequences of such a system may be easily guessed. No sooner had the works of the French philosophers found their way into the colonies, than they were read with an avidity beyond expression. The facility with which their general principles are seized, the common-place knowledge with which they enable young people to shine in conversation, the contempt and hatred which they breathe against what they denominate oppression, occasioned them to be looked on as invaluable treasures. The danger which attended their perusal, naturally enhanced the interest which they excited. There are instances of people who retired from all sorts of business into the country, to devote themselves wholly to the study of the French political and moral writers.

We, who have witnessed the effect of their doctrines in this free and happy country, during the ferment of the French Revolution, when they threatened to overthrow the majestic fabric of our constitution, may easily conceive how they must have operated where every civil and religious institution tends to countenance the bold assertions of those artful apostles of anarchy and atheism.

It would be difficult without these premises, to account for the contrast, which Humboldt observed between the people of the interior provinces of Mexico, and the enlightened classes of the capital. This part of his work deserves the attention of our readers, as it will be a clue to the knowledge of the character and principles of the present disturbances, of which we now hasten to give a passing sketch.

'The words European and Spaniard are become synonimous in Mexico and Peru. The inhabitants of the remote provinces have therefore a difficulty in conceiving, that there can be Europeans who do not speak their language; and they consider this ignorance as a mark of low extraction, because every where around them, all, except the very lowest class of the people, speak Spanish. Better acquainted with the history of the sixteenth century, than with that of our own times, they imagine that Spain continues to possess a decided preponderance over the rest of Europe. To them, the Peninsula appears the very centre of European

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European civilization:—It is otherwise with the Americans of the capital. Those of them who are acquainted with French or English literature, fall easily into a contrary extreme, and have a still more unfavourable opinion of the mother country than the French had, at a time when communication was less frequent between Spain and the rest of Europe. They prefer strangers from other countries to the Spaniards; and they flatter themselves with the idea, that intellectual cultivation has made more rapid progress in the colonies, than in the Peninsula."*

The public opinion being thus divided with respect to the mother-country, it is evident that if the first class lost their enthusiasm for Spain, they might easily be led into rebellion by that more enlightened part of the community, who despised and hated her government.

The news of the invasion of the French, together with that of the captivity of the king, and the resignations of Bayonne, produced a kind of stupor, which pervaded the whole population of Spanish America; but this was soon followed by a general enthusiasm in favour of the mother country. The prevailing sentiments were abhorrence of the French, and desire to support the Spaniards against their tyranny and injustice. If we wanted arguments to confirm the correctness of Humboldt's description, we should find a very strong one in the confidence with which the Americans looked for a speedy and successful issue to the Spanish cause. If there were any who doubted of that success, they were to be found among the higher classes, and even among the Spanish authorities. Those who, according to Humboldt, considered Spain just as if only a day had passed since the battle of Pavia, hourly expected to hear of the patriotic armies having reached Paris, and of Buonaparte being a prisoner at Madrid.

Few examples can be found of such an attachment between, what might be called, two nations, as that which was evinced by the American population towards the mother-country. The opinion in favour of supporting Spain was so general and decided, that not a single voice was heard from the discontented creoles, who had been long meditating a revolution. Had the Spanish government acted wisely, the French invasion would have strengthened the ties of union between Spain and her colonies; and what force had at first established, friendship, gratitude, and compassion would have sanctioned, and confirmed for centuries.

The news of the general insurrection of Spain reached Mexico on the 29th July, 1808. The enthusiasm which it had produced was still in full force, when the arrival of two deputies from the Junta of Seville was announced, who were come to claim the

* Humboldt's New Spain. Book 2. c. VII.

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sovereign command of Spanish America for that corporation, which had assumed the title of *Supreme Gubernative Junta of Spain and the Indies.* Such was the general disposition in favour of the Peninsula, that it appears probable, from the documents before us, that the Mexicans would have acceded to the demands of the Junta, if, during the deliberation of a meeting of the public authorities, which the Viceroy had convened, dispatches had not arrived from London, in which the deputies of the Junta of Asturias announced their installation, and warned the Mexicans expressly against the pretension of the Andalusian Junta. We may easily conceive how this declared rivalship must have affected the opinion which the Mexicans had formed of the spirit of the Spanish Revolution.

The resignations of the royal family produced no diminution of American loyalty. The acclamations of 'Ferdinand the Seventh' were as sincere as they were general: but the blind submission which the old Spaniards demanded for whoever called himself his representative in the Peninsula, was not so readily accorded. In Mexico, (for we shall give the precedence to the history of the revolution of that part of America,) the *Cabildo,* or town corporation, had suggested the propriety of forming a Junta which should govern that kingdom in the name of the captive sovereign. The Viceroy appeared inclined to the measure, and the old Spaniards were in consequence determined to depose him. Had this chief made use of his power, and ordered to the capital the troops which, to the number of twelve thousand, were stationed between Mexico and Vera Cruz, the country would probably have been spared the horrors which are now laying it waste. But the Viceroy had no fixed plan: he was old, and wanted vigour: he was besides afraid of exciting suspicions against his loyalty, and had even proposed to resign his authority.

This weakness was soon perceived by the Spaniards. One of the wealthiest merchants among them, a personal enemy of the Viceroy, was placed at the head of the conspiracy. The officers who were to command the guard on the appointed day, were bribed; and this person, followed by about two hundred Spaniards, taken from the shops of Mexico, entered the palace of the Viceroy at midnight, without resistance, and seizing him and his lady, committed the latter to a nunnery, and the former to the prison of the Inquisition.

The *Audiencia,* or supreme court of justice, had secretly supported this measure, and the imprisonment of the Viceroy was announced to the public, together with the circumstance of their having taken upon themselves to nominate a new viceroy. Though no disturbance followed this act of violence, the creoles were by no

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no means pleased or satisfied with it: not that they had any particular fondness for the deposed Viceroy, but because the power which the Spaniards were assuming was now become intolerable to them.

When the news of this event reached the Peninsula, the Central Junta was still in the full enjoyment of that tranquil slumber at Seville, during which the French, trembling for their safety, and hopeless of succour, on account of the Austrian war, found leisure to recover their spirits, and recruit their armies. On hearing that the Viceroy of Mexico had been brought a prisoner to Spain upon suspicion of treachery, the joy of the Junta was unbounded. It never occurred to them to examine the grounds of accusation; nor did they once condescend to reflect how greatly the ties of subordination must be relaxed, when a handful of persons, under no legitimate authority, could force the seat of government, and seize the chief magistrate with impunity. The Junta was weak, and of course suspicious: a denunciation therefore, in any shape, was welcome to them.

Meanwhile advices of the ferment, which was rapidly spreading through the colonies, arrived by every packet. The declarations of their attachment had been sincere; but some time had now elapsed, and as the first impressions of sympathy grew fainter, the colonists began to reflect upon their situation, and to grow weary of the protracted hopes of that amelioration which had been promised to them in the most positive terms. The Central Junta conceived that the repetition of these promises would be sufficient to lull them again into apathy; and a pompous proclamation was issued in which the colonies were declared equal to the mother-country, and the Spanish Americans told, in direct terms, that 'they belonged to nobody; and that they were masters of their own fate.'

What this fate would have been, had the cause of Spain been crowned with the early success which was anticipated, it is needless now to conjecture. In justice, however, to the Americans, we must say, that from the sentiments which they constantly manifested with regard to Spain, there is every reason to conclude that they would have continued faithful to her, if the unhappy course of events in the Peninsula, and the more unhappy system of the central government had not obliged them to take those steps which have progressively conducted them to a state of open rebellion.

Two years had elapsed since the Spanish Americans had heard of the victories of Baylen, Valencia, &c. and of the unprincipled invader of their mother-country being driven to collect his scattered forces behind the Ebro. A Supreme Government had been created, and every blessing was hoped from the political principles which its members had ostensibly adopted. But while the distance

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of the scene raised the expectations of the Spanish Americans to the highest pitch, and they were daily expecting to hear of the restoration of Ferdinand the Seventh, news arrived that Buonaparte was master of Madrid, that the Central Junta had with difficulty escaped to Andalusia; that several generals had been massacred by their troops on a suspicion of disaffection: that others, among whom was Morla, had openly betrayed their country; and that the public opinion had scarcely any one in whom it could venture to repose the slightest confidence. Though the disappointment of the Americans must have been proportioned to the exaltation of their hopes, not a symptom of commotion appeared through the whole extent of the Spanish colonies. Supplies were regularly dispatched to the mother-country; subscriptions raised among all classes of people; and it seemed as if their loyalty had increased with the misfortunes of their European brethren. These misfortunes were attributed to treason, and the opinion of the Spanish superiority remained unshaken.

The Austrian war restored them to the plenitude of their first hopes, and the news of the victory of Talavera came in time to confirm them. But, alas! this was but a passing gleam of sunshine—a long period of gloom rapidly followed:—the Spanish armies completely defeated; the Juntas of Seville and Valencia protesting against the Central Government; the brave Romana publishing a manifesto, in which the power of the Supreme Government was declared illegal! All this regularly dispatched, and carefully spread through the colonies by the discontented parties of the Peninsula, naturally weakened their confidence, and gave the first shock to their enthusiasm.

The decisive blow was now impending. The French had dispersed the whole Spanish army at Ocaña, and nothing could stop them in their way to Andalusia. The boasted works of Sierra Morena were found to be a deception on the people, and the French entered Seville without the loss of a man, while the members of the Central Junta, dispersed, and insulted in their flight, could scarcely escape the popular fury. These men, publicly proclaimed as traitors, assembled in the isle of Leon, and still trembling at the death, with which they had been threatened, hastened to deposit their powers in the hands of a regency, chosen by themselves.

A government thus formed, was little calculated to re-establish the confidence of the colonies: so conscious, indeed, were the members of their weakness, that they did not dare to communicate their installation to them, before they had been countenanced by a manifesto of the merchants of Cadiz; a species of support which, while it ensured them the attachment of the Spanish factors

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factors in the colonies, was certain to produce the contempt and abhorrence of the rest of the people.

The Spaniards themselves must have foreseen the consequences of these events. Caracas was the first province where the news arrived, and the first also to effect a revolution. A month after, the information reached Buenos Ayres, and a similar event took place. The fermentation now began to spread through the southern continent: the alarm of the old Spaniards was general, but instead of inspiring them with a spirit of moderation, it seemed to embitter their animosities against the natives. The governor of the province of Socorro, in the kingdom of Sta. Fe, ordered the military to fire on the unarmed people, who had assembled to petition him. An immense multitude flocked from the neighbouring country to revenge this act of cruelty: the governor took refuge in a convent, where he was surrounded and taken. Another insult from an European had a similar effect in the capital of Sta. Fe. Quito became a scene of carnage. Cartagena formed a Junta which deprived the governor of his command. Lima was threatened with an insurrection; and every thing announced that a general explosion was at hand.

That these commotions were the effect of some general causes, and not of partial intrigues, is evident from the simultaneous movements in provinces which have scarcely any communication, such as the Caracas and Buenos Ayres. These two provinces knew nothing of each other's revolution till some months after it was effected. Had both been the consequence of the same plan, the leaders would not have failed to cheer the public expectation with the hopes at least of having partners in their enterprize.

But although, wherever the insurrection broke out, the mass of the Creole population had eagerly declared in its favour, they were far from intending a total separation from the mother-country. The motives alleged at the same moment in the most distant provinces, bear an extraordinary similarity, and shew that they were the genuine expression of the public opinion. 'The Supreme Government of the Peninsula (they said,) has been declared infamous and treacherous: the members of it are even accused by the people of Spain, of having betrayed the country into the hands of the enemy. Can we then trust to the suspicious offspring of such a corrupted stock? Shall we wait till they chuse to make their peace with Buonaparte, by betraying us into his hands? It was owing to our decided determination that the orders sent from Bayonne by the French ruler were not put into execution by our European governors. They were then ready to submit to his treachery. They will scarcely be less so now, when they have lost all hopes of succeeding in the Peninsula. But setting all this aside, how can the

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ephemeral governments of Spain pretend to rule us, when they are manifestly incompetent to direct the people among whom they dwell! If they represent Ferdinand the Seventh, let them exercise their power over those who have elected them—we will do the same in our own country—we will create a government in the name of our beloved sovereign, and that we will obey. Our brethren of the Peninsula shall have our aid, our friendship, and our good wishes.'

Such is the tenor of all the early proclamations of the insurgents of Spanish America. We do not pretend to say that they contained the genuine sentiments of the leaders; but they evidently were a correct statement of the prevailing sentiments of the people. The difference of opinion which divided the creoles with respect to the mother-country, and which we have noticed from Humboldt, was certainly the cause of this forbearance in the chiefs of the revolution. They hated the Spanish government, and were for the most part ardent and enthusiastic admirers of the metaphysical principles of liberty, which they had imbibed from the French publications; but they were obliged to yield to the more general opinion of their countrymen, who were heartily attached to Ferdinand the Seventh, and had a great regard for Spain, which the misconduct of her revolutionary governments had only weakened, after two years of perpetual disappointment. Instead of fostering this excellent disposition, the Spanish government listened only to the dictates of wounded pride, and adopted every measure that was calculated to alienate the well disposed, and strengthen the party of their inveterate enemies.

The first step of the Regency, upon hearing of the occurrence of Caracas, was to declare their proceedings rebellious, and to blockade their ports. The declaration itself was conceived in the most violent and outrageous terms; the governors of the surrounding districts were ordered to stop all communication with the insurgent provinces, and to intercept their supplies. The effect of that unfeeling and insulting decree was to increase the contempt of a government which, while it was obliged to court the protection of a handful of merchants in the Peninsula, was thundering vengeance against two millions of people, who had the Atlantic between them and their pretended masters. In fact, the regency was the mere tool of the Cadiz merchants, and the orders—the dictates of their alarmed avarice. A singular fact, which we have it in our power to state, made this sufficiently evident in the eyes of the Spanish Americans.

So strong was the persuasion of the enlightened part of the Spanish people, that the news of the dispersion of the Central Junta would excite commotions in America, that the regency, in spite

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spite of its short sighted policy, found it necessary to do something in favour of the colonies, which might reconcile them to their government, and preserve their union with Spain. The measure of granting them a free trade was proposed by the minister of the Indies, and ardently seconded by his under-secretary, a man distinguished in the revolution of Spain for his zeal and patriotism. This was a few days after the installation of the regency, when the new government, though timid and irresolute, had not entirely submitted to the yoke of the mercantile Junta of Cadiz. The measure was put in practice after the pitiful, intriguing manner of the old court. The order was signed by the minister and secretly printed; precautions were then taken to send it with the same secrecy to the colonies, that when the merchants came to the knowledge of it, it might be too late to repeal it. The whole transaction, however, transpired; and the rage of the mercantile junta knew no bounds. The regents were intimidated, and submitted to the disgrace of charging their minister and his under-secretary with having forged the order. Both of them were arrested; a counter order was issued, and the two prisoners were then set at liberty, without any farther inquiry.

But the most lamentable part of the American revolution was now at hand. The kingdom of Mexico had enjoyed an apparent tranquillity since the conspiracy of the Spaniards against the viceroy. The Central Junta had given the civil command of that kingdom to the archbishop, who, though an European by birth, was beloved by the creoles for his moderation. The Spanish government had happily stumbled on one good measure; the rest, however, were calculated to increase the disaffection.

The Viceroy had been deposed merely because he appeared favourable to the plan of erecting a junta for the government of Mexico, when Spain was without a supreme power. The Spaniards of the capital, who had defeated this plan, were already become unpopular from the intoxication of success; when intelligence arrived that the Central Junta had lavished on them its highest honours. The state of the creoles became intolerable when, in addition to the insults which they had borne, their friend the archbishop was removed from the command; and the high court of justice, whom they considered as their most violent enemies, made temporary governors of the kingdom, until the arrival of the viceroy Venegas, nominated by the new regency of Cadiz.

Although the regular forces of Mexico had checked the spirit of insurrection, those who know the state of civilization at which that kingdom has arrived, and which puts it, according to Humboldt, at the head of the Spanish colonies in every respect, will easily suppose that discontented and enterprising individuals could not be wanting, who would watch every opportunity of shaking off

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the Spanish yoke. In fact, several of this description were to be found among the military and clergy, and even among the monks of New Spain. The most conspicuous was a country vicar of the name of Hidalgo, who enjoyed a valuable living in Dolores, a considerable town in the province of Valladolid Mechoacan. Hidalgo was a man of no vulgar talents, and of a knowledge far superior to that of the clergy of New Spain; this, as was commonly the case, had excited suspicions of his orthodoxy. We find that he had been acoused to the Inquisition, but had the good fortune or the art to remove their jealousy. He had thoroughly gained the affections of the Indians, whom he had taken great pains to enlighten. Several manufactories had risen by his care, and he had even established a foundry of cannon, alleging the immense advantage which might accrue to the crown from it, there being some rich copper mines in the neighbourhood of his parish.

When the Viceroy was deposed by the Spaniards of Mexico, the troops constantly stationed, in times of war, between that capital and Vera Cruz, to prevent any attempt which our cruisers might make on that coast, were ordered into the interior. The regiment of cavalry de la Reyna was sent to San Miguel el Grande, a populous town in the vicinity of Dolores. Three captains of the names of Allende, Aldama, and Abasolo, who served in that regiment, were natives of the place, and friends of the vicar Hidalgo, whom they readily joined. Their activity was extraordinary in disseminating discontent, and pourtraying, with the darkest colours, whatever tended to alienate the minds of the natives, in the actual circumstances of Spain.

Allende was sent to Queretaro, one of the most considerable towns in the kingdom of Mexico, where he recruited a great number of partizans. The Spaniards perceived that something was in agitation among the creoles, and their suspicions fell upon the mayor or corregidor of the town. Information was sent to some of the Acuerdo, or corporation, which was, at that time, split into two parties. Those who received it concealed it from the rest, and privately advised the Spaniards of Queretaro to act, with respect to the corregidor, as those of the capital had with the viceroy. The corregidor was accordingly seized and sent to Mexico. This second instance of insubordination, and contempt of the law—this trampling upon all authority in the person of a magistrate who proved to be innocent of the crime imputed to him, furnished a new pretence to the chiefs of the insurrection for instigating the creoles against that handful of Spaniards who considered themselves superior to all established authority.

Venegas was now arrived at Vera Cruz, and the report of his bringing new honours for the enemies of the late viceroy, Yturrigaray,

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garay, inflamed the whole creole population. Hidalgo and his associates, indignant at this fresh outrage, and dreading the discovery of their plan, determined to hasten its execution. On the 17th of September, 1810, the vicar assembled the Indians to a sermon, the drift of which was to point out the tyranny of the Europeans, the state to which the treachery of the Spaniards had brought the Peninsula, and the danger of being delivered up to the French or the English, who would assuredly extirpate the holy catholic religion.

Nothing could more strongly affect the minds of the poor Indians. Ignorance is a soil where superstition strikes deep; and the showy rites of catholicism, together with the visible objects of its worship, have so completely secured the affections of the American Indians, that they submit to be implicitly governed at the nod of a priest. Hidalgo ended his discourse with calling his Indians to arms; and to arms they flew with incredible fury. Allende appeared at the side of Hidalgo, and they led the mob to the town of St. Miguel el Grande, where the houses of the Spaniards were pillaged. No sooner was the insurrection at Dolores known, than the mass of the inhabitants of the extensive kingdom of Mechoacan acknowledged the authority of Hidalgo. Three regiments of veterans joined his standard, the towns of Salamanca and Valladolid fell into his hands. Wherever he appeared, crouds of Indians flocked to his army. The wealthy town of Guanaxuato, in the vicinity of which lay the richest mine of Mexico, supplied him with five millions of dollars. The insurgents possessed every thing but discipline and good leaders.

Meanwhile Venegas, who had now taken possession of his command at Mexico, was not wanting to himself. He secured the town of Queretaro, which may be considered as the key to Mexico. He awed into submission the creoles of the capital by forming a camp with his troops without the walls. The governors of St. Luis Potosi, and Guadalaxara armed the militia of the country; and even the wealthy creoles of the principal towns supported the cause of the Spaniards in order to avoid suspicion.

The insurgents, instead of falling immediately upon Mexico, marched to Valladolid, which they entered on the 20th of October, amidst the shouts of the Indian and creole population. The greatest marks of honour were bestowed upon Hidalgo by the corporations of the town, and a million and half of dollars were emptied into his military chest from the royal treasury. Two regiments of veteran cavalry joined him at this place. The province of Guadalaxara and the city of Zacatecas were also at his devotion. His army being now extremely large, he flattered himself that the viceroy would not hazard an action, and that the capital contained such a number of dissaffected, as would oblige him to surrender it as

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soon as the insurgents came in sight. In this belief he marched to Toluca, while the troops of the viceroy fell back on Lerma.

While Hidalgo was advancing towards Mexico, another corps pushed through Ajusco to Cuernabaca, to take possession of the neighbouring part of the coast of the Pacific Ocean. The main body of the vice-royal troops had gone too far to the north, and nothing was known of it in the capital.

Mexico was in imminent danger. The populace and a considerable part of the higher classes hated the Spaniards. Venegas had but a handful of men on whom he could rely. In this critical moment he resorted to an expedient which, however ridiculous it may appear in our eyes, was assuredly the only thing that saved him. He applied to the archbishop and the Inquisition for a sentence of excommunication against Hidalgo, and all his troops and abetters. The Mexicans were struck with terror; and the whole town remained quiet as if every inhabitant had been put in shackles.

But the dreadful sentence made no impression in the insurgent camp, where Hidalgo, himself a priest, easily persuaded his Indians that the excommunication would fall upon the archbishop. The army had now advanced to the mount of las Cruzes, a few miles from Mexico, where a division of the Spanish troops defended the pass. The insurgents dispersed them without difficulty and presented themselves before the capital. But Hidalgo wanted decision. He summoned the town when he should have stormed it. The summons was answered with contempt, and the next morning his troops were seen retiring without any farther effort.

Hidalgo's natural moderation and horror of bloodshed were reported to be the causes of this apparent timidity. It is well known that he alleviated the evils of war as much as possible, and that he sometimes ordered the artillery to fire upon his troops, when he had no other means to prevent pillage and devastation. His summons to the viceroy is said to have been very moderate; for he declared that his only desire was to see a junta established for the government of the kingdom; and that it was his intention to send immediate supplies of money to the Peninsula. That Hidalgo's proposals were calculated to conciliate the public opinion, we are at liberty to conjecture from the care which the Viceroy employed to conceal them from the inhabitants of Mexico. The true cause of Hidalgo's retreat, however, was the information he received of the advantages which the main corps of the vice-royal troops had gained in his rear. General Callejas, who commanded them, had taken the town of Dolores where the revolution began, and massacred all the inhabitants. Hidalgo wanted skill to secure his retreat, and watch the movements of the Spaniards; and he was now obliged

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obliged to fall back in confusion. Callejas met the insurgents at Aculco, and completely defeated them. He then directed his march to Guanaxuato, which he entered on the 25th of November, taking a dreadful revenge on the inhabitants. Another corps of Spaniards, under General Cruz, entered the town of Irapurato, repeating the same cruelties and horrors.

The catastrophe of Hidalgo was now at hand. He had just reached the Provincias Internas with a considerable body of forces, which still followed his fortunes, when the governor of that part of the kingdom offered him his alliance. Hidalgo and his companions trusted to his faith, and incautiously presented themselves for a conference, when they were seized, and immediately put to death, as if the Spaniards were afraid of having them rescued out of their hands.

The insurrection however was far from being terminated by the death of its authors. The whole creole and Indian population had now risen and formed detached corps in every part of the kingdom. The system of guerrillas has been adopted by the Mexican insurgents, who improve every hour in boldness and dexterity. There are even large organized corps commanded by more skilful leaders than Hidalgo. One Rayon, a lawyer, had established an insurgent government at Zitaquaro. When that town was in danger of falling into the Viceroy's hands, Rayon and his partizans made good their escape, and joined another numerous band of insurgents under the priest, Morelos. This chief has lately obtained considerable advantages:—but it would be an endless task to trace the actual state of the country from the confused and partial accounts of the Viceroy, the only official information which is allowed to reach Europe. Suffice it to say, that, according to the last letters from Mexico, all the roads from the interior were occupied within a few days march of the capital, the fate of which depended on the resistance of an inconsiderable body of troops, which, as its losses could not be supplied, must finally perish by the effects of its own victories. Trade was at a stand; and the mines were totally abandoned, with the exception of one which an insurgent chief had been working for eight or ten months, and with the produce of which he had been able to support his army. Several persons of the first rank had quitted the city, and gone over to the insurgents; from which it was naturally concluded that the chances of ultimate success began to appear in their favour.

We could not avoid some diffusion in treating of the most important and bloody revolution of Spanish America. Few words will suffice for the rest.

The insurgents of Caracas were divided into two parties: those

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who wished to acknowledge Ferdinand the VIIth for their king, and to govern themselves by the Spanish laws, under the auspices of a national congress; and those who, actuated by a decided hatred of the Spaniards, and the exaggerated ideas of liberty which they had acquired from the French republicans, were determined to make Venezuela an independent state, a truly democratic republic. The moderate party was supported at first by public opinion, which, as we have already observed, was favourable to the mother-country: but the ill-judged attempts of the Spanish commissioner at Puerto Rico, to overthrow the revolutionary government, and to support the refractory towns of Coro and Maracaybo against the rest of the province, had the worst possible consequences. The insurgents, who were without military leaders, had been defeated by those of Coro, when General Miranda, who had hastened to Caracas on hearing of the revolution, arrived at La Guaira. His ambition was so much dreaded by the majority of the Junta, that orders had been issued to prevent his landing in his native country; but circumstances were now changed, and his partizans insinuated that he was the only person under whose guidance they could look for victory. Miranda behaved at first with great moderation, and waited until the meeting of the general congress, to which he contrived to get himself elected by one of the most insignificant villages of the province. The majority proved to be composed of republicans; and few sittings had taken place when they declared themselves absolutely independent, and constituted a government which they called *The United Provinces of Venezuela.* All their proceedings from that period are tinged with a jacobinical hue. A declaration of the *Rights of Man* was issued as the basis of the new political fabric, and the people were called on to be judges of the conduct of their government, while the gaols were crowded with persons merely suspected of being disaffected, and the heads of many of the citizens, stuck upon poles before the gates of the city, stood as a comment which might elucidate *The Rights of Man* to the unwary. Scarcely had those horrors begun to subside, and the government to be more settled after the subjugation of the refractory town of Valencia by the troops of Miranda, when a most dreadful earthquake reduced the capital to ruins. La Guaira met with the same fate. But the congress, after the publication of a constitution in which they very nearly copied that of the United States, issued a decree for changing their residence to Valencia, which they appointed to be the federal town. Thus, it seems, they have escaped the calamity which destroyed so many thousands of their fellow citizens. What effect this extraordinary catastrophe may have upon the superstitious people

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people of South America, who, from its peculiar circumstances,* will easily believe it a visible sign of the wrath of heaven, and in what degree it may check the progress of the system of independence, it is difficult to decide. It seems probable, however, that the awful impression which it must have left on the minds of the people, will eventually lead to some rational plan of conciliation with the mother-country.

The province of Cartagena has followed the plan laid down by Caracas. We have before us their act of absolute independence, published on the 11th of November, 1811. Of the present state of the kingdom of Santa Fe our information is scanty and obscure. It seems that, although they have declared themselves absolutely independent of the Spanish government at Cadiz, they acknowledge Ferdinand the Seventh as their king. Quito and Chile are in a similar state.

The contest between the Junta of Buenos Ayres and the Spanish governor of Monte Video has been attended with various success. The first attempt to raise an army at Cordoba against the insurgents proved fatal to the gallant Linniers, who had undertaken to command it. He was deserted by his raw and undisciplined troops, as soon as the insurgents appeared before the town. Abandoned by his friends, he endeavoured to escape the pursuit of the enemy; but was overtaken and cruelly put to death by those whom he had formerly defended. Another victory of the insurgents at Zuipacha extended their dominion over a considerable part of Peru. It was their intention to proceed to Lima, in the hopes of promoting the insurrection to which the inhabitants of that province were well disposed; but the viceroy found time to collect a powerful army, and the insurgent forces were completely dispersed at Guaqui, in August, 1811. This reverse, together with the entrance of the Portugueze troops into the territory of Buenos Ayres, in favour of Montevideo, produced a new revolution in the capital, in consequence of which the Junta was obliged to create a government, composed of five members, who were to exercise the supreme power in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh. One of these goes out of office every six months, and the successor is nominated by a conservative Junta composed of deputies from the different towns. By the influence of this new government an armistice was

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* The revolution broke out at Caracas early in the afternoon of a Maundy Thursday, one of the most solemn festivals in Catholic countries; and the earthquake took place on the same festival, and at the same hour, this year. Caracas was the first town of Spanish America which effected a revolution, and the first which declared itself independent.

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signed with Montevideo on the 20th of October. It was, however, of very short duration. The commander of Montevideo was not inclined to send away the Portugueze; and the government of Buenos Ayres refused to withdraw its army while they remained. An engagement took place between the Portugueze and the insurgents, in which the latter seem to have been successful. The governor of Montevideo bombarded the town with little effect; and both parties are now more violent than ever, each accusing the other of being the aggressor.

This impartial, but cursory sketch, which is all that our limits will allow, may enable the reader to form a correct idea of the causes which produced the revolution in Spanish America. He must have observed that the creole population, with few exceptions, was cordially attached to the mother-country; that the habits of respect and veneration for Spain which they inherited from their ancestors, made them patiently submit to the arbitrary power of the court of Madrid, though they were not blind to its injustice; that for these habits, which the dispersion of the old court of Madrid materially deranged, were substituted sympathy and compassion on the breaking out of the war; but that the defeats and misfortunes of the revolutionary governments of Spain, together with the suspicions of treachery, of which they were generally accused, gradually abated the enthusiasm; and it must naturally have occurred, that nothing but a system of justice and liberality could rekindle their affection, and preserve their friendship with the mother-country after the dispersion of the Central Junta, and the entrance of the French into Andalusia.

The weak and short-sighted politicians who influenced the first regency thought otherwise; and treated the American revolution with a degree of severity which seemed to proceed from passion rather than justice, and exasperated the complaint that prudence might have mitigated or removed. A declaration of war from a distant, unsettled, and new-born government, whose titles to command were grounded upon mere necessity, must have greatly increased the dissatisfaction which the preceding events had excited.

The Cortes might have recalled the colonies to their first sentiments. The veneration which that ancient, and almost sacred name insured to the representatives of the Spanish nation; the additional interest derived from the circumstances under which the Spanish people were about to be reinstated in their old and constitutional privileges, made them the absolute masters of the general opinion through the whole extent of the Spanish possessions; but, unfortunately, they were assembled in the very focus of hostility against America, and this circumstance placed their members in an awkward

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awkward dilemma. Anxious for popularity, they had to chuse between the applause of the people of Cadiz, and that which, though repeated by millions, would but late and faintly be echoed from beyond the seas. The Cortes took the natural course of human weakness—present gratifications outweighed the dread of distant evils, and the mercantile interest prevailed.

No sacrifice of importance was required to check the disaffection which was rapidly spreading through the colonies. A frank and liberal disapprobation of the angry measures of the regency would have produced an instant and favourable change. But so strong was the influence which biassed the Cortes upon this subject, that notwithstanding the signs of displeasure with which the regency had been dismissed, its conduct towards America was approved and followed. The war was continued against those provinces, which though sworn subjects of Ferdinand the Seventh, the regency had not hesitated to declare rebels.

This injudicious policy, less the effect of conviction, than of accidental influence, placed the Cortes in a singular situation with respect to the theoretical principles which they were about to promulgate as the basis of their proceedings. Instead of deriving their power from the king, as all the other Spanish governments had done during the revolution, they formally declared, that the only source and fountain of their authority was—the *sovereignty of the people.* Such a principle once established, the rest becomes a matter of arithmetical calculation. The American Spaniards had been always acknowledged by the laws as an integral part of the Spanish people; the Cortes had confirmed them in that right, and they naturally expected to have their share in the throne assigned by the *Rule* of *Three.* But the Cortes were not so correct in arithmetic as they appeared to be in metaphysics; and while the European part of the *sovereign* was composed of more than one hundred members, the American was reduced to twenty-four. It was scarcely to be expected that a body so philosophically constituted should require the allegiance of the American provinces, as a previous and indispensable step to the cessation of hostilities. True it is, that the Americans were told anew, that they were equal IN RIGHTS to the old Spaniards; but those rights, however natural and inherent, they were not to enjoy until the Spanish Cortes had formed a constitution in which their share in the sovereignty would be fixed!

This was, certainly, affording very strong arms to the Theorists of Spanish America. The Cortes were attacked with their own arguments in an unanswerable manner, and their injustice towards the colonies was made palpable in the addresses and proclamations which

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which the new governments spread among the people. Such is the danger of abandoning the practical paths of wisdom, and making abstract and general truisms the ground work of a system of government! The Cortes, we are sorry to observe, have shewn a decided taste for these philosophical speculations—and the *sovereignty* of *the people*, which they have consecrated into a political creed, in order to build upon it the whole edifice of the new Spanish constitution, may, one day, prove the ruin of the internal liberty of Spain, as it has already dissolved that bond of affectionate loyalty which preserved the union between her and her American possessions.

Had the leaders of the American revolution succeeded in inspiring a certain degree of confidence in their wisdom and integrity, nothing could have induced a native of those countries to adhere to the government of the Peninsula, except personal views and connexions, or a sentiment of the most heroic generosity; fortunately, however, for Spain, the revolutionary governments which have hitherto appeared in her colonies, present but an indifferent prospect of happiness to their country. The moderate and prudent first *Junta* of *Caracas* has been succeeded by a turbulent Congress, completely swayed by Miranda and his violent and ambitious partizans: their steps have been marked with bloodshed and oppression, ever since the declaration of their independence. A Jacobin club, under the title of *Sociedad Patriotica*, has been established. It seems to be composed of hot-brained philosophists, who dispose of the lives of their fellow citizens according to the code of liberty which inundated France with blood, and prepared the ground for the growth of the present military despotism.

Buenos Ayres seems to have suffered considerably under the sway of the faction which has been lately defeated. The Junta was divided into two parties, the most violent of which took the lead when the revolution broke out, and disgraced itself by murder and rapine:—the first in the execution of Linniers; the second, in the expedition which was sent to conquer Potosi and revolutionize Lima, under the direction of a lawyer, who, in imitation of the National Assembly, was to represent the Junta, at the head of the army.

Thus the conduct of the two principal governments which the revolution has produced (for the insurgents of Mexico have not yet been able to exercise any political power,) must have materially checked the enthusiasm with which the American population welcomed the prospect of emancipation. Born under a despotic government, and accustomed from their infancy to take little or no concern in political questions, the mass of the creole proprietors must

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must consider themselves as placed between two evils, the Spanish and the revolutionary governments. The unsettled state of their country, and the horrors of a civil war, in which the Indians and people of colour are likely to be let loose upon them, must painfully agitate the bosoms of a people who have hitherto sacrificed every thing to their quiet and indolent habits.

It is upon the influence and support of this part of the Spanish American people, that the hopes of an accommodation with the mother country must rest. Commissioners have been named by our government, for the purpose of pacification, a step which we cannot but cordially applaud. We only regret to see their detention at Cadiz, when, in our opinion, the evil which they are destined to remedy, is becoming every instant more dangerous and incurable. That our commissioners will be received with open arms by a great part of the creole population, who are at this moment trembling between the dread of American democracy, and of Spanish revenge, we confidently hope and expect. But we would entreat those who have it in their power to facilitate their arrival, to consider, that the influence and numbers of this party are naturally decreasing apace. Feeble, indeed, both must already be at Mexico, if we may judge from the constant effects of cruelty and revenge in civil wars. We know indeed from undoubted authority, that all the horrors which disgraced the conquest of that empire, are, in our days, literally repeated. The progress of the viceroyal troops, is marked with devastation and blood, and the forces which were lately sent thither by the Cortes, threaten to confirm the hatred of the Americans, by augmenting the number of victims already sacrificed to the revenge and fury of the contending parties.

In those parts of America where the revolutionists have met with less opposition, two evils may be feared from the continuation of hostilities—French influence—and a destructive anarchy. That the former is not an imaginary danger, we could prove by authentic documents, if there were any one so ignorant of the activity of French intrigue as to doubt the existence of the fact. The first attempt of the French Usurper, was to preserve the possessions annexed to the crown of Spain. Since, however, he has seen the impossibility of securing it for his brother, and discovered that the hatred of the American Spaniards was no less violent than that which was so nobly evinced by their brethren of the Peninsula, he has adopted the plan of depriving Spain of the support of her colonies. We have before us a list of the names of thirty-one Spaniards, who were chosen at Madrid by the intrusive government, and sent to Spanish America, through the United States, for the purpose of exciting a revolution. A Frenchman of the name of Desmolard, resident at Baltimore,

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Baltimore, was the chief agent. The Spanish minister to the United States endeavoured to trace out the intrigue, and succeeded in getting a copy of the Instructions, which the French agent gave to his emissaries in the name of Joseph Napoleon. One of these documents was in the possession of the Captain General of Venezuela, when the revolution broke out; and was transmitted by the Junta, who discovered it among the government papers, to the British Admiral at Barbadoes, as a proof of their abhorrence of the French.* We entertain, indeed, no doubts of the hatred of the Spanish Americans to that people; and we are perfectly sure that there is no danger of any of the colonies submitting to Buonaparte, or to any king of his making. But while the civil war continues, a field is open to French intrigue; to emissaries, who, under pretence of promoting the liberty and independence of the country, will labour to increase the devastation, in order to deprive Spain of her resources.

It should not be concealed that the insurgents have at their disposal a tremendous engine, which they may employ to the destruction of the country, if the Cortes improvidently persist in the plan of subjugating them by force of arms; we mean the Indians and the people of colour, who constitute more than two-thirds of the whole population, and who, once set free from the bonds of subordination, will probably repeat the horrid scenes of St. Domingo. Should the Spaniards and creoles agree in time to lay down their arms, these hordes of demi-savages, might be readily reduced to their former habits of submission; but every moment must add to the difficulty, and the efforts which would now be successful, may, if the contest continues, prove either ineffectual or fatal.

The conditions upon which the colonies might remain united to the mother-country have been frequently discussed. Were it otherwise, we should pause before we entered into the question which the contending parties can only decide, according to their peculiar views, and the circumstances of the moment. We shall only add, that whatever tends to restore tranquillity and happiness to Spanish America, and insure to the mother-country those supplies, without which our brave allies must faint in the noble struggle in which they are engaged, will meet with our cordial and unlimited approbation.

* This important paper appeared in the Spanish Journal *El Espanol*, No. XI.

ART.

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ART. II. *A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P. on the Subject of Reform in the Representation of the People in Parliament.* By William Roscoe, Esq. Liverpool. 1811. pp. 16.
An Answer to a Letter from Mr. John Merritt on the Subject of Parliamentary Reform. By William Roscoe. Liverpool. 1812. pp. 79.

'THEE gentler arts befit, and milder wars.' Few spectacles, indeed, can be more incongruous than that of Mr. Roscoe, engaged in the turmoils and hustlings of Brentford warfare. To those who are acquainted with the literary productions of this author, his name is associated with a number of images mostly classical and altogether pacific, and must suggest the notion of a genius, not only consecrated to the muses, but distinguished rather for the quality of taste than force or originality. He is contemplated as a sort of *Lorenzino;*—a designation by which we, of course, mean no allusion to the varlet actually so called, but would merely indicate the impression naturally produced by the style and manner of Mr. Roscoe in his best works;—a mingled impression of something elegant, Florentine, and slender.

The history of Lorenzo de Medici was overrated at its first appearance, but well merits a place in our libraries. What with its classic appearance and valuable information, its English and Italian, its prose and verse, its uniform composure and not rare affectation, its frontispieces and vignettes, its splendour of type and expanse of margin, it may perhaps be characterised as exhibiting somewhat like that union of neatness, pretension, and cheerlessness which belongs to the modern idea of a cold collation. 'Scribebat,' says Pliny of *Silius Italicus*—and we protest against any invidious application of that name—'majore curâ quam ingenio.'

The second great attempt of our author on Italian history proved by no means equally successful. Its faults were greater, its virtues less; and, by a singular infelicity, though it discovered few tokens of spirit or genius, it could still less lay claim to the praise of correct composition. The historian, also, somewhat unnecessarily, as it appears to us, and beyond doubt, somewhat inauspiciously embroiled himself, to a certain extent at least, with the Reformation; a circumstance, however, for which the subsequent discovery of his political opinions may possibly enable us to account; for the reformers of the sixteenth century are in no great favour, we suspect, with those of the eighteenth and nineteenth. Yet the positive delinquencies which deformed the history of Leo the Tenth, were protected from observation by the negative fault of dulness. It was screened by clouds of its own raising; and the literary character of Mr.

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Mr. Roscoe still continues to be estimated by his first and best performance, excepting indeed so far as another and more popular test has been furnished by his verses, some of which possess considerable merit. Among the latter, we would particularly instance two bagatelle pieces, the Butterfly's Ball and the Butterfly's Funeral, which might not unaptly be described as *a pair of brilliants.* They are very pleasing specimens of that description of poetry, the excellence of which consists not in strength of wing, but in beauty of plume and lightness of movement; and, by their prettiness and *volancy*, seem altogether suited to their subject.

Thus deeming of Mr. Roscoe, we cannot, without a certain mixture of surprize and regret, contemplate the exchange which he has lately made, in laying aside the lyre of the muses for the brickbats of reform. The sensations produced by such a metamorphosis are similar to those with which we should view one of his own handsome and costly volumes in the heavy hands of citizen Cobbett or Waithman. At the same time, we blame not the proceeding; but, having discharged our minds of the feelings which it is calculated to excite, shall proceed to examine the pamphlets before us with no other recollections respecting the former compositions of the author than may merely serve to mitigate the rigour of criticism.

The history of these publications is, so far as we can collect, shortly the following. Mr. Brougham having penned a treatise on reform, in the shape of a letter, of which he printed a limited number of copies for the use of his friends, some accident guided this production into the pages of a periodical work; but the farther circulation of it was, on the complaint of the writer, stayed by the authority of the Court of Chancery. Mr. Roscoe, however, formed one of the narrow circle originally favoured with a perusal of the letter; and Mr. Roscoe thought proper to answer it in a tract, which he subsequently gave to the world, and which is no other than the *first* of the publications mentioned in the title of this article. Mr. Roscoe was publicly answered by Mr. Merritt, whose answer forthwith occasioned a rejoinder; and that rejoinder constitutes the *second* of the publications under review. With the treatise of Mr. Brougham we have no concern, for it is not regularly before the tribunal of the public. Of that of Mr. Merritt we can say nothing, for it has not chanced to fall within our view. Our attention, therefore, must be exclusively confined to the two letters of Mr. Roscoe; but even here nothing is more remote from our purpose than to harass the public with an extended discussion respecting the question of reform. The truth is that there are certain reasons for which we hold ourselves absolved, in this place at least, from the task of any such discussion; and the validity of those

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those reasons the reader will quickly have an opportunity of estimating.

The design of these letters Mr. Roscoe has himself explained with great frankness. 'The opinions of the thinking part of the public' were divided, both as to the specific nature of a parliamentary reform, and 'as to the expediency of any reform whatever.' It was the object of the letter to Mr. Brougham 'to conciliate these opinions, and to state the leading features of such a reform as might be effectual, safe, and practicable.' But men are not to be governed, like bees, *pulveris exigui jactû*, by a handful of dust; and Mr. Roscoe found that a shilling pamphlet of sixteen pages failed to appease contentions which, for upwards of a century, have, more or less, agitated the mind and troubled the press of the country. His best resource appeared to be in doubling the dose; and accordingly, forth issues another pamphlet of considerably greater dimensions. Now for the benevolence of his intentions we give this author the fullest credit; and we have no doubt of his abilities; but, far from wondering that both should have proved unequal to the miracle which he proposed, we cannot but feel the strongest apprehension that the demons of dispute will outface even his second and stronger charm.

'—— Quâcunque viam virtute petivit,
Successum dea dira negat.'

Exclusively, however, of the impediments that are opposed to this attempted conciliation by the pugnacity of mankind, there is one obstacle, for the existence of which the writer himself seems responsible, and which, as we fear, he will scarcely be able to surmount without the agency of a third and still more bulky pamphlet. An internal enemy discomfits his endeavours. His pages are divided against each other; the latter end of a paragraph is apt to forget the beginning; nor should we despair of reconciling him with Mr. Brougham, and even with Mr. Merritt, could we possibly effect his peace with Mr. Roscoe. If this statement be just, it appears to follow that he must once more make proof of his conciliatory skill, and that not on the anti-reformers or the moderate reformers, but on himself. In which event, however, we would humbly suggest a doubt, whether he might not with advantage adopt a somewhat less stern and blunt manner of expression than he has occasionally employed towards his external opponents.

That the zeal of our respectable author on this favourite but unfortunate subject, has really betrayed him into the inconsistencies alluded to, we shall now briefly endeavour to shew; and, should this preliminary objection against his reasonings be made good, we can hardly conceive ourselves under any obligation to investigate those reasonings in detail.

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The advocates of a parliamentary reform are, by Mr. Roscoe, divided into 'two bodies of friends;' for 'he will not,' he declares, 'call them two parties.' On the one side are those who, with Mr. Brougham, recommend a reform in detail, or, in other words, a succession of partial reforms; and to this class the author affixes the appellation, unless indeed they have rather adopted it themselves, of *the friends of moderate reform.* On the other side are to be placed those 'eager advocates of reform,' who, with Mr. Roscoe, propose, for the attainment of this very desirable result, 'one great and decisive measure;' and on these gentlemen we shall, for want of a better title, beg leave to confer that of 'wholesale reformers.' It is from the remarks of the author on the characters and objects of these parties respectively, that we shall deduce our first proof of the civil discord which, as we submit, unhappily embroils his pages.

In the outset of the letter to Mr. Brougham, the writer thus expresses himself with regard to the 'two bodies of friends' just mentioned.

'Whatever differences of opinion may subsist among them (the advocates of reform) are not occasioned by any difference with respect to their ultimate object, but by a diversity of opinion as to the means by which such object is most likely to be obtained.'—p. 3.

Now it certainly cannot be thought very astonishing that certain '*differences of opinion*' should be 'occasioned' by a certain '*diversity of opinion*;' for such an event may seem as natural as that leverets should be the progeny of hares. Nor shall we very anxiously remind the author that he has, after all, forborne to state what *are* the differences of opinion subsisting among the friends of reform; that, while he sufficiently describes the parent diversity which produces, he has afforded no description of the young-eyed differences that are produced. Our concern, fortunately, is not with the exact construction of the sentence, but with its evident tendency. In which view we cannot deem ourselves unreasonable in collecting from it that, according to Mr. Roscoe, the great end and object which the various friends of reform have at heart are one and the same, and that the mutual bearing and demeanour of these persons should consequently be that of kindness and fraternity.

Observations of a still more conciliatory nature succeed. Concerning the two modes of reform respectively proposed by the 'two bodies of friends,' the author remarks that it little matters which mode be adopted, provided one mode be adopted by all; or, in other words, that the nature of the plan of reform pursued is of much less consequence than the hearty concurrence of the reformers.

'Could this union of opinion (he says) be effected, it would be of little importance whether the object were accomplished by one measure or by a succession of measures; but until this can be done, those persons

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sons of a more cool and deliberate temperament, will accuse their warmer friends of sacrificing the whole by grasping at too much; whilst the eager advocates of reform will suspect, that those steps, which they will call half measures, are only calculated to frustrate their hopes, and defeat their labours.'—pp. 3, 4.

A sentence this, which, to our apprehension, seems somewhat overloaded, if we may so express ourselves, with outside passengers. The first clause is pretty plainly superfluous; for, let the proposed union of opinion be effected or not, it still must evidently be of little importance whether the object of reform be 'accomplished by one measure or by a succession of measures.' If that object were accomplished at all, both parties would be gratified; for their *wishes* are one, however disunited their *opinions*. But the sentence on the whole, appears sufficiently to imply—and therefore have we quoted it—that, in the judgment of our author, if the two classes of reformers will but agree, their common purpose may as well, or nearly as well, be accomplished by a gradation of reform as by a reform once for all.

Having established these preliminary propositions, our author proceeds to make use of the ground which he has gained, in the execution of a manœuvre for which we must own that we were not altogether prepared. In fact, he now turns short on the friends of moderate reform, declaring to them that a junction between the two bodies of friends is indeed highly expedient and little less easy, but that the wholesale reformers have no intention of joining the moderates, and that the latter, therefore, will do well to join the wholesale reformers. On this proceeding, however, had this been all, though we cannot but consider it as somewhat unusual and startling, we do not see that any charge of inconsistency could with propriety have been founded. The traveller would not be inconsistent who should thus address his comrade; 'it is of the last importance to us both that we should ride double; one of these horses will carry us about as well as the other; therefore, since I am determined not to ride behind you, do you forthwith mount up behind me.' We mean to say that the mode of reasoning pursued in such an exhortation, unexpected and rather ungracious as it might appear, would be at least coherent, the conclusion very fairly flowing from the premises.

But Mr. Roscoe, not altogether content with this homely sort of logic, has held a somewhat different language, and that, it must be confessed, scarcely less to the embarrassment of his simple-minded reviewers than to the utter confusion and overthrow of his friends the moderées. The great argument, with which he plies that gentle body both in front and rear, is no other than the utter *impracticability* of a gradual reform, even should the project be adopted by

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all the reformers in a mass. Notwithstanding an end is made of all 'diversity of opinion' as to the *principle*, there will spring up self-produced, it seems, endless and insuperable 'differences of opinion' as to the *detail*. The scheme, also, will encounter an almost irresistible opposition from 'the patrons of corruption,'—'the advocates of existing abuses,'—'the adherents of the present corrupt system;' every single step of the gradual process exciting the enmity of these monsters at least as effectually as the entire measure of a wholesale change. In one word, the scheme is 'impracticable;' and the reasoning of the traveller apparently resolves itself into this piece of *reformed* logic; 'it is a matter of perfect indifference which horse we ride; but do you mount up behind me, for your horse is a dead one.'

To be serious, we should, perhaps, not have considered these inconsistencies as hopeless, and, indeed, had determined to splash through them as lightly as we might, when we found ourselves breast-deep in the following very decisive declaration.

'A full, effectual, and constitutional representation of the people in parliament is now become essential to the safety and preservation of the country, and the friends of reform must therefore concede to each other those differences of opinion as to the mere mode and manner of obtaining it, which have hitherto been the chief impediments to their success; and above all things, should be cautious how they prevent its being carried into effect, either by giving rise to a diversity of opinions on a subject in which there is only ONE OPINION that *can* meet with universal assent; or, by attempting only *partial* and *imperfect* amendments, which, if not adopted, will injure the cause they are intended to promote; and, *if effected, can only be considered as having been purchased by a voluntary resignation on the part of the people, of those inalienable privileges which they received from their ancestors, and ought to transmit to their descendants.*'—p. 15.

The former clauses of this 'period of a mile,' we have cited only as introductory to the remainder; nor shall we make any other remark on them than that, even exclusively considered, they contain what very nearly amounts to a repetition of the argument of the dead horse. It is to the concluding member of the sentence that we would particularly direct the attention of the reader, and we have with that view placed it in italics. For, applying to the interpretation of the passage the best faculties of which we are possessed, we find it susceptible only of one meaning. It does to our judgment necessarily imply that the project of a gradual reform is *wrong in point of principle;* that such a project must essentially and by its nature compromise away the very end at which it professes ultimately to aim; and, consequently, that, with whatever unanimity on the part of the reformers it may be undertaken,

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taken, so far from securing to them that which is their common object, it will only supply their adversaries with a plea in bar of their proceedings, and a plea not to be repelled. If our construction be erroneous, the means of confutation are in the hands of the reader; if it be correct, we cannot reconcile Mr. Roscoe with himself.

Unfortunately, this reformed opinion as to the nature of the project, operates also with respect to the projectors. At the outset, the author seemed to esteem the moderate reformers as brethren, having their own crotchets, indeed, on minor points, but yet staunch to the cause. He would not even describe them as a distinct *party;* they were *friends.* He seemed anxious to absolve them from the suspicions of 'the eager advocates of reform;' and the accomplishment of a thorough union between 'these two bodies of friends' was the declared object of his pamphleteering. The following are some of the topics advanced in the execution of this purpose.

'To adhere pertinaciously, and exclusively, to any plan which falls short of this, (the system of general suffrage,) is to introduce a subject of dissension, and will always be liable to be considered, by those who found their opinions upon principles of right and justice, not as a progress towards, but as a substitute for reform;—not as intended to forward, but to prevent the great object which they have in view.'—p. 8.

'Hence this class of individuals, the friends, as they call themselves, of *moderate reform*, who were never numerous, are gradually diminishing and must, ere long, either take a decided part, or be content to bear the imputation of a criminal indifference to the interests of their country.'—p. 12.

Et tu, Brute? This seems to be such conciliation as Europe occasionally receives from the mouth of the *Grand Pacificator.*—Such friendship, as the satyrist describes to have been conferred on the courtiers of Domitian,

'In quorum facie *miseræ magnæque* sedebat
Pallor amicitiæ.'—

Shortly afterwards, however, some softening is given to these ungentle attacks. 'This body of more moderate reformers,' is again described; no longer as a collection of hypocritical, indecisive, or criminally-unpatriotic persons, but as being, 'in general, men of a speculating and refining character, whose ideas have a tendency to ramify and diverge rather than to condense and unite. They would trim and prune the branches of the tree, instead of invigorating the root and protecting the trunk.' For ourselves, we are not conscious of any peculiar sympathy with these philosophical gentlemen; but we cannot, in common justice, help observing that, considering the excessive *tendency of their ideas to ramify*, their love of *trimming and pruning* does not appear altogether so preposterous.

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terous. Nor, to say the truth, have we discovered why errors of opinion which confessedly originate in a constitutional propensity to speculation, *refinement*, *divergence*, *ramification*, and *rarefication*, should subject men to the heavy charges of hypocrisy, and of 'a criminal indifference to the interests of their country.'

We shall be thought, perhaps, to have detained the reader somewhat unmercifully on this subject; and yet know not that we are greatly to blame. A representation of *sameness* may be quickly dispatched, but *variety* can be justly exhibited only by means of detail. For this reason, some little prolixity was unavoidable with regard to the instances which we have already adduced; and, for this reason also, it is requisite to adduce one or two farther instances. We shall next, therefore, resort to the second pamphlet, which, although somewhat more remarkable for uniformity than the first, is not altogether undistinguished by similar diversifications of sentiment.

In penning this second tract, the principal object of the author was, as has already been observed, to confirm and vindicate the doctrines of the first; but, with this very natural motive, he informs us that an additional reason conspired. He felt animated to attack certain persons of the present day, who, under the assumed denomination of *practical men*, evince a determined hostility against all improvement, and stigmatise every possible deviation from routine-maxims by the name of *theory*. If by these obnoxious characters be intended those quacks in politics who, affecting to ridicule the general rules deduced from a scientific observation of human affairs, ever grovel in the sheep-walks and cart-ruts of vulgar prejudice, our readers must be sensible that no where have such practical, or rather impracticable, men, been treated with less ceremony than in the pages of the Quarterly Review. On this point, then, we could have no quarrel with Mr. Roscoe. So far otherwise, we readily hailed him as a powerful ally, and prepared ourselves to attempt, under his guidance, an expedition which was secure of deserving success, whatever it might command.

Eumenes, the protector of the family of Alexander, is, if we are not mistaken, greatly celebrated for the stratagem by which he effected the destruction of the rebel-commander Craterus. Craterus was a favourite with the Macedonian soldiery; but Eumenes, leading against him a body of Macedonians, so contrived matters that his adversary was defeated and slain before he could be recognised. A like dexterity of management and evolution is evinced by Mr. Roscoe on his excursion against the men of practice. For let the reader image to himself our surprise on finding that the first personage of the practical army who, to all appearance, perishes under the charge of our author, is no other than the celebrated Edmund

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Edmund Burke; a character, whom we have hitherto been accustomed to revere as among the most profound masters of theory; a genius who, we should have suspected would, of all others, have been singled out by the Shallows and Slenders of the day, as a man of a *speculating, refining, ramifying, and diverging mind.* Let us hear, however, the annunciation of the fact by Mr. Roscoe himself.

'Of this very general feeling, I am sorry to observe, your letter affords an additional proof. We there find it stated, as the opinion of a *great Philosopher*, that "*in the study of politics it very generally happens, that* WHAT IS THEORETICALLY TRUE IS PRACTICALLY FALSE." "And you add, *without giving an entire assent to this* seeming paradox, *it may safely be assumed as a postulate, that there is no science in which first appearances are so often fallacious; none, in which the reasonings drawn* à priori *from general appearances differ so widely from those deduced* à posteriori, *from the evidence of facts; none in which the ultimate results will defeat so often the intentions of the original plan.*" Sentiments similar to these are distributed through the first part of your letter, and are too much in unison with the fashion of the day, not to deserve particular notice.

'Allow me, then, to observe, that the assertion made in this *seeming paradox* of a *great Philosopher*, by whom I presume you mean the late Mr. Burke, is wholly unfounded. That which is *true* in theory, cannot be *practically false.* A *theory* may, indeed, be false, and the practice founded upon it must then be erroneous; but a *true theory* is, in fact, the definition of those laws, by which any actual operation is effected; and if such laws be rightly defined, it is impossible such theory should be false, when applied to practice.'—*Answ. to Mr. Merritt*, pp. 7, 8.

So much for this victory, which, however, the author follows up with spirit through the course of another page. But historians state that the soldiers of Eumenes bitterly resented, after the battle, the death of Craterus; and, in the present case, we must own that irrepressible feelings of a similar nature have rather led us to question whether any victory has, after all, been gained. Let us be allowed to examine this matter with a little freedom.

It does not appear that the 'philosopher' to whom the paradox in question is ascribed, has been named by Mr. Merritt, the beginner of the affray. Mr. Roscoe, on his part, presumes it to be Burke; and we, on ours, are inclined to suspect that both the paradox, and a part at least of what is called the comment upon it, come, in substance, from Hume. This surmise we, however, acknowledge to be founded only on the vague suggestion of a very treacherous memory; nor, indeed, is the filiation of the sentiment a matter of any importance. But we have too much consideration for the fame of a great man, to sit in judgment on his paradoxes, when we thus receive them, torn from their context, and at third-

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hand. The single question with us is, not whether the philosopher, to whom we have no access, be wrong, but whether his opponent, to whom we have free access, be right. It is on this point that we are troubled with the awkward doubts to which we have already alluded, and which we shall proceed very concisely to state.

It seems perfectly possible that a theory shall be *generally* true, and yet, in many *particular* cases, shall fail. In the study of politics, this is peculiarly possible; such being the immense variety and infinite complication of human affairs, taken in the mass, that scarcely any theory can, by a finite intelligence, be framed on the subject, which shall not leave a number of cases utterly without provision. When, consequently, such cases occur, he who has trusted to the theory will find himself deceived. Whether or not he may chuse to say that his theory, though generally true, is in such cases false, amounts to a mere dispute about terms. To us, however, this sort of language does appear very intelligible, and perfectly commodious. In other words, it appears entirely proper to say, that what is theoretically true, may, in particular instances, be practically false.

Such, certainly, were our thoughts; and, what may seem a little surprising, such too seem to be the second thoughts of Mr. Roscoe. For we soon find him observing that 'the wickedness and perversity of a few individuals, may give rise to obstacles, which the wisdom and virtue of thousands may not be able to overcome;' that 'it may not therefore follow, that because a theory is *true*, it must *always succeed* when attempted to be reduced to practice;' but that 'the failure under such circumstances will no more prove the falsehood of the theory,' than any thing else the most preposterous. Cicero amuses himself with wondering at the minute verbal distinctions of lawyers. Perhaps, he would have been equally well amused by the satisfactory discrimination at which we have now arrived, and which is no other than this;—that a true theory may *fail, when attempted to be reduced to practice* (p. 10.), but that it cannot possibly *be false when applied to practice* (p. 8.) It may disappoint you; it may mislead you; but you must say, *it has failed me*, not, *it is false*. FALLO, *fefelli, falsum;* unde FALSUS; but alas, old Lilye and Company never dreamed that the verb would one day quarrel with the adjective.

Mr. Roscoe has, rather irrelevantly, drawn into this discussion a graver topic, respecting which, however, a complete silence on our part might be liable to misconstruction. 'The failure, under certain circumstances, of a theory,' says Mr. Roscoe, 'will no more prove the falsehood of the theory, than the conduct of those who call themselves Christians, and at the same time delight in war and devastation, can be said to prove the falsehood of the Christian religion,'

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gion.' It would be difficult, within any moderate compass, to develope all the confusion of ideas involved in this comparison, which is built, like some of the parallels of Plutarch, on a heap of dissimilitudes. One consideration may suffice, where it would be easy to suggest a dozen equally decisive. The bare *profession*, then, of Christianity by those who have not imbibed its principles and spirit, can in no sense be called an unsuccessful *application of it to practice*, but is, in truth, no application of it at all. So that, to invert the reasoning of our writer, the fondness of some nominal Christians for war and devastation, (and, let us be allowed to add, the fondness of others for rebellion and revolution,) can no more prove the *failure* of Christianity, than the existing abuses and corruption so loudly complained of by our radical reformers prove the futility of their own doctrines respecting reform. Is the remedy to be pronounced inadequate, because it has not been tried?

But it is time that we attend the author on his second expedition against the practical men, made with a view to their utter demolition; an enterprise, however, in which, considering the number and *pig-headedness* of that earth-born crew, it could not be expected but that he should sustain considerable loss. The practicals, not unusually, it appears, represent the advocates of reform as 'men of warm hearts but weak understandings;' to which warmth and weakness, they pretend, must particularly be ascribed the lavish and unjustified confidence of the reformers in the good dispositions of mankind at large. Mr. Roscoe admits that the failure of the efforts which have been made for the reform of the constitution may seem to accredit this imputation; but adds, that this 'is not a *necessary*, much less an *inevitable* consequence;' and proceeds to expose the absurdity of building a political creed on the postulate of a general depravity.

The heroes of old were not unaccustomed to brandish and prove their weapons, before they made their onset. The practice probably had its foundation in a wish to dishearten the enemy by a preluding shew of strength, agility, and prowess. Our author has here adopted the expedient with great felicity. Where is the polemic, however hardened, but must dread the trenchant fury of that sword of controversy, which can with such ease draw a severing line between what is '*necessary*,' and what is '*inevitable*;' between that which is certain to happen, and that which cannot be avoided; between what *must* be, and what *cannot but* be?

'Where lives the desperate foe, who for such onset staid?'

While he is thus skilfully appalling his enemies, our combatant equally well knows how to maintain a prudential reserve with respect to his friends. He abstains from apprising them that the men of practice, against whom he is here pointing his array, are in fact

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fact mere renegades from the standard of theory. The battle being now concluded, there seems to be no longer any call for this delicacy. The trite saying that, in politics, we must assume every man to be a knave, or, what appears to be the same thing, that we must assume every man to be actuated exclusively by motives of self-interest, was originally, we believe, propounded, not by men of practice, but by some of the most subtle dissertators that ever reasoned on the principles of government. If false, it is not a vulgar *bounce*, but a metaphysical paradox. At the same time, we would by no means insinuate that the high derivation of the maxim ought to screen it from the levelling wrath of a reformer, and are very contented spectators of its fate in the hands of Mr. Roscoe.

'Dark as the political horizon may appear, yet if we look into the circles of private life, we shall find that integrity, truth, and justice, are not yet exploded amongst mankind—that magnanimity excites admiration, generosity gratitude, and that all the best feelings and affections of the heart, yet exist in their full force. Where, then, is the absurdity of presuming that he who would not commit *a dishonest action* in private life, would not lend his aid to *an act of public injustice?* That he who would not be guilty of *a highway robbery*, would not willingly associate himself with *a band of pirates?* That he who would shudder at the thought of *murdering his neighbour*, would not, for the sake of his private emolument, instigate or encourage a war, in which *thousands of his neighbours* must inevitably perish? It is only by extending his sphere of action, and supposing that an individual will most probably perform upon a large scale, the same part that he does upon a small one, and the absurdity vanishes.'—pp. 11, 12.

The opportunity shall not be lost on us of observing that, of the good qualities and amenities of private life, few men have the character of being more worthy or better qualified to speak than Mr. Roscoe. We echo too with eagerness the remark that individual virtue yet subsists in England, and subsists in full force and exercise. Through 'the yawning breaches' of the tempestuous clouds and ever-during dark that deform and agitate our political atmosphere, it is recreating to cast an occasional glance at the repose of this distant perspective, with its cottages and spires, its sunlight and shade.—But we cannot afford time to be sentimental; and the question is as to what follows.

That men will usually act in an extensive, as they would act in a narrow sphere, and that, consequently, the public virtue of an individual may generally be measured by his private and social virtue, are at least consolatory doctrines; doctrines, indeed, so delightfully consolatory, that the introduction of them, however gratuitous or irrelevant, is always welcome, and may be forgiven even where it appears manifestly prejudicial to the cause in support of which it is

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is hazarded. For such, as we apprehend, is but too plainly the case in the instance before our eyes.

The crimes of the British cabinet constitute the grand argument for reform, both with Mr. Roscoe in these works, and with all reformers in all their works. We are here instructed, however, that 'an individual will most probably perform upon a large scale the same part that he does upon a small scale.' Now few things, it may be submitted, are more certain than that, within the period of the present generation, the majority of his Majesty's confidential servants have, as to their individual conduct, entirely respected the penal code of their country. We are not indeed aware that the faintest insinuation has ever been breathed, or the slightest suspicion entertained to the contrary. We have heard ministers charged, in their public capacity, with the excitement of wars, the fomentation of rebellions, the imposition of arbitrary taxes, the dissipation of the national resources, the destruction of the national liberties; but know not that they have been reduced in their individual character, to plead to any indictment of treason, murder, mayhem, horse-stealing, cow-maiming, or larceny. Their state-correspondence has been arraigned as violent, malignant, or base; but they have never themselves been arraigned for sending clandestine letters of a threatening nature. It has been urged that they have governed by a system of terrorism and popular clamour; but no member of the cabinet has subjected himself to a trial for a riot, assault, and false imprisonment. We dare affirm, that dividing and dissolving the Houses of Parliament have been their nearest approaches to the offence of house-breaking; and are persuaded that the Receiver-General has been very little addicted to the reception of stolen goods. In whatever degree, then, the alleged presumption from private to public conduct has weight, in that degree the perfect and undeniable immunity of the personages in question from individual transgression, affords satisfactory proof of their political innocence and purity. In that degree, the common-place about *the crimes of cabinets* is refuted. And be it remembered, that the presumption, being declaredly general, ought, in so great a number of instances as are now alluded to, undoubtedly to prevail on the whole.

It thus appears that the advantage gained by this intrepid combatant over his practical antagonists, has not been procured without some little sacrifice on his own part;—to say the plain truth, not without an approach to the sacrifice of one principal point in dispute. And Mr. Roscoe seems placed by fortune in that interesting but somewhat critical situation described by Goldsmith's poor disabled soldier, where he says, 'Unluckily, we lost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory.'

Under

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Under these circumstances, what step must next be taken? A question which could not, for more than a single moment, perplex a patriot possessing the spirit of an old Roman. It now indeed remains to die; and Mr. Roscoe, after a few almost inarticulate murmurings, addresses himself to the task with all the sang froid of a self-executioner in ancient history. In other words, he deliberately sets about effecting the destruction of those principles, of which he has just been employed in the recommendation. The following are the particulars of this uncommon sacrifice.

'What, then, has the politician to do, but to apply to the affairs of nations, and the intercourse of states, those principles of morality which he finds in the relations of private life? to banish the absurd and dangerous maxim, that *there is one line of moral conduct for nations and another for individuals*, to exemplify in public, those maxims of justice, sincerity, moderation, and good will, towards which every government pays *a nominal homage*, and which are the very cement of private society; and to render a government *the example and pattern*, and not the *corruption and opprobrium of the people?*'

These words, we most humbly suggest, plainly imply that public men are, in fact, prone, however preposterously, to make a distinction between political and private morality; that they do, in fact, recognize the 'absurd and dangerous maxim' which would establish that distinction; and that they do not 'exemplify in public, those maxims of justice, sincerity, moderation, and good will,' which 'are the very cement of private society.' It would indeed have been truly ridiculous to propose the 'banishment' of a maxim which had no where any subsistence, and to recommend the public 'exemplification' of maxims which were already in full force and exercise. But, if such be the practical inconsistencies of public men, then *there* is the absurdity of taking it for granted, that an individual will most probably perform upon a large scale, the same part that he does upon a small scale—then, *there* is 'the absurdity of presuming that he who would not commit a dishonest action in private life, would not lend his aid to an act of public injustice;' or 'that he, who would shudder at the thought of murdering his neighbour, would not, for the sake of his private emolument, instigate or encourage a war, in which thousands of his neighbours must inevitably perish.' (p. 11.)

Thus does our author sever himself in twain with his own sword; and, though for upwards of sixty pages, confused sounds still continue to murmur on his tongue, of *constitution* and *corruption*, *reforms* and *forms*, *free* and *fee*, *minister* and *sinister*, yet of this blow he in fact expires, and becomes food for—*bookworms*.

Mankind, says Montesquieu, and his remark of course includes the *writing* part of mankiud, may be divided into two classes; *ceux qui*

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qui pensent, et ceux qui amusent. Where the public, however, exercise a deliberate and uninflamed judgment, an effectual discrimination takes place between these two descriptions of persons; and, if ignorance and frivolity, aspiring beyond their privilege, assume the guise of wisdom and reflection, they are quickly unplumed of their pretensions. It is otherwise, when the device is practised in favour of opinions that deeply interest the passions of a considerable proportion of the community, especially if that proportion consist of the lower, or at least the less elevated orders. In such a case, it frequently happens that the shallowness of the trifling, and the solemnity of the reflective, are combined together, and this with great and, it needs scarcely be added, pernicious effect. The facility, indeed, with which the effect is produced, seduces even men of genuine talent, when they espouse a popular cause, into habits of loose thinking and confident assumption; and, sacrificing all the superfluous part of their ability, they contentedly descend to that level of courageous and clamorous thoughtlessness, on which the battles of vulgar prejudice may always be most conveniently fought. It was the well-known observation of a great statesman, *See by how small a quantity of intellect the world may be governed:* but it is equally obvious, and much more painful, to reflect, by how minute a fraction even of that small quantity the world may be disorganized.

Such is the best explanation which we are able to afford, of the phænomenon before us; two pamphlets, proceeding from an author, not exactly eminent for profound thought, but whose gifts and acquirements can be questioned only by insolence or bigotry; containing, indeed, evident, though interrupted, indications of those gifts and acquirements; yet deformed by such undigested and indigestible crudities of reasoning as have been cited in the course of the present article. The cause of reform, whether just or not, is precisely of such a description that it will be less effectually supported by a powerful argument closely and consistently deduced, than by a hardy and dogmatic diatribe, in which each third page shall be directly invaded and overthrown by its successor, secure of finding an avenger in the next but one. Every man instinctively feels this to be the case, and, if he is a reformer and a writer on reform, must be greatly more laborious than wise, not to act on that feeling.

To the truth of these remarks, the compositions of the reformers of all ages bear witness, from Rullus down to Mr. Roscoe. The English gentleman, indeed, might almost literally appropriate the indignant remonstrance which was drawn from Cicero by the Agrarian law of the Roman tribune: '*Et is orbem terrarum constringit novis legibus, qui, quid in secundo capite scriptum est, non meminit in tertio?*'

Into

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Into the main question agitated in these pamphlets, the necessity or expediency of a parliamentary reform, we have already declined entering; a circumstance, from which no other inference can properly be drawn, than that we do not attach to that question the importance which it appears to possess in the eyes of some persons. At the same time, there is one ground confidently relied on by Mr. Roscoe, on which we are tempted to venture for a moment; not, indeed, with any reference to the particular use which our author would make of it, but for separate and independent reasons.

The most cogent, and in point of fact the most effective arguments in favour of a reform, Mr. Roscoe conceives to be supplied by 'the present state of the country.' Under that general description, are more particularly enumerated 'the increasing weight of taxation,' and 'the profuse waste of the blood and treasure of the nation;' or, what may be considered as equipollent expressions, '*the slaughter of the people in sanguinary and unnecessary wars, the oppressive weight of taxation,* and the general diffusion of dissatisfaction, poverty, and distress.' On these representations we do not consider ourselves as inflicting any violence, when we collect from them this plain averment, that the present war, deeply and essentially connected, as it has now long been, with the cause of Spain, has yet owed its continuance, exclusively or chiefly, to the unconstitutional and corruptly-purchased influence of our ministers; that, the national voice, could it but be fairly heard, would dictate peace with France, and the abandonment of the peninsula, so far as England is concerned, to its own struggles against the imbodied hostility of Gallic Europe.

We shall not here embark in any controversies on matters of *opinion.* Our sole object is a matter of *fact.* Our concern is with the statement apparently implied in the representations referred to, and which if they do not imply, they are nothing to the purpose, that the interposition of this country in the affairs of the peninsula, has been the work, not of the people of England, but of a wicked, hireling, arbitrary minority. Will Mr. Roscoe seriously assert that such is the just account of the case? What valid security is to be found for national reputation or historical faith, we protest that we are ignorant, if such capital misrepresentations are so coolly to be circulated; if they are to be circulated, not merely by those vile pandars to revolution who, were they under any circumstances to deviate from their system of low falsehood, were they not in all situations faithful to the predestinated baseness of their natures, would startle us as with a prodigy, but by authors of undoubted patriotism and respectability; if such men are thus to write curses and infamy on the most radiant page of a people's glory. If there be, within possibility, so general an agreement of opinions among the inhabitants

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tants of a great kingdom as may fairly be called unanimity, and if there be, within conception, any means, in word, look, or action, by which that unanimity may be indicated, let the memories and the hearts of our readers tell them whether such an expression of such a sentiment was not exemplified in the conduct and demeanour of this nation on the first intelligence of the Spanish insurrection; a conduct and demeanour, which, on the part of the nation at large, have never at any moment, we will venture to affirm, been changed, or repented, or belied. Had the not unusual fictions of patriotic poetry been at that moment realized,—had the Genius of Albion been unveiled to mortal eyes, standing on the cliffs that fence his own channel, and, from the hollow of his mantle, shaking out, on the oppressor of Spain and of Europe, wrath, defiance, war, and death, —who could have read, even in such a personification, a clearer discovery of the national will, than in that concurrent burst of sympathy which arose from all ranks of the community,—that multiplied expression of a common feeling,—that voice like the sound of many waters, but those, the waters of one sea, and agitated by the same gale?

From Mr. Roscoe, however, we are, after all, willing to part in friendship; and there is, at least, one portion of his public life, which must ever conciliate the regard, not only of those among his countrymen that love their country, but of those among mankind at large that love their brethren of the human race. We allude to his zealous co-operation in the extinction, so far as England was concerned, of the accursed traffic in slaves, the pest of Africa and disgrace of Europe. The praise of his conduct in that instance, it would cost him infinite trouble to write down; and, long after the world shall have ceased to hear of his perishable pamphlets on reform, and probably also, we add with reluctance, of the criticism which they have provoked, his name will yet live, blazoned on the muster-roll of that noble army of philanthropists, who, at the memorable period in question, 'stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed.' Why does the generosity, then so tremblingly alive, sleep amidst the wreck of the western world? Or whence is it, that an amiable and benevolent man, expressly writing on political affairs, can count over, from common-place to common-place, from bead to bead, the miserable round of mewling complaints about peace, taxes, and corruption, without stealing, from the monotony of his *ave's* to Reform, a single thought for the sufferings and struggles of the most interesting people in Europe;—without stopping to shed 'one human tear,' either of indignation over the record of their cruel wrongs, or of sympathy, hope, and solicitude, over the yet unfinished history of their glorious efforts for deliverance?

ART.

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ART. III.—*Biographia Dramatica; or a Companion to the Play-House, containing Historical and Critical Memoirs, and original Anecdotes of British and Irish Dramatic Writers, from the Commencement of our Theatrical Exhibitions; among whom are some of the most celebrated Actors: also an Alphabetical Account, and Chronological Lists, of their Works, the Dates when printed, and Observations on their Merits: together with an introductory View of the Rise and Progress of the British Stage.* Originally compiled, to the year 1764, by David Erskine Baker; continued thence to 1782 by Isaac Reed, F. S. A.; and brought down to the end of November, 1811, with very considerable Additions and Improvements throughout by Stephen Jones. 3 Vols. 8vo. London; Longman and Co. 1812.

IF a literary inhabitant of Madrid or Paris could be supposed to know the estimation in which Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Marlow, Massinger, and so many others, are held in this island, he must naturally conclude that the British Biographia Dramatica was one of the most elaborate and splendid productions which the press could boast; and he would hardly be brought to believe that all which we possess on the subject is comprized in a meagre account of their births and burials, with catalogues of their plays compiled from the most obvious and unauthenticated sources. Theatres not laying claim to an earlier origin than our own, are far more fortunate in the respect paid to their native playwrights; and Italy, in particular, always jealous of the honor of her literature, has shewn, by the contrast which her early and unremitted regard to her dramatic writers presents to our own neglect, how much we have to regret of which we might have justly been proud. Scarcely had the sublime and pathetic genius of Tasso and Guarini matured the correct and frigid conceptions of Rucellai and Trissino, when Leone Alacci undertook to record the productions of the Italian stage.

Had some English Alacci, in the time of Charles the First, traced the progress of our stage from its origin to the close of that reign, accompanying his account with anecdotes of those to whom it was chiefly indebted for its reputation, who could now sufficiently appreciate the value of such a memorial? But a long night of half a century was doomed to close on the golden age of English literature before an attempt was made to record its glories and revive its fame.

It has not, we believe, been remarked, that biography was of late growth in England; and it cannot but surprise those who have

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have not hitherto considered the subject, to learn that the earliest collection of the kind appeared during the Usurpation. As this was the work of a divine, it will not be thought strange that it was not appropriated to the dramatic poets. But the example was a good one, and (being, fortunately, successful) 'lives,' out of number, were the natural and almost immediate consequence. The writers for the stage were noticed in their turn; but, as yet, all that was thought necessary in their behalf was a barren list of plays, which was occasionally appended to some popular drama. One of the earliest of this kind, was 'An exact and perfect Catalogue of all the Plays, with the Authors' Names, and what are Comedies, Tragedies, Historyes, Pastorals, Masks, and Interludes, more exactly printed than ever before.' It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this 'exact and perfect list,' which is attached to the Old Law of Massinger, 1656, is any thing but what it professes to be. If the booksellers reaped any advantage from such meagre details, it was well; the history of poets and poetry certainly gained nothing.

When our early chroniclers proposed to write the history of their native country, they generally thought it necessary to begin from Adam. With an eye to these authorities, Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, projected an account of the poets, 'particularly those of our own nation;' and, to make the work complete, began his *Theatrum Poetarum* (printed in 1675) with 'the most eminent among the ancients.' The sterling sense which pervades his observations, and which there is no reason to attribute, with Warton, to his kinsman, makes it matter of regret that he did not restrict himself to an account of the vernacular poets, and search into the particulars of their history at a period when much information might have been obtained which has now irrecoverably perished. But though we cannot repress a wish that more had been done, we yet think ourselves fortunate in possessing Phillips's account, brief and defective as it is, for chance might have driven him to some other class of writers; as he acknowledges, in his preface, that his preference of the poets was owing rather to accident than inclination. It is grateful to perceive the dictates of sound and unsophisticated judgment breaking through the foreign notions of taste, and the fondness for French fashions of all sorts, which Charles and his followers brought with them from the continent. 'If,' says Phillips, 'their antiquated stile be no sufficient reason why the poets of former ages should be rejected, much less the pretence of their antiquated mode or fashion in poetry, which, whether it be altered for the better or not, I cannot but look upon it as a very pleasant humour, that we should be so compliant with the French custom, as to follow set fashions not only in garments but also in music

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and poetry.' These manly sentiments were uttered to unwilling ears; but, in proportion as the dramatic writers, for whose use they were intended, deviated from the 'antiquated' models to which Phillips refers, they wandered from the paths of truth and nature.

Availing himself of *Fuller's Worthies* and the *Theatrum Poetarum*, one Winstanley, a barber, published, in 1687, a volume, which, though full of inaccuracies, has yet the merit of being the first *corpus poetarum* pretending to a narrative of their respective lives. These, it must be granted, are very imperfectly recorded; but dates are sometimes introduced, which was not done before; and when an account is to be given of a writer, the time when he was born and when he died may be considered as circumstances not altogether indifferent. Winstanley's collection was one step in advance; but the fondness for bare catalogues was not extinct. Gerard Langbaine, superior law-beadle of Oxford, 'being master of aboye nine hundred and fourscore English plays and masques, besides drolls and interludes, most of which he had read, thought himself able,' as he says, 'to give some tolerable account of the greatest part of our dramatic writers and their productions.' His collection of romances seems to have been equally copious and to have been read with equal care; but their joint perusal involved him in questions of conscience, such as required a *doctor dubitantium* to solve to his satisfaction. He found, what he does not appear to have suspected, that the dramatic writers borrowed, or rather, according to his own notions, (in which he was fortified with the authorities of Cicero and Pliny,) stole their plots from the novels of Bandello, Belleforest, and Gyraldi Cynthio. These momentous discoveries set him seriously about inquiring whether the precept of Synesius be strictly true, that 'it is more criminal to steal dead men's writings than their clothes.' Having ascertained the point to his satisfaction, the conscientious beadle resolved to step forward and expose the 'weasel' playwrights, who, to the romancer's 'unguarded nests'

> 'Came sneaking, and so suck'd their princely eggs.'

Accordingly, in 1688, he published Momus Triumphans, or the *Plagiaries of the English Stage exposed*, in a catalogue of all the Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, &c. &c. with an account of the various originals, as well English, French, and Italian, as Greeke and Latine, from whence most of them have *stole their plots*.' This catalogue is far more full and accurate than any of those which had preceded it, and exhibits abundant proofs of the extensive reading of the author, and the perseverance with which he traced his 'nine hundred and odd plays' to their sources. As no biography accompanies the names of the authors, and their dramas are undistinguished

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guished by dates, the work was less valuable than might have been expected from the possessor of so ample a collection; and of this the writer was soon aware. His catalogue, however, became popular, and a second impression appeared in the same year with the first. In 1691, he died,—but he had lived to revise and augment his book, which was published the same year in octavo, and has been the foundation of every thing that has since appeared on the subject, under whatever title. Langbaine's work was only once reprinted; but, from a copy which now lies before us with M S. insertions by Peck, we are inclined to think that a subsequent republication of it, was meditated by that laborious compiler.

In 1749, 'A General History of the Stage, from its origin in Greece, down to the present time,' was published by one Chetwood; little more however was produced under this sounding title, than a few fugitive memorials of the actors of his time, with occasional observations on the dramatic poets and their works. The work is contemptible in every respect, and it seems as if the writers for the stage were doomed to fall in perpetuity into the feeble hands of indexmakers and prompters. We pass by two or three insignificant publications, to come at Shiell's, or, as it is more commonly called, Cibber's lives of the poets, 1753,—and here we cannot but express our surprise at the silence with which this collection is passed over by Baker and Reed, in the volumes before us. It could not arise from any conviction of the unworthiness of the publication; for notwithstanding all that has subsequently been contributed to this department of literature, it may yet be read with pleasure, and referred to with advantage. In an account of the first edition of the work before us, it is said that 'Mr. Baker had the use of some manuscripts belonging to Mr. Coxeter, a person very diligent in collecting materials for the lives of the English poets;'—it might be so,—but the very title-page of Cibber's volumes, mentions that 'the M S. notes of the late ingenious Mr. Coxeter' had been, ten years before, laid under contribution for his service. It is an undissembled truth, to which Goldsmith has somewhere borne witness, that, about this period, the consciences of our literary compilers were far from delicate: what they stole, however, they failed to improve; and the dramatic writers have, of all others, been least indebted to their biographers; for, excepting an accidental circumstance now and then forcing itself upon their attention, it is inconceivable how little was added for nearly a century, to the information derived from Fuller, Langbaine, and Wood.

When Isaac Reed undertook to revise a prior edition of this work, he brought to the task an extent of bibliographical knowledge, and an acquaintance with editions and dates not possessed by

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former histrionic biographers; and this, added to the information acquired in revising Dodsley's Old Plays, gave his volumes a decided superiority over those of his predecessors. Thirty years have elapsed since Reed's publication, during which the labour bestowed on the illustration of Shakspeare in particular, and on the early dramatic poets generally, has produced more materials relating to the history of the stage, than had been obtained by the researches of a century preceding. We cannot, therefore, but think it extremely ill-judged, to reprint the jejune and vapid 'Introduction' prefixed to the former editions of the Biographia Dramatica. But thus it is: a work on the drama is called for,—a former book, the best perhaps on the subject, is adopted for a foundation,—some humble corrector of the press offers his services as editor,—the publishers know nothing of his ability, and care as little;—but the undertaker, 'nothing doubting,' hurries through his job; the volumes are ready by 'the winter season,' the market is supplied, and—literature is disgraced. All this is truly pitiable, and impeaches in no slight degree the character of a set of men, who are assuredly not wanting in liberality; though,—as the Lord Chief Justice said to one of their fraternity,—'they certainly betray a terrible lack of judgment.' This inconsiderate employment of incompetent persons is the more to be regretted, and the more strongly to be censured, since with the assistance now so liberally and laudably afforded by collectors, a work illustrative of the history of the drama might be written worthy of the subject. Such a work must not, we fear, be expected at the hands of Mr. Stephen Jones; who, though he boasts of long acquaintance with the early British dramatists, appears to be a faithful representative of the spectator in *Bartholomew Fair*;—namely, 'one whose judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years.'

We have adverted to the favourable circumstances under which the present volumes were undertaken; the reader will therefore learn, not without astonishment, that, with the exception of the last edition of Shakspeare, Mr Jones has made no attempt to correct the errors and omissions of his predecessors, by examining the numerous editions of dramatic poets, separate lives, and other publications, from which authentic and valuable information might have been obtained. The list of plays by Hatherwaye, Wentworth, Smith, and others, which Mr. Jones has taken (without acknowledgment) from Malone's History of the Stage, shews, at least, that he has not been indifferent to this gentleman's labours; but if he had made due use of his observations, he would scarcely have repeated the unauthorised assertion, that 'during the joint lives of Beaumont and Fletcher, those two great poets wrote nothing separately, excepting one little piece by each, which seemed of too trivial

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vial a nature, for either to require assistance in.' It provokes a smile, to learn that the 'little trivial piece' in which Fletcher declined the assistance of his colleague, was the beautiful masque of the Faithful Shepherdess. It can answer no possible purpose thus to repeat from volume to volume, traditionary errors which have been exploded for the most satisfactory reasons. Sir Aston Cockaine, the fast friend of Fletcher, expressly declared that Beaumont shared but in the composition of a few plays,

'———————————— the main
Being the issue of sweet Fletcher's brain;'

and Langbaine, who was surely a safer guide on this point than David Erskine Baker, asserted that 'Fletcher composed several dramatic pieces which were well worthy the hand of so great a master.' An authority in this case, inferior neither to Cockaine nor Langbaine,—the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, confirms the declaration of both; and yet, in utter contempt of these evidences, Mr. Jones tells us that 'Beaumont and Fletcher wrote nothing separately,'—just as Baker and Reed had told us before him.

V. 1—82. 'Thomas Campion was a physician in the reigh of James the first, and was author of

1. A Masque presented at Whitehall, &c.
2. Entertainment given by Lord Knowles, &c.
3. A Masque, presented at Whitehall, &c.—'

This is perfectly true,—and hence we look for some account of Thomas Campion:—but we are left to seek it, where Mr. Jones himself might have found it, in Wood's Fasti, or in Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, Vol. III. p. 316, and IV. p. 24. In the latter of these references, the editor would have learned that the various merits of Campion,—as a lyric, as well as a dramatic poet, as a critic and a musician,—were such as entitled him to particular attention..

V. 1—113. With similar indifference, Mr. Jones dismisses Harry Chettle, who, according to the compiler's own acknowledgment, wrote and shared in the composition of twenty-five dramas. It is no excuse for the omission that his predecessors were equally negligent, for Chettle's labours were not known to be so extensive, till the discovery of Henslowe's M S S. nor were the means for illustrating his life, until lately, attainable.

V. 1—181. By mingling the information obtained from Malone's History of the Stage, with the account of Decker as given by Baker and Reed, the present compiler has made the article on this va uable poet, a jumble of absurdity. After stupidly attributing the foundation of Decker's fame to the success of the Satiromastix, *which*, he says, *was one of his first pieces*, he proceeds to give us the titles of at least *seven of his plays*, all anterior to that

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satire. Here, too, we observe not a little of that original pleasantry about Jonson's 'jealousy,' and so forth, of which Mr. Jones had already exhibited a specimen, in his life of Chapman.

V. 1—251. The article on Ford forms a perfect epitome of the general manner in which this work has been compiled. The date of this poet's birth was unknown to the former editors; Mr. Malone discovered it, and Mr. Jones indulges us with it, without one word as to his authority. We are now turned over to his predecessor, who tells us that 'Ford wrote in the reigns of James and Charles the First;' and 1629 is given as the date of his earliest play. It is then said that, 'he wrote eleven dramatic pieces, all on his own foundation,'—which is at best incorrect;—and that, 'according to the custom of his time,' (a custom which it would be vain to seek,) 'his name is not prefixed to any of his plays,'—though all the plays published during his life-time have dedications signed John Ford. Then follows a list of Ford's dramas, a mere copy of his predecessor's, and like his, imperfect. But a sovereign panacea for all these ills is conveyed in the information contained in an appendix, that 'the dramatic works of John Ford have been collected and published in an elegant form, by Henry Weber, Esq.'—and so they have.

V. 1—268. The passion which exists for raking up the 'trash of ancient days,' has contributed to revive the memory of the romantic George Gascoigne:—his life has been written, his portrait engraved, and his works re-printed; and Mr. Jones might have benefited by the industry of others, if he were too supine to search for information himself. But no! Mr. Jones contents himself with transcribing his predecessor's narrative, compiled for the most part from Antony Wood, which happens to be false almost to the letter. That 'Gascoigne was born at Walthamstow in the forest,' is at best very doubtful,—that 'he was educated at Oxford,' is contradicted by himself;—certainly, 'he was for some time in various cities in Holland,' but it was only in a military capacity:—and that 'he went to France, where he happened to meet with a Scottish lady, whom he fell in love with and afterwards married,' is a ludicrous mistake of honest Antony's, arising from a hasty inspection of Gascoigne's works;—while the 'belief that he died at Walthamstow' is contradicted by the recovery of George Whetstones' 'remembrance of the well-employed life and godly end of George Gascoigne, Esq. who deceased at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, the 7th October, 1577.' While on this subject, we may just observe, that the curious tract by Whetstones, here referred to, shews the 'Book of Venerie or Hunting,' appended to Turberville's Falconrie, 1575, to be the work of George Gascoigne.

In the wish, which we have more than once expressed, that Mr. Jones

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Jones had looked into the later collections of dramatic poetry, we have perhaps counted more upon the advantage to be derived from the search, than on the inconveniences which might be sustained by such a process. Thus Mr. Jones, had he dipped into the life of Massinger prefixed to the last edition of that poet's works, would have found that the name of the poet's father was *Arthur*, not Phillip,—but then he might have been tempted to inquire farther; and this correction would be obtained at the expense of two columns of profitable disquisition, as to the time of Massinger's death, which now add to the bulk of the volume, and consequently to the requisite number of sheets. There is we know, a time for all things,—a time to withhold and a time to communicate,—and when the transcript of Reed's pages, which assign his death to three widely different periods, was completed, the present editor (in an appendix) informs us from the parish register,—after personal inspection, no doubt, for he quotes no authority,—that 'the entry of Massinger's burial in Saint Saviour's, Southwark, is as follows; *March the 20th*, 1639—40, *buried Philip Massinger, a stranger*. Meaning, we suppose,' he adds, 'not a parishioner.' Had Mr. Jones forgotten that he had, in the same volume, told us that Massinger died at his own house, near the play-house, on the bank-side, Southwark?

We do not purpose pursuing our inquiry into the merits of the biographical portion of these volumes, but we cannot end it without remarking that even the last edition of Shakspeare, which appears to have supplied the editor with almost all the information not privately communicated, was examined with the most culpable indifference: thus, the birth of the great bard is erroneously dated; and when Mr. Jones is about to give a catalogue of his plays, he says, 'the arrangement of them is adopted from that of Mr. Malone, *the accuracy of which not having been disputed*, we presume has received the sanction of the learned.' It has received the sanction of Mr. Stephen Jones;—'that's something yet!'—and more than could be looked for at the hands of a critic who had already celebrated the contents of Mr. Chalmers's octavos.

We turn with pleasure from the biographical part of these volumes, in which we have found much to condemn and nothing to approve, to that portion which is devoted to the catalogue of plays; and here, as Mr. Jones has bestowed some pains, he has effected some improvement: the titles of many dramas are revived, dates are added, and sometimes desirable information is given. Yet even here, where nothing but plodding was required, Mr. Jones's labours are far from being perfect; and while many titles are either omitted or rejected, we are at a loss to guess why others have ob-

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tained admission. Italian, French, and American plays in abundance have found their way into this account of the British stage.

We have discovered no such proofs of Mr. Jones's judgment as would lead us to expect him to exclude what had been, however improperly, admitted by his predecessors; we were therefore prepared to find 'Chichevache and Bycorne'; but, indeed, this old satire has an equal claim to a place in a dramatic catalogue with lyric odes; and we think that Mr. Todd and Mr. Shone must feel unexpected pleasure at finding themselves advanced to the dignity of dramatic authors for writing notes upon Comus and the Jew of Malta. For the reasons just suggested, we looked to find the monotonous tragedy of Andromana attributed to Shirley, to whose acknowledged productions it bears not the slighest resemblance; but, we must confess, we did not expect to see 'the Yorkshire Tragedy' ascribed to that poet on the respectable authority of Doctor Farmer, and that 'without a doubt' on his part. That reverend commentator generally knew what he was saying: and if he had attributed this drama to Shirley, we will do him the justice to believe that it would be after mature consideration; but we are sure this is an error: farther, we believe the error to be Mr. Jones's, who has confounded the opinion of Farmer, relative to 'the Yorkshire Tragedy,' with that on the 'Double Falsehood,' which he concluded was Shirley's; and the internal evidence of that play strongly confirms his decision. Shirley was but fourteen years old when 'the Yorkshire Tragedy' was printed! We should, perhaps, sympathise with Mr. Jones in the indignation which he more than once expresses at the uncouth orthography of Mr. Henslowe's MS. were it not for the happiness of illustration which it has enabled him to exhibit. Thus, in that curious record, under the date of March, 1591, he finds an entry of 'four representations in one,' which, he says, 'it is clear was a juvenile work of Fletcher's;' represented when that poet was only fifteen years of age! Antony and Vallia, in the same register (1595), is with equal probability supposed to be the Antonio and Mellida of Marston, produced seven years afterwards.

The scrupulous fidelity with which Mr. Jones preserves former errors, taught us confidently to look for a revival of the opinions respecting Ben Jonson's envy, jealousy, and such like amiable qualities; accordingly, in various parts of these volumes, 'a deal of skimble skamble stuff' to this effect is scattered up and down; the great collection of those heresies being properly reserved for 'The Lover's Melancholy.' We were inclined to pass over this article, which has now lost something of its novelty; but, willing to use all due diligence in the way of 'our vocation,' we turned to the subject, and have reason to felicitate ourselves upon the discovery

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very to which the examination led. In the account of the Lover's Melancholy, to be sure, there is nothing but what has been an hundred times repeated and refuted; but, on 'the Ladies Tryal,' Mr. Jones, a very unusual matter with him, ventures a remark, which is not found in the pages of his precursor.

'The Ladies Trial, tragic comedy, by John Ford. Acted at Drury Lane, 4to. 1639. The scene lies in Genoa, and the prologue is subscribed by Mr. Bird; but whether it was written or only spoken by him, is not absolutely apparent. *Ben Jonson, a bitter enemy of Ford's*, ("O viper vile!") charges the latter with having stolen a character in this play from him:

'Playwright (i. e. Ford) by chance, hearing *some toys I had writ*,
Cry'd to my face, they were th' elixir of wit,
And I must now believe him; for to-day
Five of my jests, then stolen, pass'd him a play.'

And so, the play which *five* of *Ben's jests* secured from damnation, was the Lady's Trial. The Lady's Trial was performed for the first time at the Cockpit Theatre in May, 1638, on the 3d of which month it was licensed by the master of the revels: the epigram on 'Playwright' was printed in Jonson's works, published in 1616, and was probably written some years earlier: all this Mr. Jones might have found, and all this Mr. Jones *did* find in Reed's edition of Shakspeare, which he has quoted in his article on the Lover's Melancholy. But where he discovered the charge he must have discerned its refutation:—all the falsehood and nonsense, therefore, which he has endeavoured to perpetuate respecting Jonson and Ford, he would have erased from his pages if he were not as deficient in candour as he is in industry and knowledge.

Why the acknowledgment of all printed assistance is suppressed, and why the editor has thought fit silently to apply to his own use, what he might openly, and without discredit, have borrowed from others, he can best explain; but the confession of aid, from whatever quarter derived, has always been held the right in perpetuity of literature; and this claim is not to be alienated in compliment to the editor of the Biographia Dramatica. Mr. Malone and Mr. Chalmers would most probably have felt no disinclination to afford Mr. Jones the assistance of which he stood in such evident need; but in return they might reasonably demand some acknowledgment of their liberality. We fear, however, the cause of this silence must be sought in the desire of the editor to exalt his own industry, at the expense of more learned and industrious authors; and the following passage in his advertisement tends in no small degree to confirm our suspicions. 'The editor,' it says, 'brought to this laborious undertaking (over which, from its execution, we should think his

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his coffee could not have cooled) the result of thirty years' acquaintance with the early British dramatists.'

The titles of some old plays, and the dates of others, supplied by sale catalogues, and the communications of persons better instructed in these matters than the editor, comprehend the improvements made in 'the portion of the work which had been before printed,' while the minuteness with which Mr. Cobb's farces and Mr. Cross's pantomimes are detailed, 'in that part which may more legitimately claim to be considered as new,' is such as to repress any doubt that might arise as to the accuracy of Mr. Jones's catalogue, or the authenticity of his memoirs.

We have only to add, that the indifference with which Mr. Jones passes over the names of many of our oldest and best dramatic writers, forms a singular contrast with the attention paid to the ornaments of the present stage, Pillon and Morton, and Reynolds, and Cherry, and we know not who: their talents and virtues are the theme of many a delightful page, and the meanest of their labours is followed with the most respectful notice. A living writer for the theatre, seems, in Mr. Jones's estimation to be a kind of sacro-sanct creature that, like Sejanus, 'requires our salutations twelve-score off.' Sir Pertinax, of *booing* memory, was an oak, a granite column to this writer, who never appears to have stood upright, we will not say in the presence of a manager, but, of any one who had interest enough to bring a play on the stage. One, and only one exception has occurred to us, and this we could well have spared. Mr. Skeffington, the admired author of the *Sleeping Beauty*, is a gentleman of humble pretensions and unobtrusive manners, yet Mr. Jones has unaccountably selected him for the exercise of his wit, and made his social and literary talents the subject of a most bitter and revolting irony. A proceeding so contrary to his usual practice, almost justifies us in doubting whether the article in question was really written by him, or the malicious purport of it seen.—His predecessor seems to have been made the dupe of a similar imposition in an 'eloge,' at once insidious and hyperbolical, on the simple and simpering Mr. Aaron Hill. But it is more than time to give Mr. Jones his dismission, and we care not if it be a final one in this department of literature, for which we regret to say, he appears to have neither taste nor talents. We add the solemn decision of a great casuist:

> 'Publica lex hominum, naturaque continet hoc fas,
> Ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.'

ART.

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ART. IV.—*Sermons on various Subjects, Doctrinal and Practical, preached before the University of Oxford.* By John Eveleigh, D. D. Provost of Oriel College and Prebendary of Rochester. 8vo. pp. 441. Oxford; Cooke and Parker.

THE sermons usually published may be divided into two kinds: those which are intended for the use of ordinary readers, which treat of practical duties and explain the principles of religion in a clear and familiar manner; and those which are suited to persons of stronger digestion, containing learned disquisitions, and discussing abstruser points of theology. The volume before us comes, for the most part, under the latter description. Discourses to an academical audience ought undoubtedly to be of a more learned and recondite class than those which are addressed to ordinary congregations. They should be mostly of the argumentative cast; rather adapted to inform the understandings and exercise the reasoning faculties of the hearers, than to awaken the affections or work upon the passions. They will thus fix the attention of the more learned portion of the audience, supply matter of improvement and reflection for the students in theology, and preserve for an university pulpit that superior character by which it ought always to be marked.

The discourses of Dr. Eveleigh form no unfavourable specimen of sermons adapted to such an audience. There is no particular novelty in the topics which he selects: indeed, novelty, in the proper sense of the word, is out of the question: but he treats them with a degree of weight and solidity, which shews that what he writes is the fruit of deep reflection, and which arrests the attention of the considering reader. There is a character of sound reasoning, a manner of sober discussion, which never quits the author. He has evidently paid considerable attention to his professional studies, and his learning appears to be accompanied with much well-judging good sense. One of his recommendations is the total absence of all ostentatious display of erudition. The reader must not come to these sermons with the expectation of having his passions worked upon or his imagination enlivened: he will find no attempts at splendid oratory or brilliant imagery; and he will be visited by no false glare of ornament: but if he opens them with the wish to find solid argumentative matter presented in a proper form to his understanding, he will, we venture to affirm, meet with no disappointment. The language is plain and unaffected; there is, however, one defect of which we must forewarn the reader, for it will visit him in almost every part. Dr. Eveleigh's

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Eveleigh's style, though sufficiently clear and perspicuous, is deficient in spirit and animation: and there is not unfrequently a flatness in his mode of expressing himself, in consequence of which less advantage is given to his matter than it really deserves.

The sermons are eighteen in number, on subjects of a mixed nature, doctrinal and practical. We were particularly pleased with the third sermon, on the inspiration of the Scriptures, in which we met with some observations which were new to us. The author's general idea is to furnish an indirect and accessory proof of the inspiration of the books of the New Testament in this manner:—We have the authority of our Saviour and his Apostles for the divine inspiration of the Old Testament; for 'all Scripture' of the Old Testament 'was given by inspiration of God.' Now the general proofs of the inspiration both of the Old and of the New Testament are the same in kind, and the general objections to it are, in both cases, precisely similar. But we have divine authority for affirming that the proofs are valid and the objections nugatory, as to the Old Testament; we may therefore infer, with probability, that, with regard to the New Testament, the proofs are equally good, and the objections unworthy of regard.

'I am well aware,' (he says, p. 51,) 'that to endeavour thus to prove the inspiration of the New Testament from that of the Old, is to reverse the ordinary method of proof on this subject. But, however unusual or new the present attempt may be deemed, it will not be without its use, if it tend to satisfy our minds with regard to the divine origin in general of all those writings which are classed by our church among the Holy Scriptures.'

In shewing that the general proofs of both Testaments are the same, he says—

'The Old and New Testaments, as we may observe *in general*, are evidently parts of the same great plan, and designed to form one all-gracious and stupendous whole. The same authority therefore, and protection from error, which were necessary to the one must also have been necessary to the other. If divine inspiration were necessary to assure men of their origin, fall, corruption, and destined redemption; the same must have been as necessary also to assure them of the completion of this redemption, and of the means by which their corruption may be done away, their restoration to divine favour secured, and their present state made to terminate in eternal happiness.

'Various also and prominent are the *particular* resemblances, which appear to result from an equally divine origin in both these sacred volumes.

'If the writers of the Old Testament, speaking in the name of Jehovah, introduce their declarations with these commanding words, "Thus saith Jehovah;" "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel;" those of the New Testament are not less remarkable for deriving, as "Ambas-

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* " Ambassadors for Christ," their commission from this their divine master, who also is † " God over all, blessed for evermore." Throughout the Gospels they make him the principal and almost the sole speaker. And besides, they make him in those Gospels expressly promise assistance through the Holy Spirit to his Apostles, (without excluding others from the same assistance,) " which should teach them all things, and bring all things to their remembrance whatsoever he had said unto them;" and, consequently, which should secure from error all the important parts, at least, of their writings.'—pp. 51, 52.

He then proceeds to shew that the general objections to the inspiration of both are the same in kind, and of equal apparent weight.

' Few are the objections also to which the inspiration of the New Testament is exposed, which may not with as great force be urged against that of the Old: and this observation is equally just, whether the objections be urged against the inspiration *in general*, or against that of *particular* parts, of the New Testament.

' Among the objections against the divine inspiration *in general* of the New Testament, it has been ‡ insisted, that the writers never declare that they are thus inspired, and that no promise of divine assistance is given to any among them, except to the Apostles.

' But, allowing this to be true, we may reply, that nothing is admitted in this case with regard to the New Testament, which is not equally true also with regard to parts of the Jewish Scriptures. No declaration or promise of the kind, here supposed to be necessary, is made with regard to certain parts of the Old Testament. And yet we not only learn from our blessed § Saviour and his Apostles, that the writings of Moses and of the Prophets, who assure us that they spake from God, were given by divine inspiration; but also we learn from the same ‖ authority, that the other parts also of the Old Testament, concerning which no such assurance is afforded by the writers themselves, were notwithstanding given by the same divine inspiration.'

' In like manner, if, to abate of our confidence in the general inspiration of the New Testament, it should be urged, that it is uncertain when the books of it were so collected as to exclude all spurious and apocryphal writings from their number; that it is uncertain when the Canon of these Scriptures was settled, whether at the Council of Laodicea, or at some preceding or even subsequent period;—the same uncertainty, we have above intimated, attends also the settlement of that of the Old Testament. And as this uncertainty did not in the least preclude the unqualified approbation, given by our blessed Saviour and his Apostles to the law, the prophetical books, and the Psalms, so neither ought it to diminish our confidence in the infallibility of all the received writings of the Christian Covenant.'—pp. 61 to 63.

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* ' 2 Cor. v. 20. † ' Rom. ix. 5.

‡ ' This objection is considered and answered by Michaelis in the first edition of his introductory lectures, p. 8. It is however again urged in Geddes's preface to vol. ii.

§ ' St. Luke xvi. 17. Matt. v. 18. ‖ ' St. Mark xvii. 36. Heb. iii. 7, 8.

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The twelfth sermon is on a very useful subject, to an academical audience especially, the study of the Scriptures. After describing the character which many parts of them must ever bear as specimens of fine writing, he says—

'This character of the writings which constitute the Books of Revelation, depends not upon the judgment of any one critic, much less upon a conjecture, however probable, concerning his judgment. Even an ordinary and cursory reader cannot but be delighted with the simplicity and dignity both of the sentiment and expression. But the man of letters, who studies with attention the holy Scriptures, must find in their composition all those excellencies which are required either to please or to astonish the mind;—in the narrative, clearness and consistency, an assemblage of circumstances interestingly descriptive of ancient manners, and not connected by art but by inherent probability, not embellished by fiction but recommended by unerring truth;—in the poetical parts, new and beautiful thoughts, drawn immediately from nature, and enlivened by bold and sublime metaphors, and these too not rarely dispersed, but, as far as is consistent with a pure and unaffected style, crowded in almost every line.

'Indeed if the * observation, so universally approved in criticism, be well founded, *that impressive and animated writings are the result of lofty and grand conceptions;* where can we so reasonably expect to meet with such writings, as in those parts of Scripture, which abound in descriptions of the all-perfect. God? Since the subject is the greatest which can possibly enter into the conceptions of man; and though we exert on it the utmost of our strength and ability, yet, agreeably to an admirable † observation of the son of Sirach, "we can never go far enough."'—pp. 281, 282.

On the pleasures and advantages of these studies, compared with all other, he thus expresses himself—

'When the pleasure of novelty ceases, the heat of ambition abates, and reason begins coolly to operate, we are soon convinced in the progress of all sublunary pursuits, how inconsiderable an advancement we have made towards real happiness, and how useless it is to enlarge our views without making them terminate in some agreeable object.

'What but this has stimulated the greatest men and best philosophers in all ages, after they have arrived at the summit of human fame, to seek for private happiness from religious studies? What could have induced so many of our late philosophers to turn aside from other subjects, by which they had acquired so much credit, to an investigation of revealed truths, less calculated to excite admiration, were it not that such studies were more conducive to permanent satisfaction? And, indeed, what but that continued and elevated satisfaction of mind, which is derived by the learned Christian from his illustrations and vindications of divine truth, made them value themselves, not *less* on the assistance

* 'See Longinus, sect. ix. † 'Ecclus. xliii. 30.

which

which they were supposed to have given to the cause of revealed religion, than on that whole display—of * elegance, with which they had refined our language—of † accuracy, with which they had unfolded the powers of the human mind—of ‡ clearness, with which they had exhibited the beauties and wonders of nature—or of § certainty, with which they had demonstrated its most abstruse and hidden laws?'—pp. 284, 285.

But we must abstain from any farther extracts; and perhaps have now done enough to give the reader a general idea of these discourses, and to enable him to judge that our character of them is sufficiently correct.

ART. V. *Voyages and Travels in the Years* 1809, 1810, *and* 1811; *containing Statistical, Commercial, and Miscellaneous Observations on Gibraltar, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, Serigo and Turkey.* By John Galt. 4to. pp. 435. London; Cadell and Davies. 1812.

THERE is no species of writing on which we feel less disposed to exercise any severity of criticism than books of foreign travel. Information is generally derivable from the worst of them, and, where that fails, the want of it is not unfrequently made up in amusement. For this we are so grateful, that we are unwilling to put a check upon the scribbling mania of travellers; and we are the more inclined to be lenient because we have reason to think that the dread of critical exposure has prevented the publication of the journals of some of our countrymen, which would have been a real acquisition to literature.

It was therefore, with any other idea than that of finding fault, that we opened the volume before us; and if we find ourselves compelled to use the language of censure, it is because we have seldom met with a work of the kind which it was less possible to commend. The trifling error of *S*erigo for Cerigo, in the title-page, indeed, led us to imagine that we had to do with no great clerk; but we thought that this defect, even in a voyage through Sicily and Greece, might have been abundantly compensated by a plain account of the actual state of things from a plain man; one who, spelling the names of places just as he heard them, might possibly describe the places themselves just as he saw them.

The first sentence of the preface strengthened our hopes.

'This work' (Mr. Galt says) 'is part of a design which I had

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* 'Addison. † 'Locke. ‡ 'Boyle. § 'Newton.

formed,

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formed, of giving such an account of the countries connected with the Mediterranean, as would tend to familiarize them to the British public. It will appear sufficiently evident, in many places, that *a great part has been printed from the original notes.* I am not aware that this will be regarded as a fault, although it may expose me to the animadversions of verbal criticism. But I ought to apologize for publishing, *unamplified*, a number of remarks which were noted down as hints for dissertations. I was apprehensive that my book would have been enlarged without being augmented with information, *and I would rather it were thought defective in disquisition than deficient in facts* which suggest reflections.' 'Classical inquiries formed no part of the objects of my journeys.' p. iv.

This was well; and with such good intentions we could have excused the 'προσωπον τηλαυγες' which Mr. Galt prefixes to his volume under the title of the Mediterranean described, though communicating nothing new. But when he enumerates Persia as one of the countries to which the navigation by the Bosphorus and Black Sea affords a ready access, we presume that the mountainous and barren country which intervenes between the shores of the latter and the confines of Persia never occurred to him.

At Gibraltar, Mr. Galt seems to have been principally struck with what he calls the 'sinister appearance' of the Jews. There is, indeed, a sort of hint at a dissertation on the military establishment there which Mr. Galt does not think very expensive to the nation; and which might even be made a saving concern, by attending to his suggestions. 'Ceuta,' he says, 'should be made ours,' we suppose by taking it from our allies; 'we should then be effectually masters of the Straights;' and then, as 'the British nation never refused the Sound duty to Denmark, why a toll should not be levied by us,' Mr. Galt is 'at a loss to understand.'

Sardinia being little visited, we pick up a few interesting facts touching the present state of the island. From this part of the narrative we shall extract what we conceive to be a very favourable specimen of Mr. Galt's style and manner.

'The inhabitants of Sardinia' (I speak of the common people) 'are yet scarcely above the negative point of civilization; perhaps it would be more correct to say that they appear to have sunk a certain way back into barbarism. They wear, indeed, linen shirts, fastened at the collar by a pair of silver buttons like hawk's bells; but their upper dress of shaggy goat skins is in the same savage style. A few have got one step nearer to perfectibility, and actually do wear tanned leather coats, made somewhat in the fashion of the armour worn in Europe in the fifteenth century.'

'The state of society is probably not unlike what existed in Scotland about a hundred and fifty years ago. Family pride, a species of political scrophula, is in Sardinia particularly inveterate. But the exclusive spirit of the nobles begins to be counteracted by the natural disposition

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disposition of the sovereign to extend his own authority. Many parts of the country are in what a politician considers only as an unsatisfactory state. In the district of Tempio this is greatly the case; the mountains are infested with banditti; and the villages are often at war with one another. A feudal animosity of this kind, which had lasted upwards of half a century, was lately pacified by the interference of a monk. The armies of the two villages, amounting each to about four hundred men, were on an appointed day drawn out in order of battle, front to front, and musquets loaded. Not far from the spot the monk had a third host prepared, consisting of his own brethren, with all the crucifixes and images that they could muster. He addressed the belligerents, stating the various sins and wrongs that they had respectively committed, and shewing that the period had arrived when their dispute should cease, for the account current of transgressions was then balanced. The stratagem had the desired effect, and a general reconciliation took place.'

'The country is divided into prefectures. The prefect is a lawyer, and is assisted by a military commandant, who furnishes the forces required to carry his warrants into effect. This regulation has been made in the course of the present reign, and may be regarded as an important step towards the establishment of a public and regal authority over the baronial privileges. In the provinces justice is distributed by the prefects, whose functions seem to correspond in many respects with those of the Scottish sheriffs. When any particular case occurs in which the king considers it expedient to appoint a judge of the supreme court in the capital, on purpose to try the cause upon the spot, wherever this extraordinary justiciary passes, the provincial courts of justice are silent, and superseded by his presence.'

'The Sards possess, in a great degree, the venerable savage virtue of hospitality. They are courageous, and think and act with a bold and military arrogance; but the impunity with which they may offend fosters their natural asperity. They are jealous of the Piedmontese, and, on this account, the king has not encouraged emigration from his late continental dominions to settle in Sardinia.

'There is in Cagliari an institution worthy of being particularly noticed. It is formed for the purpose, as it were, of affording an opportunity to humble-born genius to expand and acquire distinction. The children of peasants are invited to come into the city, where they serve in families for their food and lodging on condition of being allowed to attend the schools of the institution. They are called Majoli, and wear a kind of uniform, with which they are provided by their friends. Some of the Majoli rise to high situations; the greater number, however, return back to the provinces and relapse into their hereditary rusticity; but the effect of their previous instruction remains; and, sometimes, in remote and obscure valleys the traveller meets with a peasant who, in the uncouth and savage garb of the country, shews a tincture of the polish and intelligence of the town.' pp. 8, 9, 10.

It is curious that Mr. Galt, who never fails to observe upon the

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evils consequent on 'priestcraft,' &c. should, in narrating the quarrel of the villages, take no notice whatever of the benign influence of the church in the prevention of evil. The good sense of the king in not encouraging emigration from his continental dominions, is worthy of our admiration, especially when his conduct in this respect is contrasted with that of his neighbour and companion in adversity, the King of Sicily.

Recurring to his own more immediate pursuits, Mr. Galt complains that, 'except the facilities voluntarily offered by Mr. Hill, our minister, nothing has been yet publicly done to encourage the British merchants to explore the *abundant* commercial resources of this island.' We do not exactly see what other public measures could, with advantage, be adopted, though Mr. Galt, without condescending even to hint upon what grounds such a measure is desirable, recommends a commercial treaty. We hear, however, of no competition in the Sardinian market which should make us particularly anxious for exclusive privileges; and, except in the articles of corn and wine, (the observations on which apply with tenfold force to Sicily,) the trade seems unrestricted. By Mr. Galt's own account, the Sards 'do not require much assistance from the manufactures of foreign countries;' and, 'notwithstanding the warmth of the climate, and fertility of the soil, the exportable commodities of the island are not numerous.' We have no doubt that all this might be improved, nay, we have no doubt that, in spite of the 'numerous and ignorant nobility,' and the 'ecclesiastical locusts,' the state of Sardinia is improving, and the demand for foreign productions gradually increasing; but a commercial treaty would, in our opinion, have as little effect in advancing the one or the other as, we fear, the revocation of the Orders in Council will have in relieving the distresses of our own manufacturers.

Mr. Galt lands in Sicily at Girgenti, and the flippancy and bad taste of his first observations would have been sufficient of themselves to prevent our forming any very agreeable anticipations of the rest of his voyage. He tells us that, 'although a few houses at the Mole should no more be considered as a fair specimen of the general domestic accommodations of Sicily than a fishing village in the neighbourhood of an ordinary English town would be of those of England, there were, nevertheless, such unequivocal indications of an hereditary disposition to filthiness that it was impossible to flatter myself with the hope of finding much comfort.'

A philosopher might regret that Mr. Galt should have neglected to explain the nature of those symptoms which, at once, mark the hereditariness of the malady: we allow the prevalence of the disease in Sicily, and always considered it there, as elsewhere, contagious; but

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but it required the nice taste of Mr. Galt to discover that it was hereditary in a race of men whom he now saw for the first time. As to comfort, if that ever was the object of any traveller before the present, then—all the passages, in which the vanity and dissatisfaction of human life are, in authors both sacred and profane, represented to us under figures derived from the idea of life itself being a journey, are ridiculous and unmeaning.

Of the antiquities of Agrigentum he thus speaks:

'The temple of Concord is in fine condition, as an antiquary would say, the parts having been collected and replaced on each other by order of the king. The temple of Juno has been re-edified in the same manner. But still, even though they be the monuments of Agrigentum, the sight of them is hardly worth a Sabbath-day's journey. The church of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, is larger than both of them put together, and infinitely more magnificent.' p. 17.

After such an account of some of the most celebrated remains of antiquity, we were well satisfied with the propriety of Mr. Galt's not having made 'classical inquiries a part of the objects of his journies.' But for the great inaccuracies, however, in the facts, such as the re-edification of the temples, and their magnitude, we should not have been unwilling to acknowledge the happiness of his comparison of these ancient edifices to the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, as being eminently calculated to further his design of '*familiarizing* to the British public the countries connected with the Mediterranean.'

The country between Girgenti and Palermo 'is what a painter would probably call very beautiful, and a young lady romantic!' It is, however, (continues Mr. Galt,) really often savage, seldom pleasant, and altogether such as only necessity should lead me to pass again.' Probably it wants the convenient inns, level roads, and opposition coaches which give such features of pleasantness to the run between Manchester and London.

With a rambling description of Palermo, are mixed a number of common-place observations on nobility, government, and the clergy in general. With regard to the latter, Mr. Galt's opinion is uniform; though it does not appear whether his dislike arises from an idea that the whole of religion is an imposture, or from the circumstance of his having been bred a presbyterian, and the clergy he meets with abroad belonging to episcopal churches.

'In Sicily,' he says, with apparent satisfaction, '*as in other countries*, the hierarchy has seen the best of its days.' 'The church having ceased to be regarded as venerable, is looked upon as ridiculous.' An easy transition, by the way! Again:

'The institutions of the church are now generally estimated by their temporal utility; and, being found without value in this re-

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spect, are, of course, deemed oppressive.' Just as the restrictions of morality would be, with reference to this life only, in the opinion of by far the majority of the world.

Out of innumerable absurdities we extract the following remarks on sculpture, occasioned by the tomb of the bishop of Cefalu, which Mr. Galt esteems one of the finest things in Sicily.

'The subject is the bishop distributing alms, a venerable and dignified person, in the flowing drapery of his order, giving a shirt to a naked cripple. The cripple is an excellent statue. The shirt which he is receiving has the lightness and easy folds of linen.'—'The design of this monument appears to me a legitimate subject for sculpture. Angels and spirits, of any sort or shape, certainly ought never to be placed upon the same pedestals with mortals, because it is not possible for the chissel to endow them with that airiness of appearance which is essential to mark the difference between them and the beings of this world.'

It may succeed, it seems, in a marble shirt, (qu. λαΐνον χιτωνα,) but would hardly be allowed to touch on the 'ventus textilis,' or 'nebula linea,' of Publius Syrus. The 'Britannias and Fames of our national monuments' must be given up, as well as 'two cheesemongers with wings,' which Mr. Galt informs us are to be seen 'in St. Paul's, exhibiting a couple of double Gloucesters, on which strange drawings of two naval officers have been scratched.'

His account of the means by which the execution of the sentence against the criminals, who were found guilty of the murder of an English merchant at Messina, was procured, is to us, though we were upon the spot at the time, perfectly new. That, in the case of the murder of a Sicilian, an execution would not have taken place, is indeed exceedingly probable; as the ordinary punishment for assassination seldom extends beyond hard labour and confinement as convicts. We doubt not that considerable interest was made for the criminals, from a false principle of humanity very prevalent among the Sicilians, and of which examples are not wanting in this country, especially to those lawyers who attend our Welsh circuits. But that any attempt was made to obtain their pardon by bribery, or that the attempt, if made, was counteracted by the payment of a larger sum on the other side, we do not believe; not only because we never heard it mentioned, when the subject was very generally discussed, but because the latter part of the story confutes itself, inasmuch as the persons, whom Mr. Galt represents as subscribing to procure the execution, are the English residents.

In his way from Messina to Catania, Mr. Galt is 'totally at a loss to conjecture what can be the use of a romantic military castle, which crowns one of the headlands along which the road winds. It has nothing,' he says, 'to protect, and can protect nothing. Yet we

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we had a garrison there.' This is something like the remark of a man who, passing through a turnpike-gate with a ticket, should conclude that it was never shut against those who came without one. Had he been a French or Neapolitan colonel, on his way from Catania to Messina, at the head of his regiment, instead of a peaceable English merchant, travelling from Messina to Catania with the escort of a single campiere, he might, perhaps, have found some slight obstacle to his progress from this castle, which, besides being very romantic, is so situated as to command a winding and narrow road, the only military communication between Messina and the south-eastern part of the island. It was on this account, probably, and because the promontory on which it stands affords an admirable situation for a look-out and signal house, that some improvident English general had garrisoned it.

A little farther on, in his account of the organ at the Benedictine convent at Catania, Mr. Galt gives an admirable specimen of the manner in which a poetical description may be improved upon. We remember a Greek translation of Gray's Elegy, in reference to one of the stanzas of which, it was said that 'Cooke, Gray, and Nature seemed to contend for the mastery.' In the following passage we venture to assert that, notwithstanding the disadvantages of prose, Mr. Galt leaves both Gray and Nature far behind. We beg our readers to refer to the first stanza of the ode, beginning, 'Awake, Æolian lyre!'

'The church belonging to this monastery is very grand; were the design completed it would be one of the largest in Europe. The organ is truly exquisite. It is said to be the finest in the world; it is by far the finest I ever heard. The effect of the sonata which is performed in order to shew the whole genius of the instrument, may be compared to the course of a river from the fountain-head to the sea. It begins with a sweet little trilling movement, like the sound of waters trickling in a far remote pastoral upland. The breadth of harmony increases, and the mind is excited to activity, while the introduction of a delightful echo suggests the images of a rapid stream, and bands of huntsmen, with horns and hounds, coursing the banks. Continuing still to rise and spread, the music takes a more regular character, and fills the imagination, with the notion of a Thames, covered with moving vessels, flowing through a multitudinous city. Occasional military movements gradually open all the fountains of the instrument, and the full tide, deepening and rolling on, terminates in a finalé so vast, so various, so extraordinary an effusion of harmony, that it can be compared only to the great expanse of the ocean agitated by a tempest, and the astonishing turbulence of a Trafalgarian battle.' pp. 93, 94.

We have always opposed, and always shall oppose, a popular, but, in our opinion, a very pernicious error, with regard to the original organization of the human mind; from which it is inferred, that the

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perfection of any one power necessarily involves the imperfection of the rest: that the soundness of the judgment is an obstacle to the vigour of the imagination; and that a good poet must be a bad logician. We had frequently supported our cause by the great names of Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Johnson; and we were in hopes of adding to the list the name of Galt. How provoking then, after the above evidence of his poetic powers, to meet in the next page with the following specimen of his logic!

'The number of ecclesiastics in the town was greater than the number of men in the garrison. The troops were British, and paid by the British nation. The expence of the monks could not be less than that of the soldiers, *so that* the British public, it may be said, were paying the ecclesiastics.' p. 95.

Again—

'Syracuse is a place from which an enemy ought to meet with a formidable resistance. It is one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom. The garrison was a British regiment, consisting of about 600 men. In the town there were upwards of 1200 ecclesiastics; *therefore* it was necessary to have a garrison of foreigners.' p. 102.

We quoted the above as a specimen of logic; we may add that every proposition is false, except that which relates to the British regiment, which, however, to be accurate, ought, we believe, to be a German regiment.

Not to abuse the patience of our readers, we pass over Malta and Cerigo, to give Mr. Galt a fair chance in a new country. Maina has been seldom visited, and we do not recollect any late description of it. Yet here Mr. Galt is employed in any thing but collecting facts. The 'general reader' may perhaps be delighted with the following passage, which combines the excellencies of M'Pherson and the author of the Rovers. In travelling through this country, which being mountainous reminds him of the Highlands of his own, 'his imagination had become full of the blue and white melancholy of Ossian,' when 'he is surprised with a distinct vision of Oscar,' in the person of a Mainot chieftain. After exchanging compliments,

'the young commandant walked on in silence before us till we reached the middle of a field, at some distance from the town. It was a retired place. He suddenly halted; our fancies, in the meantime, were coming thickly. We looked at each other. The sun was down, and the twilight was obscure. *But he only inquired if we had any news.* Perceiving that he was anxious to get correct information'——

Here we fully expected that Mr. Galt would have produced from his pocket the Daily Advertiser, or, at least, the Ἑρμῆς Ἰονιος, but he only tells the chief 'what he knows of the wars in christendom,' and —so ends the matter.

But

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But though this may 'gratify the general reader,' the 'classical scholar,' we fear, will be rather disappointed that Mr. Galt should not have attempted to explain 'an inscription on a rock, in very ancient Greek characters,' which he noticed here, especially as, though the Doctor of the town had never heard of any one who could read it, it is evident from that acquaintance with the language which he so frequently displays, that our traveller would have experienced no great difficulty. Thus we are informed that the name of the country is peculiarly appropriate, 'Lacedemonia, signifying the country of the devils.' p. 147. 'That the Greek word ἀΐδης, written by Homer' (foolishly enough, no doubt) 'αΐδης, signifies obscure, hidden, i. e. buried.' p. 179. That Thermopylæ is derived from '*thermia*, signifying hot water, and *pyle*, ground'! &c. &c.

The only thing we learn from this part of Mr. Galt's journey is, that either the accounts given by others of the difficulty and dangers of passing through the south of the Morea are false, or that the dispositions of the people are really improved. We are inclined to think that both of these are in some measure true. The cowardice of the Greeks, and the indolence of the Turks, equally induce them to give false and terrific accounts of countries which they are not in the habit of frequenting, and do not wish to visit. The Turks indeed claim a jurisdiction in Maina, and are therefore not very likely to be well received by a people anxious, above all things, to preserve their liberty. The Greeks are probably considered by the Mainots unworthy of favour, from their want of energy and submission to the conqueror. But the instances in which Europeans have been otherwise than hospitably treated are, we believe, exceedingly rare. Add to this, that of late a considerable intercourse has been carried on between the chiefs of the Mainots and the emissaries both of this country and France. The hope of ultimate relief, of restoration to something more than the name of independence is not confined to Egypt. Buonaparte,* whose family is of Mainot extraction, has not unfrequently flattered their vanity by claiming kindred with them; and we have ourselves, since our occupation of the Ionian islands, taken many of these modern Spartans into our service. All this tends to familiarise the people with Europeans, and we may hope that some more curious traveller than Mr. Galt will be enabled to turn to better account those opportunities which he was unable or unwilling to improve.

Mr. Galt gives a favorable, and we believe a true account of the civil discipline, if we may use the expression, of Veli Pashaw's

* There is still a very leading family in Maina called Καλαμάρι; from a branch of which, that emigrated to Corsica, Napoleon is said to be descended.

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army. He followed it so closely through Thessaly as sometimes to be detained for want of horses, which were pressed for the public service. Yet though he heard many reports of violence and misconduct, they all fled before him; and upon his arrival at the places where they were said to have happened, he could never discover any traces of excess. The system indeed pursued by the great Albanian Pashaws, who at present govern all Turkey south of Salonika, with the exception of Athens and its territory, is that of a rigorous and indiscriminating police. Turk and Greek are equally protected and equally punished by these minor sovereigns, whose sole connexion with the former is a religion about which, except as a political engine, they are indifferent, and who are wise enough to perceive that the great strength of their government as to revenue, and no small part of it in point of population, depends upon the Greeks. The revenue indeed, and the means of increasing it, are the great, we may almost say the sole object of these shop-keeping governors: but in the collection of this, they find abundant reason for conciliating the superior Greeks. Generally speaking, they possess the whole talent and information of the country, and from their youth are initiated in all the arts of defrauding that revenue, which they are afterwards employed to collect.

While Greece was, as it still is indeed, (like every other place under the dominion of the Turks,) treated as a conquered country, the regular revenue consisted principally of the capitation tax, and certain customary duties not very rigidly levied. The deficiency was made up, and the rapacity both of the Porte and the intermediate governors satisfied, by forced contributions from the rich. This necessarily produced a studious concealment of property, while it checked the activity of commercial speculation. Add to this, that the haughty Turk, disdaining that his vassal should in any respect vie with himself, chastised every appearance of luxury in the rayah, and rendered riches the less desirable by taking away their enjoyment. But the Albanian Pashaws, the descendants of those who had been forced indeed to embrace the religion of their conquerors, but who in so doing had exalted themselves to a political level with them, while they took advantage of this to establish their own authority, under the semblance of being the deputies of the Porte, never seem to have forgotten that they were Albanians before they were Mahometans. Hence while at home they made but little difference, besides the payment of the haratch, between their Greek and Mahomedan subjects, they were disposed to carry the same indifference into the administration of the other parts of Greece, to the government of which they succeeded. Unshackled with Turkish prejudices, they soon discovered that by a little attention to the superior Greeks, they should be enabled to

raise

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raise upon them, and through them upon their inferiors, a revenue far exceeding any thing which had yet been derived from the country. The first measure was to free them from the contumelious treatment to which they were before liable from the lowest of the Turks; the next, to secure that property to the occupier, from which the lord expected to derive a benefit. Hence the adoption of a vigorous and, as far as we saw, an effective police. Hence too the popularity among the superior Greeks of both Ali and Veli Pashaw. Upon this ground did the half Italianized physicians, whom Veli keeps about his person, not for his health, but his amusement, assert his claim to the title of 'ottimo principe.' Upon this ground were the *virtues* of Ali the theme of praise at Livadia, where the principal Greeks, not in private only, but at the anniversary festival of Logotheti, the first man of their nation, made the room resound with 'vivas,' at the health of 'il *nostro sovranno* Ali Vizir.' But while they praised the distributive justice of their *sovereign*, (the Sultan himself was not even named,) they did not conceal, what was indeed but too obvious, that while themselves prospered, their country was hastening to decay. The system of farming the revenues by the leading Greeks, while it increased the income of the Pashaws, inflamed their cupidity. Conceiving, from the facility with which the sums were collected, that they had only to name them, and leave the rest to the ingenuity of the Greeks, taxation has been carried to a point which threatens the annihilation of the objects of taxation. So long indeed as the money can be raised, it will; for the collectors are interested in the support of a system from which they derive a degree of political consideration, to which they had been long unaccustomed; and they are too well acquainted with the resources of their inferiors, to leave a chance of escape. Meantime, the distress of the lower orders is already arrived at such a pitch, that numbers yearly emigrate to Asia, preferring oppression and contempt at first hand from the Turks, to the misery which results from the intermediate sway of their brethren. One of the principal objects of the Dervanis stationed about the isthmus of Corinth, is to prevent the escape of the inhabitants of the Morea under Veli. The country, in fact, is rapidly declining both in wealth and population.

We cannot indeed confine this observation to the European countries under these Pashaws alone. Throughout Roumelia, with exception perhaps of the part immediately about Salonika, a similar decay has taken place. The observations of an intelligent French physician, who had been resident in Salonika above 40 years, founded upon a general and confidential intercourse with both Turks and Greeks, led him to estimate the diminution of population

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population in European Turkey at nearly one third. This may perhaps be exaggerated, but to justify such a calculation in any degree, the falling off must be very great; and we may observe that the opinions of several of the oldest merchants there, founded on the diminution in the demand for articles not only of luxury, but of prime necessity, nearly coincided with the above statement.

This view of the depopulation of the country, confirming what we incidentally learn from Mr. Galt of the scarcity of provisions; and added to what he says of the badness of the roads, and the difficulty of passing through the present seat of war, inclines us to draw conclusions altogether opposite to his, touching the probability, we do not say of the final, but of any very speedy subjugation of European Turkey. Of such an event we have no expectation until the power that undertakes the task shall bend its whole force and attention to that single object. To penetrate the country adjacent to the Danube, to overrun whatever is at no great distance from her own means of supply, has been the easy, we can hardly call it successful, warfare of Russia in the present contest. But to advance with an adequate army to the Great Balkem, to cross it with success, and pursue the road to Constantinople, would require, in every stage of the journey, the establishment of magazines, to be supplied, not from the country subdued, but from that from which the enemy set out. The only other practicable method of supply would be from the shores of the Black Sea; and to cut off this, were a Turkish fleet insufficient, there would be no great difficulty, we presume, in procuring the assistance of an English one. Nor are we without a hope, that the change which has lately taken place in our diplomatic arrangements at Constantinople may enable us to recover whatever we have lost of influence and good will; and, at no distant period, give us an opportunity of removing, by benefits conferred in the support of an ancient ally, that stain upon our character, which was incurred by the unjust and inglorious expeditions to Alexandria and the Dardanelles.

Our readers will we presume by this time be happy to be released from any farther attendance on Mr. Galt; of whom we now take leave, in the certainty that he cannot complain in our review of what he most seemed to dread, 'verbal criticism;' and in the hope that he will not, without very mature consideration, visit us with another volume of travels.

ART.

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ART. VI. *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven. A Poem.* By Anna Letitia Barbauld. 4to. London. Johnson and Co. 1812.

OUR old acquaintance Mrs. Barbauld turned satirist! The last thing we should have expected, and, now that we have seen her satire, the last thing that we could have desired.

May we (without derogating too much from that reputation of age and gravity of which critics should be so chary) confess that we are yet young enough to have had early obligations to Mrs. Barbauld; and that it really is with no disposition to retaliate on the fair pedagogue of our former life, that on the present occasion, we have called her up to correct her exercise?

But she must excuse us if we think that she has wandered from the course in which she was respectable and useful, and miserably mistaken both her powers and her duty, in exchanging the birchen for the satiric rod, and abandoning the superintendance of the 'ovilia' of the nursery, to wage war on the 'reluctantes dracones,' statesmen, and warriors, whose misdoings have aroused her indignant muse.

We had hoped, indeed, that the empire might have been saved without the intervention of a lady-author: we even flattered ourselves that the interests of Europe and of humanity would in some degree have swayed our public councils, without the descent of (dea ex machina) Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld in a quarto, upon the theatre where the great European tragedy is now performing. Not such, however, is her opinion; an irresistible impulse of public duty—a confident sense of commanding talents—have induced her to dash down her shagreen spectacles and her knitting needles, and to sally forth, hand in hand with her renowned compatriot,* in the magnanimous resolution of saving a sinking state, by the instrumentality of a pamphlet in prose and a pamphlet in verse.

The poem, for so out of courtesy we shall call it, is entitled Eighteen Hundred and Eleven, we suppose, because it was written in the year 1811; but this is a mere conjecture, founded rather on our inability to assign any other reason for the name, than in any particular relation which the poem has to the events of the last year. We do not, we confess, very satisfactorily comprehend the meaning of all the verses which this fatidical spinster has drawn from her poetical distaff; but of what we do understand we very confidently assert that there is not a topic in 'Eighteen Hundred and Eleven' which is not quite as applicable to 1810 or 1812, and which, in our opinion, might not, with equal taste and judgment, have been curtailed, or dilated, or transposed, or omitted, without

* See Art. II.

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any injustice whatever to the title of the poem, and without producing the slightest discrepancy between the frontispiece and the body of the work.

The poem opens with a piece of information, which, though delivered in phraseology somewhat quaint and obscure, we are not disposed to question, namely, that this country is still at war; but it goes on to make ample amends for the flat veracity of this commonplace, by adding a statement, which startled, as much as the former assertion satisfied, our belief. Mrs. Barbauld does not fear to assert, that the year 1811 was one of extraordinary *natural* plenty, but that, with a most perverse taste,

'Man called to Famine, nor invoked in vain.'

We had indeed heard that some mad and mischievous partisans had ventured to charge the scarcity which unhappily exists, upon the political measures of government:—but what does Mrs. Barbauld mean? Does she seriously accuse mankind of wishing for a famine, and interceding for starvation? or does she believe that it is in the power of this country, of what remains of independent Europe, nay, of herself, to arrest the progress of war, and, careless of what Buonaparte or his millions may be about, to beckon back peace and plenty, and to diffuse happiness over the reviving world?

But let us select a specimen of her poetry, which shall be also one of her veracity, prophecy, and patriotism. It is the description of the fallen state of this poor realm.

'Thy baseless wealth dissolves in air away,
Like mists that melt before the morning ray;
No more in crowded mart or busy street,
Friends meeting friends with cheerful hurry greet.
* * * * * * * *
Yes, thou must droop; thy Midas dream is o'er,
The golden tide of commerce leaves thy shore,
Leaves thee to prove th' alternate ills that haunt
Enfeebling luxury and ghastly want.'—p. 5.

We do not know where Mrs. Anna Letitia now resides, though we can venture to assert that it is not on Parnassus: it must, however, be in some equally unfrequented, though less classical region; for the description just quoted is no more like the scene that is really before *our* eyes, than Mrs. Barbauld's satire is like her 'Lessons for Children,' or her 'Hymns in Prose.'

England, in her prophetic vision, is undone; soon, it seems,

'——— to be only known
By the gray ruin and the mouldering stone.'

while America is to go on increasing and improving in arts, in arms, and even, if that be possible, in virtue! Young Americans will

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will cross the Atlantic to visit the sacred ruins of England, just as our young noblemen go to Greece.

> 'Then the ingenuous youth, whom fancy fires
> With pictured glories of illustrious sires,
> With duteous zeal their pilgrimage shall take,
> From the blue mountains or Ontario's lake'—p. 10.

and pay sentimental visits to Cambridge and Stratford-upon-Avon. These 'ingenuous' Americans are also to come to London, which they are to find in ruins: however, being of bold and aspiring dispositions,

> 'They of some broken turret, mined by time,
> The broken stair with perilous step shall climb,
> Thence stretch their view the wide horizon round,
> By scatter'd hamlets trace its ancient bound,
> And *choked* no more with fleets, *fair* Thames survey
> Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.'

This is a sad prospect! but while all our modern edifices are to be in such a lamentable state of dilapidation, Time is to proceed with so cautious and discriminating a step, that Melrose Abbey, which is now pretty well in ruins, is not to grow a bit older, but to continue a beautiful ruin still; this supernatural longevity is conferred upon it in honour of Mr. Scott.

But let not Mr. Scott be too proud of a distinction which he possesses in a very humble degree, compared with him, to whom

> '———————— belong
> *The* Roman virtue and the Tuscan song.'

Which of the virtues, *the* (καὶ' ἐξοχην) Roman virtue is, Mrs. Barbauld does not condescend to inform us, nor does our acquaintance with Mr. Roscoe enable us to guess any virtue for which he is more particularly famous: so great, however, is to be the enthusiastic reverence which the American youth are to feel for him, that, after visiting the scenes which are to remind them of General Moore, Mr. Clarkson, Lord Chatham, Doctor Davy, Mr. Garrick, and Lord Nelson, they are to pay a visit,

> 'Where Roscoe, to whose patriot breast belong
> The Roman virtue and the Tuscan song,
> Led Ceres to the black and barren moor,
> Where Ceres never gained a wreath before'—

Or, in other words, (as the note kindly informs us,) to Mr. Roscoe's farm in Derbyshire, where, less we apprehend, by the Roman virtue and the Tuscan song, than by the homely process of drainage and manuring, he has brought some hundred acres of Chatmoss into cultivation. O the unequal dispensations of this poetical providence! Chatham and Nelson empty names! Oxford and Cambridge

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bridge in ruins! London a desert, and the Thames a sedgy brook! while Mr. Roscoe's barns and piggeries are in excellent repair, and objects not only of curiosity but even of reverence and enthusiasm.

Our readers will be curious to know how these prodigies are to be operated: there is, it seems, a mysterious Spirit or Genius who is to do all this, and a great deal more, as we shall presently see; but who or what he is, or whence he comes, does not very clearly appear, even from the following description:

> 'There walks a Spirit o'er the peopled earth,
> Secret his progress is, unknown his birth,
> Moody and viewless as the changing wind,
> No force arrests his foot, no chains can bind.'—p. 17.

This extraordinary personage is prodigiously wise and potent, but withal a little fickle, and somewhat, we think, for so wise a being, unjust and partial. He has hitherto resided in this country, and chiefly in London; Mrs. Barbauld, however, foresees that he is beginning to be tired of us, and is preparing to go out of town: on his departure that desolation is to take place in reality, which is so often metaphorically ascribed to the secession of some great leader of the ton.

But the same Genius has far more extensive powers even than these;—he 'changes nature,' he 'absorbs the Nile,' (we had not heard of the Nile's being absorbed,) and he has of late taken it into his head to travel 'northward,' among the 'Celtic nations,' with a mercantile venture of Turkey carpets, of which speculation the immediate effects are, that the 'vale of Arno' and the 'coast of Baia' are not near so pleasant as the dykes of Batavia; that the Pontine marshes have *lately* become extremely unwholesome, and that Venice is no longer, as she was a short time since, the mistress of the sea. (p. 20, 21.)

This wonderful person is also so condescending as to assist us in divers little offices, in which we are hardly aware of his interference; he is the real author of Dryden's Virgil and Middleton's Cicero, (p. 22,) he dresses 'light forms' in 'transparent muslins,' he 'tutors' young ladies 'to swell the artful note,' and he builds verandas to our balconies; he is, besides, an eminent nursery man, and particularly remarkable for 'acacias' and 'cedars,' and the 'chrystal walls' of his hothouses produce the best grapes and pines about London; (p. 23;) in short, there is nothing good, bad, or indifferent that this Genius does not do: but, alas! good upon England he intends no longer to confer; our muslins, pines, acacias, and even our forte-pianos are in jeopardy;

> 'For fairest flowers expand but to decay,
> The worm is in thy core, thy glories fade away:

Arts,

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Arts, arms, and wealth destroy the fruits they bring,
Commerce, like beauty, knows no second spring;
Crime walks the streets, fraud earns her unblest bread,
O'er want and woe thy gorgeous robe is spread.'—p. 24.

Upon this melancholy night, however, a bright day dawns, and all the little sense with which Mrs. Barbauld set out, now dissolves away in blissful visions of American glory. This Genius of her's which 'walks the *peopled* earth,' 'viewless and secret,' suddenly *appears* walking on the summit of Chimberaço, (which never was nor can be *peopled*,) displays his '*viewless*' form on the Andes, and '*secretly*' arouses, by loud exclamations, all the nations of the western continent.

'Ardent the Genius fans the noble strife,
And pours through feeble souls a higher life;
Shouts to the mingled tribes from sea to sea,
And *swears*—Thy world, Columbus, shall be free.'—p. 25.

And with this oath concludes 'Eighteen Hundred and Eleven,' upon which we have already wasted too much time. One word, however, we must seriously add. Mrs. Barbauld's former works have been of some utility; her 'Lessons for Children,' her 'Hymns in Prose,' her 'Selections from the Spectator,' et id genus omne, though they display not much of either taste or talents, are yet something better than harmless: but we must take the liberty of warning her to desist from satire, which indeed is satire on herself alone; and of entreating, with great earnestness, that she will not, for the sake of this ungrateful generation, put herself to the trouble of writing any more party pamphlets in verse. We also assure her, that we should not by any means impute it to want of taste or patriotism on her part, if, for her own country, her fears were less confident, and for America her hopes less ardent; and if she would leave both the victims and the heroes of her political prejudices to the respective judgment which the impartiality of posterity will not fail to pronounce.

ART. VII. *Memoirs of the Public Life of John Horne Tooke, Esq. Containing a particular Account of his Connections with the most eminent Characters of the Reign of George III. His Trials for Sedition, High Treason, &c. With his most celebrated Speeches in the House of Commons, on the Hustings, Letters, &c.* By W. Hamilton Reid. 8vo. pp. 192. London. Sherwood, Neely and Jones. 1812.

THIS is the only Life of Mr. Tooke we have yet seen. It is a miserable performance, below contempt as to style, information,

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tion, and talent. We think it somewhat discreditable to the Jacobin school, that they have not been able to produce a better account of a person, who, with all his faults, was in this country their principal ornament and support. A good memoir upon this subject would be an useful accession to our stock of biography, literary and political. When we speak of a memoir, we of course do not mean a large quarto, or two large quartos, for with such it is said we are threatened—eked out with declamations and histories about the American war—dissertations upon the author of Junius—'diatribes' upon the French revolution, and the speeches of the Attorney General and Mr. Erskine—but a book resembling this before us in size, and in nothing else—in which credit shall be given to the reader for a general acquaintance with the history of the last fifty years—in which therefore the main subject will not be overwhelmed by a mass of extraneous matter,—in short, a life of Mr. Tooke, in which Mr. Tooke shall be the principal feature, and in which all that is material to be known of this extraordinary man shall be diligently collected, clearly arranged, and fairly related. We feel it the more necessary to give this warning, because it has been very much the practice of late years, under pretence of writing biography, to deluge the public with vast quantities of contemporaneous history, which serve no other purpose than that of puzzling and fatiguing the reader, and adding to the size and price of the volume. A king, a minister, or a general may be so distinguished, that all the transactions of the age in which he lived may, without impropriety, be considered in reference to him; but, generally speaking, the object of biography is to furnish not that which *is*, but that which is *not* to be found in the history of the times; and great public transactions ought only to be mentioned incidentally, with just so much of detail as is necessary to prevent confusion, and to preserve the thread of the narrative unbroken.

But though we see how the Life of Mr. Tooke ought to be written, it is not our duty, nor indeed do we possess the means to supply that desideratum in literature. We can only offer a few detached remarks upon his history and character, which, though they will probably have no other merit, will at least have that of impartiality. During his life we were not exempt from those feelings of hostility, which great and irreconcileable difference upon political questions, at an anxious and difficult period, is calculated to excite; but we know ourselves ill if we cannot now speak as calmly and fairly of the philosopher and politician of Wimbledon, as if he had flourished in Rome or Athens five-and-twenty centuries ago.

In considering his political career, the most material circumstance,

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stance, that which it is most necessary to keep steadily in view, in order to form a correct and candid estimate of his character is, that he was from beginning to end, a man labouring under great, perpetual, irremovable civil disabilities. He had been unfortunate (we say so without fear of being misinterpreted) in his choice of a profession: for it is a real misfortune to a man of an enterprising disposition, *natus rebus agendis*, to become a member of an order, in which propriety and duty enjoin a sparing and partial interference with the concerns of the world, and in which, if propriety and duty are found too feeble restraints, the law interposes with a strong arm, to curb profane activity and unprofessional exertions. What a man *ought* to do under such circumstances is obvious: but such is the weakness of human nature, that what he ought to do is, we are afraid, not what he is always likely to do—certainly, the very reverse of what Mr. Tooke did do. In fact his whole life seems to have been spent in an unavailing and ungraceful struggle to extricate himself from the restraints which his situation imposed upon him. He was for ever beating himself against the bars of his cage; and such is the power of passion over reason, that neither the exercise of his penetrating and vigorous understanding, nor the experience of constant failures were sufficient to prevent him from wasting his strength in an idle endeavour to pass the magic circle which law and custom had drawn around him. Hence all his exertions wanted both dignity and effect: and his extraordinary talents were productive of little true glory to himself, and scarcely of any benefit to the world.

Mr. Tooke was born with an iron constitution of body and mind; he was endowed with persevering industry, armed with unshaken courage, and stimulated by a restless ambition. These qualities should carry their possessor very far in a free country. But the barrier was insurmountable. Gifted with the talents of a great performer, he was compelled throughout to play inferior parts. As a politician he was always below himself; always acting in subordination to his equals, or on a level with those whom nature and education had placed at an immeasurable distance beneath him. He began his career as an assistant in a struggle, from which the mock patriot Wilkes derived all the glory, and all the advantage; and he ended it by dividing the credit of turbulent, unsuccessful, and unpopular resistance to sound principles and lawful authority with Messrs. Hardy and Thelwall. He could not be a lawyer, therefore he resisted the law, and reviled those who administered it. He could not be a statesman, nay, not even a demagogue, and therefore he was content to become a factious partizan, a low agitator, to insult those whom he could not rival, and to disturb a country in the government of which he never could have a share. Disappointment

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and envy had taken possession of his whole soul, soured his temper, narrowed his views, and perverted his judgment. It was his habit 'to speak evil of dignities,' to assail by ridicule or invective all those persons and things, which, by the common feeling of the rest of the world, were marked out as objects of reverence and admiration. He professed, indeed, to admire the constitution of his country; but it was the constitution as it was said to exist at some remote and never defined period, not the constitution such as it now is, under which, according to him, every species of corruption and injustice had grown up and flourished; and he delighted to carp at that beneficent system of law, to which of all men living he was the most deeply indebted. The mild spirit and lenient administration of English justice were never more clearly exemplified than in the impunity of a man who was constantly treading upon the very verge of crimes that aimed at nothing less than the entire ruin of the state, and whose delight it was to insult the best feelings of the country at a time of universal danger, alarm and irritation. The same temper of mind rendered him unjust to almost every species of excellence in his contemporaries. Among the objects of his particular and personal antipathy, are to be numbered nearly all the great men of his age and country. He hated Dr. Johnson, he hated Mr. Burke, he hated Lord Mansfield, he hated Mr. Pitt, he hated Mr. Fox, and he spoke of them without any of that respect or forbearance which great talents and high station, and the esteem of the greatest part of the world generally extort from less resolute, or less acrimonious adversaries.

The Ishmael of literature and politics, his hand was against every man's hand, and every man's hand was against him. '*Oderint dum metuant*' seems to have been his motto, and provided he could excite surprize by his paradoxes, and terror by his abuse, he cared little for public esteem, and looked to no more important or more salutary effect. His writings and speeches are all composed in a confident, accusatory tone. It is not enough for him to shew that his adversaries must be wrong, but he is equally determined to prove that they must be dishonest. Dissent from his opinion was not mere intellectual weakness, but moral guilt. No man ever more resolutely threw away the scabbard in every attack.—He seems to have considered the present order of things as one in which he could find no proper place, and he therefore consoled himself by waging irreconcileable war against all those by whom it was upheld. He does not appear to have acted upon any particular system, or to have directed his efforts towards any particular object. In fact, the occasions which allowed much active interference on his part but seldom occurred. A popular election, conducted with circumstances of extreme party violence, or a society formed to alter the constitution or controul the government, were

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were his chief opportunities for distinction, and upon these he seized with great eagerness, and availed himself of them with great ability. But these brilliant moments soon passed away: the election was decided, or the society was suppressed, and he was condemned to pass through a long interval of quiet and obscurity. One of his earliest, strongest, and most enduring feelings was antipathy to the House of Commons. But like most other innovators, he seems to have thought that there was no harm in taking advantage of the present system so long as it lasted. Old Sarum, that standing insult to the theory of representation, that byeword among the reformers, had the singular honour of returning the Reverend Mr. Tooke to parliament, who took his seat (apparently) without any scruple as to the number or quality of his constituents: nor does his dislike to the present order of things appear to have reached its utmost height, till the doors of the house had been finally barred against him by an act of the legislature.

We are aware that the character we have been drawing, so far as we have hitherto proceeded in the delineation, is not particularly calculated to excite affection or respect. Yet we own that we are much more inclined to regard this waste of his talents, and this perversion of his feelings, with regret and compassion than with severity and anger. There is nothing that has so unfavourable an effect upon the heart and the understanding, nothing that so completely sours the milk of human kindness, as long disappointment and immovable restraint. By a step taken so early in life, that he was excusable at least if he did not at once perceive all its consequences, he was debarred from the fair exercise of those talents with which he was most highly gifted, and cut off from the attainment of those objects of which he was naturally most desirous. We all know the vast share accident has in forming the greatest, the wisest, and most virtuous men; and we shall not do justice to the character of Mr. Tooke if we blame him for what he was, without considering what, under more propitious circumstances, he might have been. He was, as we have had already occasion to remark, the enemy of almost all the eminent men of his time. But if his fetters had been struck off, if he had been suffered to come down into the arena, and contend with them upon equal terms, a malignant and impotent hostility might have given place to manly emulation and generous rivalry. Let us not, however, be misunderstood as meaning to approve the conduct of those who, having once engaged in a profession in which the best faculties of man may be employed to the best purpose, instead of bending their minds to the accomplishment of its important duties, waste their days in unbecoming endeavours to mix in struggles which they ought to shun, and in unavailing aspirations after a greatness which they have renounced. We have only ventured to offer an imperfect ex-

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cuse arising from the general weakness of the human character, and to plead, as it were, in mitigation of that heavy censure which must at any rate fall upon talents idly wasted or mischievously misapplied.

Remarkable however as those talents were, we do not think they were of the first order. In a favorable situation he might have been more eminent, and would undoubtedly have been more useful; but under no circumstances could he have been a really great man. Promptitude, acuteness, and activity, not grandeur and comprehension, were the characteristics of his mind. All its operations were confined to a narrow sphere. What he saw he saw clearly, but his vision did not extend far. Wholly occupied in the squabble of the day, and anxious about the petty point which it was his immediate desire to carry, he seems to have preserved no just sense of the relative magnitude of objects, and behaved as if the fate of mankind had depended upon the event of the Middlesex or Westminster election. A few questions of merely domestic and national policy (none of them, except parliamentary reform, of much importance) seem to have engrossed all his attention. In the treatment of them he always displays infinite subtlety and ingenuity, and often a great deal of wit: but his chief merit after all seems to have consisted not so much in the choice and temper of his weapons, as in the dexterity with which he handles them. His topics and arguments were the topics and arguments of an ordinary man, only stated with more address and urged with more earnestness and force, but not drawn (like those of Mr. Burke) from the inexhaustible stores of an exuberant, elevated, and comprehensive mind. His strength lay in the 'argumentum ad hominem,' and in a sort of ingenious lively special pleading upon details. In these he delighted to dwell, and shewed no desire to escape from them to more general and important speculations. He was better pleased in the detection of error than in the investigation of truth; more anxious to confute and ridicule an adversary than to establish any doctrines of his own. His speeches and political writings, those at least that are known to be his, are few and inconsiderable. It is to the name of the writer alone that they are indebted for having survived the occasions that gave them birth; and we should search them in vain for any traces of that sublime eloquence and profound wisdom which adorn the works of the author of the 'Reflexions.' If we were to pursue any farther a comparison which, perhaps, it is hardly fair to institute, we should say, that while it was the tendency of Mr. Burke's mind to give dignity and interest even to matters of a secondary and fugitive kind, by treating them in reference to general principles and more important subjects, it was Mr. Tooke's disposition rather to narrow

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row the ground, and to descend to that which was local, temporary, and personal, even when engaged in the consideration of questions which it was natural to treat upon a more enlarged scale.

His style is strongly impressed with the character of his mind; —neat, clear, precise, and forcible, free from affectation, void of ornament. We do not think he is ever vulgar; but he is full of that 'genuine Anglicism' of which the course of his studies rendered him at once an admirer and a master—that native idiom which the brilliant success of some of those who have written English as a foreign language, has, within the last fifty years, brought into disuse, and almost into oblivion. The most finished specimen of his composition is probably to be found in the two or three letters written in answer to the attacks of Junius; and he had the honor, which in those days was deemed no inconsiderable one, of being the only knight that returned with his lance unbroken from a combat with that unknown but terrible champion. If he wants the exquisite polish and the brilliant invective of his adversary, that dexterous malignity which comes in with such effect to blacken a character by insinuation after invective has exhausted its powers, and, above all, that well sustained tone of austere dignity which gives to Junius the air and authority of a great personage in disguise; he is superior to him in facility, vivacity, and that appearance of plainness and sincerity which is of such importance in controversial writings. The great fault of Junius is a sort of stiffness and appearance of labour. His compositions smell too much of the lamp. He wanted nothing to be a perfect master of his art, but the power of concealing it. Mr. Tooke's letters have the flow, unity, and simplicity which belong to writings struck off at a heat, and which depend for their effect rather upon the general powers of the writer than upon great nicety and labour in the particular instance. In justice to Junius, *as a writer*, we must add that he was laboring under the disadvantages of a weak case. It is evident that he was early and deeply sensible of his own mistake; and he was therefore glad to put an end to the contest as soon as possible, even at the price of leaving his adversary in possession of the field; a humiliation to which he would not have submitted but from the consciousness of his having originally selected an unfavourable ground.

In speaking of Mr. Tooke's intellectual character we have hitherto omitted to notice one of its most striking features, the love of paradox; a disposition which, though the natural companion of subtlety and ingenuity, was, we believe, never found combined with true greatness of mind. To add to the difficulty of a proposition by a quaint unusual method of enunciating it, to display a vain dexterity in defence of an acknowledged error, to dress up

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truth in a strange masquerade garb, in hopes that somebody will mistake her for falsehood—these are frivolous childish amusements, and indicative of an unsound or ill-regulated understanding. No man that possessed the reasoning power in its full perfection was ever willing to waste it in drawing a stare from ignorance and vulgarity: on the contrary, those who have contributed most to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge, by the discovery of new and important truths, have almost always been anxious to place them in that point of view in which they would give the least possible alarm, and win their way to a general acceptance with the least possible opposition from the common prejudices and feelings of the world. But truth and error, *as such*, were almost indifferent to Mr. Tooke. He was more a sophist than a philosopher, and was always most inclined to maintain that proposition, whatever it might be, that afforded him the best opportunity of exhibiting to advantage his argumentative acuteness and skill. He was a sort of intellectual juggler; and provided he could keep the multitude gaping at the dexterity with which he handled his cup and balls, he cared very little what farther effect the spectacle might have upon their mind.

We shall naturally be expected to say something of Mr. Tooke's philosophical writings; but this is a subject into which our limits do not permit us to enter at large. Besides, it has been lately discussed with such ability, and in a manner, to us at least, so satisfactory, that we could do very little more than repeat to our readers remarks that have already been made with infinitely greater force and authority.

Shortly, however, our opinion is this,—that though Mr. Tooke's philosophical works are the result of no common talent and industry, yet they are neither written in a truly philosophical spirit, nor display traces of a mind, which, even if it had been wholly dedicated to the study of metaphysics, would have much enlarged the bounds of our knowledge in that nice and intricate branch of science. His object seems to have been rather to retard, than to advance the progress of philosophy, by recalling us from those sound conclusions as to the nature and operations of the human mind, which are built upon observation and experience, to vague speculations drawn from the imperfect analogy existing between the moral and the physical world. There can be no doubt that the proposition which he has succeeded in establishing, is highly interesting and important; and that in the illustration of it, he has shewn great learning, ingenuity, and research. But then, on the other hand, he has so monstrously exaggerated its importance, and so widely mistaken its tendency, and has attempted to raise so vast a superstructure, upon such a narrow, slippery, and inadequate foundation,

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foundation, that we are quite lost in amazement when we recollect how completely the sagacity which guided him so well in the investigation of his principal fact, appears to desert him when he comes to apply that fact to the purposes of a theory. The distance between what he has proved and what he wishes us to believe that he has proved, is enormous. What he has proved is, that all words, even those that are expressive of the nicest operations of our minds, were originally borrowed from the objects of external perception,—a circumstance highly curious in the history of language, consequently in the history of the human mind itself, and the complete demonstration of which of course reflects great credit upon its author.—What he thinks he has proved is, that this etymological history of words is our true guide, both as to the *present* import of the words themselves, and as to the nature of those things which they are intended to signify—a proposition so monstrous, that he has no where ventured to enunciate it in its general form, but has rather left it to be collected from the tenor of his remarks upon particular instances. In truth, the inferences at which Mr. Tooke arrived, so far from being warranted by his facts, are directly the contrary of those to which he ought naturally to have been led by the result of his own studies, when they were most successful. In tracing upwards through all the mazes of etymology, the origin of words, he ought to have seen more clearly, if possible, than any body else, that their *real present* sense is not to be sought for in their primitive signification, or in the elements of which they were originally composed, but that on the contrary their *actual import*, with which alone in reasoning we have to do, hardly ever corresponds with their etymological meaning, although the one always bears to the other a certain resemblance, more or less accurate, according to the greater or less effect of time and accident. One could without difficulty understand, how a person unaccustomed to such considerations, and misled by a few instances partially chosen, should adopt a theory like that which Mr. Tooke was desirous to establish; but how a philosopher minutely acquainted with the whole subject, and proceeding upon a most copious induction of particulars, should not have perceived that in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, such a doctrine would lead to absolute absurdity, is, to us at least, inconceivable. We will take a single instance, which will better explain what we mean. It is one of those which have been already selected by Mr. Stewart; (vide Diversions of Purley, vol. 2, p. 403.)

'True, as we now write it; or trew, as it was formerly written, means simply and merely,—that which is trowed. And, instead of its being a rare commodity upon earth, except only in words, there is nothing but truth in the world.

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'That every man, in his communication with others, should speak that which he troweth, is of so great importance to mankind, that it ought not to surprize us, if we find the most extravagant and exaggerated praises bestowed upon truth.'

Now we apprehend that this passage contains one very questionable proposition, and two more that are absolutely false.

In the first place, we think it very doubtful whether those who first formed the noun 'truth' from the verb 'to trow,' meant to limit their new-coined word to the sense, which in strictness it seems to bear. It appears a much more natural account of the matter to say, that having found or believing they had found, that what '*is trowed*,' is commonly the same as '*what is*,' they were content that the one expression should be considered universally as synonimous with the other, and therefore used the word 'truth' from the very beginning, in precisely the same sense as that in which we now employ it. Or the history of this word may be the same as that of αλήθεια in Greek. To speak what one thinks or *trows*, is in a moral sense to speak *truth*,—that is, not to conceal or disguise what is in the mind; and the word being once generally adopted for expressing moral truth, was in process of time naturally extended to physical; nothing being more common in popular practice, than to include a whole class of kindred ideas under one term,—especially where the distinction between them is of a subtle abstract nature, and out of the range of vulgar observation. But supposing, (what for the sake of the argument we will admit,) that they intended to use the word in its more confined and strictly derivative meaning; still, what beomes of Mr. Tooke's inference, that it is, or ought to be (for we are not quite sure which he means) employed in no other meaning now? What is this but to set up the supposed practice of a barbarous period, against the universal consent of whole ages of civilization and learning? Is not language purely conventional? And are not words merely the signs by which men have agreed to convey (as well as they can) certain ideas? And is it not therefore to the last degree idle, to talk of the precise etymological signification, or the intention of the Anglo-Saxons, as that which ought to outweigh the unbroken custom of a whole nation through eight or nine centuries? But it is only wasting time to argue against such a doctrine; let us however advance a step farther in concession, and allow not only that the word 'truth' was originally used in its strict etymological signification, but that out of respect to the Heptarchy, it ought to be used only in that signification,—and still we should not be one particle nearer to Mr. Tooke's last and most monstrous conclusion; namely, that there is no such thing as 'truth,' in the sense in which we have erroneously presumed to use the

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the word for several hundred years past. Nothing more could be inferred from either proposition, than that which is directly stated in them—that the subjects of Ethelwolf and Wurgan had no notion of eternal immutable truth,—and that we have no business to use their word to convey ideas different from those which they annexed to it:—in short it would be shewn that the language was imperfect; but the metaphysical question about *truth*, would remain just where it stood before.

In describing generally the character of Mr. Tooke, we have already anticipated some remarks which are particularly applicable to this part of his writings. One is everywhere shocked by the insolent confidence with which he promulgates his own doctrines, by his contempt for the opinions of all other men, by the strange mixture of factious politics and personal abuse with grammar and metaphysics, and, more than all, by his unworthy contumelious treatment of the most illustrious amongst his contemporaries.

It is not only with the spirit that reigns through the Diversions of Purley that we are displeased; we think the form and arrangement of the work equally objectionable.

The authority of the ancients may be pleaded in favour of dialogue as a vehicle for philosophical discussion, though some of the principal reasons which determined them to adopt that form no longer exist. It seems however particularly ill adapted to the investigation in which Mr. Tooke was engaged. The greater part of his work (we do not say so with any view to disparage it) consists of mere lexicography—the enumeration, derivation, and definition of words. Now, without denying that these are subjects which the form of a conversation is best suited to explain, we must own, that a dictionary by mode of dialogue, though perfectly novel, and perhaps ingenious, does not appear to us a very happy invention. It is, however, extremely well calculated for one purpose which Mr. Tooke evidently had in view throughout his work, that of avoiding any clear, formal, precise explanation of his system, and of the principles which he was desirous to establish. 'In general,' (to use the words of Mr. Stewart,) 'he seems purposely to have confined himself to a statement of premises without pointing out (except by application or *innuendo*) the purposes to which he means them to be applied; a mode of writing which, by throwing an air of mystery over his real design, and by amusing the imagination with the prospect of some wonderful secret afterwards to be revealed, has given to his truly learned and original disquisitions a degree of celebrity among the smatterers in science, which they would never have acquired if stated concisely and systematically in a didactic form.' Unluckily for him, however, this is not the age of mystery, but of free discussion and unreserved disclosure. No man

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man can receive credit for an unknown capital of knowledge which he is unable or unwilling to produce upon demand. The very attempt to obtain it is justly considered as bordering upon imposture; and Mr. Tooke would have been the first to entertain, and the loudest to proclaim, doubts of any other person that presented himself to the world under circumstances so suspicious. The truth is, he had no farther discoveries to make; if he had, his vanity would have insured the production of them in the thirty years that elapsed between the publication of his letter to Mr. Dunning, (which contained the germ of his subsequent philological writings,) and the close of his literary career. But he was unable to deny himself the petty gratification of raising an exaggerated opinion of his talents among the ill informed part of his readers, by pretensions which he could never realize; and was content to sink in the esteem of posterity for the sake of exciting a little more admiration in the common herd of his contemporaries. He liked the bustle of real life—pulverem atque aciem—a great deal better than quiet and mere literary pursuits. Those who have read the 'Letter to Mr. Dunning' will recollect the perverse ingenuity with which he contrived to graft his great philological inquiry upon a legal squabble. He comes hot from the court of King's Bench to discuss the nature of particles, of which, it seems, a shameful ignorance, on the part of the judges, had just been manifested in a verdict against him. His head is never clear from the politics of the day long enough to write five pages together without alluding to them; and he continually rouses his readers from calm meditation upon the origin of *but* and *to* and *from*, by smart epigrams upon the natural objects of his hostility, the prime minister and the chief justice for the time being. The society in which he lived of course corresponded to the prevalent disposition of his mind, and was rather political than literary. He probably was not in the habit of meeting persons who were capable of discussing with him, upon a footing of equality, the subjects of the επεα πτεροεντα, but dictated 'ex cathedrâ' to those who were unable to distinguish what was discovery from what was only paradox, and who gave him as much credit for what he had only promised as for what he had actually performed. If he had kept company in which topics of that nature were more frequently and more ably discussed, if (as it were) he had breathed a more philosophic air, a beneficial effect would, we think, have been felt upon his writings. He would have been less haughty and less positive, more clear and precise in the statement of his views, more moderate in estimating the value of his own labours, more accurate in ascertaining their real tendency, and above all he would have seen how absurd it is, at this time of day, to expect

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any permanent or valuable increase of reputation from the affectation of mysterious hints and imperfect disclosures.

Mr. Tooke was possessed of considerable learning, as indeed his writings sufficiently shew. To other more casual acquirements he united a very extensive acquaintance with the Gothic dialects, of which he has so copiously and so judiciously availed himself in his etymological researches; and it seems probable that the leading ideas of his philosophical work first presented themselves to his mind whilst he was pursuing this comparatively unfrequented track of literature. He was extremely well versed in the law; a science which, both in theory and practice, was particularly congenial to his mind, and which he had once studied with professional accuracy in the hope of being called to the bar. We are unable to state with precision what was the amount of his attainments in classical learning, but we apprehend he by no means possessed that accurate acquaintance with the literature of ancient Greece and Rome which is necessary to constitute a great scholar, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He was familiar with all our best writers, most so with those of an early date. His knowledge of modern languages was considerable, and he was particularly well read in Italian authors. On the whole, exclusively of philosophy and politics, he would have passed for a very accomplished man.

One of the taxes which men pay for being eminent is to have their private as well as their public conduct made the subject of criticism: we shall therefore offer no apology for adding a few such remarks as our information enables us to supply upon that of Mr. Tooke. In the essential particulars of truth, honour, and justice, in all that, in a popular sense, forms the morality of a gentleman, he stood, we believe, unimpeached; at least no charge against him for the violation of it was ever substantiated, although he lived for half a century exposed to the public eye, and beset by the vigilant hostility of active and powerful enemies. His great fault, as a private man, was a libertinism in his habits and discourse which ill became his character, his profession, and, latterly, his age. It may seem an uncharitable suspicion, but we are really afraid that the tendency of which we complain, was rather increased than checked by the profession to which, however unwillingly, he belonged. He had a sort of spite at all its restraints. Many of them he never could throw off; but he was anxious to shew that in licentiousness at least he could be a layman.

In the ordinary intercourse of life he was kind, friendly, and hospitable. We doubt whether his temper was naturally good; but if it was not, he had a merit the more; for he had so completely subdued it by care and self-controul as never to betray, under any provocation, the slightest mark of that irritability which often accompanies

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panies talent, and which gains so rapidly upon those who know not how to guard against its approaches. Indeed the aspect under which he appeared in private was by no means such as the stern cynicism and ferocious turbulence of his public conduct would have led one to expect; and those, whose opinion of him has been formed exclusively upon his political character and his writings, will have some difficulty in believing that the curate of Brentford was one of the best bred gentlemen of the age. In this respect he was a sort of phænomenon. He was born in a low station: at no period did he appear to have possessed any remarkable advantages for the study of good breeding; on the contrary, the greater part of his life was spent in constant intercourse with coarse, vulgar, and uneducated men. Yet his natural taste was so good, and he had profited so judiciously by whatever opportunities he enjoyed, that courts and high stations have seldom produced a better example of polite and elegant behaviour than was exhibited by the associate of Messrs. Hardy and Thelwall. Indeed his manner had almost every excellence that manner can display—grace, vivacity, frankness, dignity. Perhaps, indeed, in its outward forms and in that which is purely conventional, his courtesy wore the air of the 'vieille cour,' and was rather more elaborate than is consistent with the practice of this lounging unceremonious age: but it was never forced or constrained, and it sat not ungracefully upon an old man.

It has been remarked of some very eminent men, that either from bashfulness, or pride, or indifference, or want of a ready command of their faculties, their conversation frequently disappointed the expectations which their character had raised. Mr. Tooke was not of that class. He never appeared to greater advantage than in conversation. He was naturally of a social and convivial turn. His animal spirits were strong, the promptitude of his understanding was equal to its vigour, and he was by no means too proud to receive with satisfaction the small but immediate reward of approbation and good will which is always cheerfully paid to the display of agreeable qualities in society. A long, attentive, and acute observation of the world, had furnished him with a vast store of information and remark, which he was always ready to communicate, but never desirous to obtrude upon his hearers. The events of his political life had brought him into personal intercourse with many of the most considerable men of his time, and he was minutely acquainted with the history of them all. It is true, indeed, as we have already had occasion to observe, that few of the number had the good fortune to be the objects of his regard or approbation; and as candour was not a virtue he much affected, it was therefore necessary to receive his account of their actions and character

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racter with all imaginable caution and allowance. But if he was not a faithful portrait painter, he was at least an admirable caricaturist; which, for the purposes of mere entertainment, did quite as well: and it must be owned that his representations, though harsh and unfavourable, always bore a striking and amusing resemblance to the originals. Viewed alone, they would have conveyed a very erroneous idea; but they were by no means without their use in correcting the impressions which had been made by more friendly, but equally unfaithful artists. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, which he introduced with great skill, and related with neatness, grace, rapidity and pleasantry. He had a quick sense of the ridiculous, and was a great master of the whole art of raillery, a dangerous talent, though the exercise of it in his hands was always tempered by politeness and good humour. No man, we believe, ever provoked him by hostile attack, without having reason to repent of his rashness. He was possessed of all the means that could make retort terrible;—ready poignant wit, perfect composure and self-command, boldness confirmed by the habit of victory in that species of combat, and a heartfelt bitterness, which when he was once emancipated, by the indiscretion of his adversary, from those restraints which good-breeding imposed, poured itself forth in a torrent of keen, unsparing, irresistible invective. But these severe chastisements were but rarely inflicted, never, we believe, except when provoked by some signal instance of folly or impertinence in his opponent.

His fault as a companion was that love of paradox which we have already mentioned, and a tendency to disputation which led him continually to argue for the mere sake of victory, and in evident contradiction to his own real opinion—a practice quite insufferable when adopted, as it often is, by persons of ordinary understanding, and who only flatter themselves that they possess the acuteness with which Mr. Tooke was really endowed, and to which we must own, that even his liveliness, native ingenuity, and felicity of illustration, could never wholly reconcile us.

He possessed a rich vein of humour, sometimes coarse, but always striking, comic, and original. His speeches afforded some good specimens of it to the public, and he indulged in it still more freely in private. Perhaps, indeed, it may be fairly objected to him, that his conversation was hardly ever quite serious; and that what with paradox, and what with irony, it was not easy to get at his true meaning. The truth seems to be, that he comforted himself for not having a larger share in the business of the world, by laughing at every body and every thing it contained. His sceptical disposition probably kept his mind unsettled upon many important facts as to which the generality of men entertain more fixed opinions,

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nions, and he was therefore ready to espouse either side with equal zeal and equal insincerity, just as accident or caprice inclined him at the moment. There were other subjects on which he was accustomed to speak more positively, but on which we are apt to suspect that his *esoteric* doctrines were very different from those which he taught to aldermen, shoemakers, and other patriotic persons. On such occasions, he could not have been in earnest. He must have seen through the designs of those with whom he was acting—he must have loathed their vulgarity—he must have despised their folly. We are aware how severe a censure upon his honesty this opinion implies, but we really think that a fair estimate of the strength of his understanding can lead to no other conclusion.

He was endowed with every species of courage, active and passive, personal and political. Even his adversaries allowed him this merit. We recollect, that in the year 1794, at the time of the State Trials, when it was falsely reported, that upon being committed to the Tower his spirit had failed, and he had burst into tears, Wilkes expressed great surprize, and said, 'I knew he was a knave, but I never thought him a coward.' It is only to be regretted that he found no better opportunities for the display of so valuable a quality, than in election riots, and trials for sedition and treason.

In spite of labour and dissipation his life was protracted to a period which indicated an originally sound and vigorous frame. For the last twenty years, however, he was subject to several severe, distressing and incurable infirmities. These he bore with a patience and firmness which it was impossible not to admire: to the very last he never suffered himself to be beat down by them, nor ever for one moment indulged in complaint, or gave way to despondency. In the intervals of pain, nay, even when actually suffering under it, he preserved a self-command, which enabled him to converse, not only with spirit and vigour, but with all his accustomed cheerfulness and pleasantry, never making any demand upon the sympathy of his friends, or mentioning his own situation at all, except when occasionally, and by a very pardonable exercise of his sophistry, he amused himself in exalting its comforts, and explaining away its disadvantages—displaying in this respect a manly spirit and a practical philosophy which, if they had been brought to bear upon his moral, as well as upon his physical condition, if they had been employed with as much effect in reconciling him to his political exclusion as to his bodily sufferings, might have produced, not the very imperfect character we have been attempting to delineate, in which the unfavourable traits bear so large a proportion to those of a nobler and more benign cast, but the venerable portrait of a truly wise and virtuous man.

ART.

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ART. VIII. *Tales of Fashionable Life.* By Miss Edgeworth. Vols. 4, 5, and 6. Johnson. 1812.

WHEN the 'Tales of Fashionable Life' first came under our consideration, we endeavoured to convey to the reader, our general impression of Miss Edgeworth's literary character; and, though we were not enabled to speak with equal approbation of all her efforts, we did not hesitate to place her in the first rank of modern novelists, and to express our satisfaction at the promise then held out to us of a continuation of her amusing and instructive tales. In reference to the former volumes, we are inclined to pronounce these now offered to the public to have, perhaps, less striking passages, but certainly fewer faults, and to be, on the whole, superior in point of taste, interest, and above all, 'vraisemblance.'

We are well aware how difficult it is to keep a due medium between flatness and common-place on the one hand, and romance and improbabilities on the other; and we are ready to admit that in order to excite extraordinary interest, the novelist must be permitted the use of incidents less usual, and of characters less common than are met with in the streets and society of London; but we cannot reconcile ourselves to the violent and unnecessary vicissitudes of fortune and feeling which disfigure, in a greater or less degree, every tale of the first *livraison* of this work. We have already stated that we are no enemies to a slight sprinkling of the extraordinary, but we cannot reconcile ourselves to extreme improbabilities, and events barely within the verge of nature, which excite wonder instead of interest, and disgust rather than surprise. We are therefore glad to be able to say that in the present volumes we find much less reason for complaint on this point; and we are satisfied that a more genuine and sustained interest is preserved by this attention to probability, than could have been excited by those more amazing incidents and transactions with which Miss Edgeworth has sometimes endeavoured to captivate our attention.

As we profess great respect for Miss Edgeworth's abilities, and the sincerest wishes for the successful effect of her labours, we shall be excused for saying a few monitory words on the subject of this failing which we think is in some degree *characteristical*, and which, though less obvious in the first and third of the tales now before us, is yet not altogether unobservable, and is, we think, a considerable blemish on the story of Emilie de Coulanges. That 'le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable,' we do not deny; but we are prepared to insist that, while the '*vrai*' is the highest recommendation of the historian of real life, the '*vraisemblable*' is the only legitimate province of the novelist who aims at improving the understanding or touching the heart.

Violent

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Violent catastrophes and strange vicissitudes occur now and then in the history of mankind; but they are so rare, that, as lessons of conduct, they have little effect on the mind. Buffon says somewhere that when a chance becomes so remote as to be ten thousand to one, it ceases to create any interest; and though Doctor Johnson observed that if among ten thousand men, lots were to be drawn for the death of one, none of the ten thousand would be perfectly at ease; yet we are quite sure that (however it might be in a real crisis of life and death) the reader of a novel will be indifferent to events, the probability of which rests on no better foundation than that they have happened once in an age, or to one man out of ten thousand.

Of this character are, the disgusting duel on which the whole drama of 'Belinda' turns; the change at nurse of the heir of Glenthorn for the son of the blacksmith which constitutes the plot and produces the denouement of 'Ennui;' the nauseous folly of the romantic friendship in 'Almeria;' the indelicate and unlikely incident which operates the conversion of Colonel Pembroke in 'the Dun;' and the threadbare improbability of Emilie de Coulanges' refusing to marry the son of her friend, because her heart was engaged to an interesting unknown, and the stale surprize of discovering this same interesting unknown to be the very son of her friend. All these (and we could still farther swell the list) appear to us defects of such magnitude and of such frequent recurrence in Miss Edgeworth's works, that we cannot refrain from animadverting upon them, though we hope that she will not excuse merely, but even take in good part, our observations upon the almost solitary fault of which we have to complain.

But, while the incidents of Miss Edgeworth's pieces are too often improbable, she is altogether exempt from a fault which, at first sight, one would expect to find allied to the former, and which we have to allege against almost the whole class of modern novel writers,—the want of truth and nature in the *manners* of the persons of the story. In this department (if we may use the expression) of composition, Miss Edgeworth is eminently successful. We do not know that she has, in the whole circle of literature, a rival except the inimitable authors of Gil Blas and Don Quixote; and the discrimination with which the *individuality* of her persons is preserved through all the varieties of rank, sex, and nation, gives to her story a combined charm of truth and novelty, creates an interest more acute than fiction (if fiction it can be called) ever excited, and strikes us (for the moment at least) blind to the incongruities of the scene on which these moving images, these living pictures are employed.

But to this power of masterly and minute delineation of character Miss Edgeworth adds another, which has rarely been combined with

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with the former, that of interweaving the peculiarities of her persons with the conduct of her piece, and making them, without forgetting for a moment their personal consistency, conduce to the general lesson which she undertakes to inculcate.

In order to appreciate exactly the merit of this latter power, we must recollect how seldom it has been successfully employed. Even in the drama, whose particular province it is to combine the varieties of human character into one action, to draw them, as it were, into the vortex of one interest, and to produce, by means of conflicting passions, one common object, Shakespeare (we think we may say) alone, has been able to solve this great problem. Other dramatists have chosen their characters and their objects with a direct reference to one another, and arranged their whole chain of moral causes and effects with a precision, which being easily foreseen, is not easily admired. *He* alone takes men and women as he finds them in nature, and, blending their powers yet discriminating their motives, without difficulty, and apparently without effort, moulds the vast variety to the great purpose for which he had designed them.

Among the novelists, (whose duties, though of an inferior rank, are of a similar kind,) we cannot immediately recollect one who has this merit. In Tom Jones, Peregrine Pickle, and Amelia, we have a most accurate and vivid picture of real life; but it is, if we may venture to say so, *too* real. A novel, which is not in some degree a lesson either of morals or conduct, is, we think, a production which the world might be quite as well without, and, it must be admitted, that the personages of the (otherwise) excellent works which we have mentioned, are brought together, without any such leading object in the association—without reference to any particular principle, and without inculcating any specific system of moral duty. Towards the close, indeed, of the last volume of this class there is usually some attempt at 'moralizing the tale,' and executing a lame and tardy justice on the prominent offenders; but this produces little beneficial effect on the mind: there is generally no kind of relation between the punishment inflicted and the crimes of those upon whom it is visited, and the errors of the heroes and heroines have as little to do with the annoyance which they suffer, as their virtues with the happiness to which they are ultimately, and for the most part, undeservedly dismissed. This, we admit, is no more than occurs in the great book of the world; but the more accurately that book is copied, the less inclined we should be to recommend to young and ardent minds the perusal of the transcript. We doubt whether the ridicule of Thwackum and Trulliber, or the exposure of Squire Gam and Blifil, have ever stifled the seeds of brutality or vice in any

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mind; but we are convinced that the gay immoralities, the criminal levities, and the rewarded dissipation of Tom Jones and Peregrine Pickle have contributed to inflame, and we will venture to add, to debauch many a youthful imagination.

Another class of novelists, of later date and humbler pretensions to wit and powers of intellect, are nearly the antipodes of the former. Nothing in their drama is real; their scenes are fancy, and their actors mere *essences*. The hero and heroine are generally paragons of courage, beauty, and virtue; they reside in such castles as never were built, in the midst of such forests as never grew, infested by such hordes of robbers and murderers as were never collected together. In the small number of these novels which have any plan or meaning, all is modelled on a certain principle, and every event predisposed to conduce to a certain object. Virtue is to be always persecuted, never overpowered, and at the close invariably rewarded; while vice, on the other hand, triumphant through all the previous scenes, is sure to be immolated in the last by the sword of retribution. This kind of novel is as useless, as the former may be pernicious; the lessons it teaches are mere enthusiasm and romance; for the every day occurrences of life there is inculcated a magnanimous contempt; and the mind, taught to neglect or despise the common duties of society, is either wound up to a pitch of heroism which never can be tried, or fixed in erroneous principles of morality and duty from which it is not easily reclaimed.

Between these extremes, Miss Edgeworth, with great ability and proportionate effect, holds her way. Her characters are as natural as those of the class of novel writers to whom we first alluded, and they contribute to the object she has in view as regularly as those of the latter: her virtue and her vice, though copied exactly from nature, conduce, with perfect ease, to a moral conclusion, and are finally punished or rewarded by means, which (rare as retribution in this world is) appear for the most part neither inconsistent nor unnatural.

Having thus endeavoured to state what, in addition to our former observations, has occurred to us on the more prominent beauties or defects of Miss Edgeworth's stile, we shall proceed to a hasty sketch of the contents of the volumes now before us; not with the intention of making our readers acquainted with what they undoubtedly will read, or have already read in Miss Edgeworth's own words, but rather to direct the attention to the moral object of each tale, with reference to the machinery by which that object is accomplished.

The first, occupying the whole of the fourth volume, is entitled 'Vivian,' a story intended, as Mr. Edgeworth informs us, (in

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(in a preface which he contributes to this publication,) to 'expose one of the most common defects of mankind.' 'To be infirm of purpose,' he continues, 'is to be at the mercy of the artful, or at the disposal of accident. Look round, and count the numbers who have within your own knowledge failed from want of firmness. An excellent and wise mother gave the following advice with her dying breath; "My son, learn early how to say, No!" This precept gave the first idea of the story of Vivian.' (p. 2.)

Vivian is a young man of good family and of large estate, who having lost his father while yet an infant, had the good fortune to find in his mother, Lady Mary Vivian, who, 'though a woman of fashion, is remarkably well-informed and domestic,' a sensible and affectionate guardian, and the very paragon of tutors in the Rev. Mr. Russel; but unhappily Vivian's disposition is of too ductile a nature to retain permanently the excellent impressions which these accomplished instructors endeavour to give him. Their precepts cling to his memory indeed, but only to occasion remorse at the facility with which he on all occasions departs from them. Lady Mary's notions on education, though perhaps pretty well fitted for general use, were rather ill-adapted to the weak, jealous, and nervous disposition of her son. 'She *over-educated*, over-instructed, over-dosed him with her mature lessons of prudence—so he gave up hearing with his ears, and seeing with his eyes, till she at length discovered that he had neither ears, eyes, or understanding of his own.' Then in a sudden panic, lest he should grow too yielding and undecided, she hurried him away from the soft discipline in which he lived, and plunged him at once into the cold bath of a public school, where his home-breeding and his school-breeding (assimilating but ill together) increased by their counteraction the weakness of his character. And here we must complain a little of the bold ignorance with which Miss Edgeworth selects Harrow as the school in which she represents Vivian as made 'ashamed of every thing valuable he had learned at home, and as there learning every thing bad and nothing good.' (p. 5.) If there is any school of which less perhaps than of another this charge can be truly made, it is, we believe, Harrow. From an author of less reputation in didactics, we should have treated this charge with contempt; but the authority of Miss Edgeworth, and the still graver authority of Mr. Edgeworth, who sanctions, by his 'imprimatur,' his daughter's judgment of a school of which *she* at least knows nothing, obliges us to express our disapprobation of such flippant injustice—of such inconsiderate depreciation of an institution, to which we look, with affectionate reverence, as the seminary of some of the best, the ablest, and the most eminent men that our country has ever produced.

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Vivian, however, has the ill luck to be spoiled by every thing that constitutes the highest advantages of other persons,—through the whole course of his life, a similar fatality attends him.

The first thing of importance which he does, is to fall desperately in love with Miss Sidney, a beautiful, accomplished, and prudent young woman, who engages his affections as long as her want of superior rank and fortune indispose Lady Mary Vivian to the match; but the moment the spring of his mother's opposition is removed, Mr. Vivian's passion relaxes very gradually, and he becomes, by every new incident, more and more indifferent to Miss Sidney, who, very fortunately for herself, escapes this higher alliance, and appears in the close of the volume as destined to the sober happiness of a union with Mr. Russel.

Close to Mr. Vivian's good modern house, a certain Earl of Glistonbury has an old gothic residence. 'Some dæmon whispers, Vivian, have a taste,' and Vivian, with great diligence, betakes himself to dissipating a fine estate, in spoiling a good house, and converting Vivian *Hall* into Vivian *Castle*.

He next stands for his county, and is returned, much to his personal triumph, and to his pecuniary inconvenience. The former naturally produces a proud, and, as he thinks, honest desire of public character, which the latter, after a thousand struggles, induces him to forfeit. He associates himself in politics with men whom he cannot esteem, and he elopes with the wife of his friend, a woman whom he despises, and almost hates. He recovers, however, as is but too natural, from the effects of this disgraceful transaction, but only to be cast into new perplexities; he becomes, by mere irresolution, an inmate of Lord Glistonbury's family, who, for poor Vivian's sins, has two daughters of the most opposite characters:—with Lady Julia, lively and enthusiastic, he soon becomes enamoured, but with Lady Sarah, cold, formal, and repelling, he is, by a series of weaknesses, driven into a reluctant marriage. His noble father-in-law, who, as well as Vivian, has hitherto been in opposition to the government, now finds an occasion for joining the standard of the minister, and a marquisate is to be the reward of his lordship's and Vivian's defection from their party. After a bitter struggle between vanity, (which he thinks integrity,) on the one side, and his own wants and Lord Glistonbury's importunities on the other, his apostacy is accomplished; and stung with internal remorse, and exasperated by the contempt of the world, he becomes involved in a personal quarrel with one of his former political associates, whose wit had ensnared, whose arts corrupted, and whose hand at last terminates the existence of the unhappy Vivian.

Our readers cannot fail to see in this outline ample opportunities for strong discrimination of character, and they will observe the

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the art by which every shade of Vivian's disposition, and every incident of his life is rendered applicable to the lesson which the author intends to give us. The story is throughout (we had almost said painfully) interesting, and the persons are skilfully drawn:—if we have any objection upon this point, it is to the Earl of Glistonbury, whose talents appear to us rather too mean, and whose manners are certainly too vulgar and frivolous for the part which he has to perform. Weak and flexible as Vivian is, we yet think that his abandonment of his party and his principles, would have been much more naturally and adequately accounted for, if Lord Glistonbury had deserved and possessed a greater influence over him: to be the puppet of such a man as Lord Glistonbury now appears, is not merely weakness, it is absolute imbecility, and not quite reconcileable with the general powers of discernment attributed to Vivian. We must also own that we are not a little disgusted with the infamous and *incredible* profligacy of the husband, who assists his wife in the seduction of his friend, and contrives their elopement in the mere prospect of plunder. There was no necessity for this horrible machinery; the frailty of human nature requires unhappily no plot or contrivance to surprize and betray it; and with the option of two causes, the one obvious and natural, and the other odiously improbable, we cannot but regret, that to the manifest injury of her own design, Miss Edgeworth should have chosen the latter. It has happened that this incident has been lately attempted on the stage; but the natural good taste and good sense of the public refused to tolerate so disgusting a conception.

On the story of 'Emilie' we shall not have much to observe; it is one of those sketches of manners and temper to which the pencil of Miss Edgeworth alone could give any degree of value; and we have already hinted our disapprobation of the catastrophe of the piece.

Emilie and her mother the Countess de Coulanges, driven from their country by the revolution, find in an English lady, to whom they have a letter of introduction, (though it seems they had formerly known her a little,) a friend so extraordinarily kind and generous, that she receives them even into her family, and provides, not for their comforts merely, but for their luxuries, in a style of profuse liberality, which to us appears incredible. This hot friend has, however, with all her nobleness of mind, the infirmity of a jealous and fretful temper; and with the struggles between Mrs. Somers's generosity and ill-humour, and Emilie's gratitude and pride, about two hundred pages are occupied, may we venture to say, somewhat tediously.

The character of Mrs. Somers, with all the ebbings and flowings of her temper, is most accurately delineated—the laborious effort after misery—the anxious search for unhappiness—the affected

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composure of her complaints, and the bitter civility of her sarcasms, are drawn from the most curious observation of a frail temper, by the hand of a master: but, after all, these domestic grievances, these bickerings and heart-burnings, these feuds about a pot of mignonette, and the deadly rivalries of butterfly-hunting, do not sufficiently sustain the attention. One could not live an hour with Mrs. Somers, not even in the story; and though we do not believe there is in Miss Edgeworth's exhibition, a better portrait than that of this lady, we doubt very much of its becoming popular: yet we are not without hopes that, though not agreeable to all palates, the medicine may have a beneficial effect on the patients for whom it is chiefly intended. Many of those unhappy people who spend their lives in the perpetual torture of peevishness, are really ignorant of their own infirmity—they miserably deceive themselves as to the cause of their uneasiness, which they neither attribute to its true cause, nor call by its right name. We think it probable that Mrs. Somers may open the eyes of some of her fellow sufferers, and inform them, that the anonymous misery under which they have so long laboured, and which they charge upon the injustice of all their acquaintances or friends, is really no other than the vulgar disease of ill-humour, and springs from no source but the jealous vanity or peevish arrogance of the patients themselves.

The last, the longest, and in our judgment decidedly the best of these tales is the 'Absentee.' We do not derogate from Miss Edgeworth's powers of general painting, when we say that in the representation of Irish manners she is peculiarly admirable. We do not mean in the delineation of the *mere* Irish: that, as it almost approaches to caricature, is not very difficult, nor, when accomplished, very valuable; but in the accurate discrimination of the various classes of Irish society, all marked with the lively traits of their common origin, yet distinguished by the several peculiarities of their respective stations and characters. Other writers have caught nothing but the general feature, and in their description, every thing that is Irish is pretty much alike, lords, peasants, ladies, and nurses: to Miss Edgeworth's keen observation and vivid pencil, it was reserved to separate the genus into its species and individuals, and to exhibit the most accurate and yet the most diversified views that have ever been drawn of a national character.

There is another peculiar merit in Miss Edgeworth's Irish scenes, which gives them additional charms of nature and variety;—she never forgets the intimate intercourse of this country with the sister kingdom, and fails not to intersperse such a proportion of Scotch and English character as, while it preserves the illusion of the scene, affords the happiest opportunities (and they are never lost) of contrasting and bringing out (as painters call it) the prominent

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minent figures of the piece, and, on the whole, of exhibiting the liveliest view of a state of society, which, from the peculiar situation of Ireland, is perhaps the most interesting that now exists.

Those who are acquainted with that state of society, well know that the English and Scotch, of whom such varieties are met with in Ireland, are marked with as strong national peculiarities as the Irish in Scotland or England. We know not how it is, but in his own country, as in his own house, a man appears to us more at ease, and less marked by peculiarities than when abroad; and we own we have been almost as much pleased with Miss Edgeworth's portraiture of our own countrymen (if we may venture to make the distinction) in Ireland, as with that of the Irish themselves.

The state of society in Ireland is just at this moment peculiarly picturesque; the ancient barbarism no longer renders it savage, and cold formality has not yet made it tame: it is in that middle state in which the manners are civilized, and the spirit unsubdued. We may perhaps speak with the partiality of gratitude, but we think that it will not be denied in principle, though it may be in degree, that society as it exists in the best circles in Ireland, is not less an object of curiosity, than a source of rational enjoyment.

We shall not attempt to dissipate any part of the interest of this story, by a halting abstract,—we shall merely say that it is a view of an absentee in England and of his estates in Ireland, drawn with great felicity and effect, and obscured by as little improbability of incident as any of Miss Edgeworth's novels; though if we were inclined to enforce pertinaciously our former observations, we should say that the denouement of the heroine's (Miss Nugent's) history, affords a striking illustration of the charge which we have been compelled to make. We shall however content ourselves with extracting some passages which will, we think, justify our admiration of Miss Edgeworth's powers, and give our readers a specimen of the pleasure they may expect to derive from a perusal of the whole.

Lord Colambre, the eldest son of the Earl of Clonbrony, on the point of being of age, is desirous of visiting his paternal estates. —His mother, from a not uncommon mixture of vanity, ignorance, and vain ambition of fashionable life, and his father, from a weakness of character and from pecuniary difficulties, are *absentees:* our young lord's spirit a little revolts at the degradation of an Irish peer into a housekeeper of Westminster; and he sets out for Ireland with mingled feelings of curiosity, affection and duty.

The tide did not permit the packet to reach the Pigeon-house, and the impatient lord Colambre stepped into a boat, and was rowed across the bay of Dublin. It was a fine summer morning. The sun shone bright on the Wicklow mountains. He admired, he exulted in the beauty of the prospect; and all the early associations of his childhood,

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and the patriotic hopes of his riper years swelled his heart as he approached the shores of his native land. But scarcely had he touched his mother earth, when the whole course of his ideas was changed; and if his heart swelled, it swelled no more with pleasurable sensations, for instantly he found himself surrounded and attacked by a swarm of beggars and harpies, with strange figures and stranger tones; some craving his charity, some snatching away his luggage, and at the same time bidding him "never trouble himself," and "never fear."—A scramble in the boat and on shore for bags and parcels began, and an amphibious fight betwixt men, who had one foot on sea and one on land, was seen; and long and loud the battle of trunks and portmanteaus raged! The vanquished departed, clinching their empty hands at their opponents, and swearing inextinguishable hatred; while the smiling victors stood at ease, each grasping his booty; bag, basket, parcel, or portmanteau.—"And your honour, where *will* these go? Where *will* we carry 'em all to, for your honour,"—was now the question. Without waiting for an answer, most of the goods were carried at the discretion of the porter to the custom-house, where to his lordship's astonishment, after this scene of confusion, he found that he had lost nothing but his patience; all his goods were safe, and a few *tinpennies* made his officious porters happy men and boys; blessings were showered upon his honour, and he was left in peace at an excellent hotel, in —— street, Dublin.'—pp. 1, 2, 3.

To this description of his Lordship's first welcome, we cannot refrain from adding that of the first entertainment which he received at the house of one of those semi-gentlemen, known in Ireland by the name of 'agents.'

'Had the mistress of the house been quiet; had she but let things take their course; all would have passed off with well-bred people but she was incessantly apologizing, and fussing and fretting inwardly and outwardly, and directing and calling to her servants,—striving to make a butler who was deaf, a boy who was hair-brained, do the business of five accomplished footmen of *parts and figure.* The mistress of the house called for "plates, clean plates!—hot plates!"—

"But none did come, when she did call for them."

'Mrs. Raffarty called "Larry! Larry! My lord's plate, there!—James! bread, to captain Bowles!—James! port wine to the major.—James! James Kenny! James!"

"And panting James toiled after her in vain."

'At length one course was fairly got through, and after a torturing half-hour, the second course appeared, and James Kenny was intent upon one thing, and Larry upon another, so that the wine-sauce for the hare was spilt by their collision; but what was worse, there seemed little chance that the whole of this second course should ever be placed altogether rightly upon the table. Mrs. Raffarty cleared her throat, and nodded, and pointed, and sighed, and set Larry after Kenny, and Kenny after Larry; for what one did, the other undid; and at last, the lady's anger kindled, and she spoke.

"Kenny!

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"Kenny! James Kenny, set the sea-calf at this corner, and put down the grass cross-corners; and match your macaroni yonder with *them* puddens, set—Ogh! James! the pyramid in the middle can't ye."

'The pyramid in changing places was overturned. Then it was, that the mistress of the feast, falling back in her seat, and lifting up her hands and eyes in despair, ejaculated; "Oh, James! James!"—

This is certainly a picture that warrants both Miss Edgeworth's assertion, that the society in Dublin is either positively good, or positively bad, and her sensible ridicule of the elaborate awkwardness of these second-hand gentry. The following is a picture of two ladies of a different class, who influence very considerably the plot of the story, and whose characters are maintained and put into play with great success.

'Though every body cried "shame!" and "shocking!" yet every body visited them. No parties so crowded as lady Dashfort's; no party deemed pleasant or fashionable where lady Dashfort or lady Isabel was not. The bon-mots of the mother were every where repeated; the dress and air of the daughter every where imitated. Yet lord Colambre could not help being surprised at their popularity in Dublin, because, independently of all moral objections, there were causes of a different sort, sufficient, he thought, to prevent lady Dashfort from being liked by the Irish; indeed by any society. She in general affected to be ill-bred and inattentive to the feelings and opinions of others; careless whom she offended by her wit or by her decided tone. It was lady Dashfort's pleasure and pride to show her power in perverting the public taste.'

From the arts of this syren and the arms of this amazon, our hero however, after some hair-breadth perils fortunately escapes, not without the assistance or rather the advice of Count O'Halleran, a gentleman who, after a long foreign service, had returned to pass the autumn of life in his paternal castle.—There is something of minute accuracy in the following description of the Count's library, which convinces us that it is drawn from nature.

'His servant opened the door, went in before her, and stood holding up his finger, as if making a signal of silence to some one within. Her ladyship entered, and found herself in the midst of an odd assembly: an eagle, a goat, a dog, an otter, several gold and silver fish in a glass globe, and a white mouse in a cage. The eagle, quick of eye, but quiet of demeanour, was perched upon his stand; the otter lay under the table perfectly harmless; the Angola goat, a beautiful and remarkably little creature of his kind, with long, curling, silky hair, was walking about the room with the air of a beauty and a favourite; the dog, a tall Irish greyhound, one of the few of that fine race which is now almost extinct.—The servant answered for the peaceable behaviour of all the rest of the company of animals, and retired.'

The following lively and but too accurate account of Lord Killpatrick's

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patrick's hospitable mansion, from the sarcastic tongue of one of his guests, will amuse, and perhaps surprise our readers.

"Every thing here sumptuous and unfinished, you see," said lady Dashfort to lord Colambre, the day after their arrival. "All begun as if the projectors thought they had the command of the mines of Peru; and ended as if the possessors had not sixpence; *des arrangemens provisatoires*, temporary expedients; in plain English, *make-shifts*.—Luxuries, enough for an English prince of the blood. Comforts, not enough for an English woman.—And you may be sure that great repairs and alterations have gone on to fit this house for our reception, and for our English eyes!—Poor people!—English visitors, in this point of view, are horribly expensive to the Irish. Did you ever hear that, in the last century, or in the century before the last, to put my story far enough back, so that it shall not touch any body living; when a certain English nobleman, lord Blank A——, sent to let his Irish friend, lord Blank B——, know that he and all his train were coming over to pay him a visit; the Irish nobleman, Blank B——, knowing the deplorable condition of his castle, sat down fairly to calculate, whether it would cost him most to put the building in good and sufficient repair, fit to receive these English visitors, or to burn it to the ground.—He found the balance to be in favour of burning, which was wisely accomplished next day. Perhaps Killpatrick would have done well to follow this example. Resolve me which is worst, to be burnt out of house and home, or to be eaten out of house and home. In this house, above and below stairs, including first and second table, house-keeper's room, lady's maids' room, butler's room, and gentleman's; one hundred and four people sit down to dinner every day, as Petito informs me, beside kitchen boys, and what they call *char*-women; who never sit down, but who do not eat or waste the less for that; and retainers, and friends; friends to the fifth and sixth generation, who "must get their bit and their sup;" for,—"*sure*, it's only Biddy," they say;—continued lady Dashfort, imitating their Irish brogue.—And, "*sure*, 'tis nothing at all, out of all his honour, my lord, has.—How could he *feel* it—Long life to him!—He's not that way: not a couple in all Ireland, and that's saying a great dale, looks less after their own, nor is more off-handleder, or open-hearteder, or greater open-house-keepers, *nor* my lord and my lady Killpatrick."—Now there's encouragement for a lord and a lady to ruin themselves.'

In Lord Colambre's journey to Clonbrony, he witnesses a scene new to him, but we fear too common to excite much attention in Ireland; it is our painful duty to introduce it, to the wonder and regret of our English readers.

'What are those people?' pointing to a man and woman, curious figures, who had come out of a cabin, the door of which the woman, who came out last, locked, and carefully hiding the key in the thatch, turned her back upon the man, and they walked away in different directions: the woman bending under a huge bundle on her back, covered by a yellow petticoat turned over her shoulders; from the top of this bundle

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bundle the head of an infant appeared; a little boy, almost naked, followed her with a kettle, and two girls, one of whom could but just walk, held her hand and clung to her ragged petticoat, forming altogether a complete group of beggars. The woman stopped, and looked back after the man.

'The man was a Spanish looking figure, with gray hair, a wallet hung at the end of a stick over one shoulder, a reaping-hook in the other hand; he walked off stoutly, without ever casting a look behind him.

"A kind harvest to you, John Dolan," cried the postillion, "and success to ye, Winny, with the quality. There's a luck-penny for the child to begin with," added he, throwing the child a penny. "Your honour, they're only poor *craturs* going up the country to beg, while the man goes over to reap the harvest in England. Nor this would not be, neither, if the lord was in it to give 'em *employ*.'—pp. 164, 165.

We wish that our limits permitted us to introduce our readers to a better acquaintance with Larry, the postillion, or, as he would be called in Ireland, the driver, and to give them some specimens of Irish posting which (we speak from experience) is most accurately described,—still more do we wish we could afford room for a few specimens of the epistolary talents of the said Larry: his letter to his brother, with which the volume concludes, is, to our judgment, quite perfect in its peculiar stile; cunning and simplicity, sense and folly, burlesque and pathos, are there mingled without incongruity or confusion, and present one of the most faithful descriptions of Irish manners, and one of the best specimens of Irish phraseology which even Miss Edgeworth herself has produced.

The other characters, though not so broad and prominent, are imagined and executed with equal skill, perhaps indeed we should say with greater; as it undoubtedly requires a less common power of conception and expression to give interest and truth to characters not marked with the strong lights and shades of affectation, passion, or national peculiarity. The simple minded dignity of Miss Broadhurst, a great heiress, who has learned to appreciate justly and without vanity, the cause and value of the general adoration which is paid to her, is well contrasted with the modest self-respect, and ingenuous discretion of her friend Grace Nugent, whose birth is almost obscure, and whose prospects are entirely dependant: both these characters are highly interesting, and are marked with that undefined charm that almost always accompanies portraits drawn from the life. We should here, if we had not already reached our limits, have repeated and enforced our censure of Miss Edgeworth's systematic exclusion of all religious feeling from her characters: in this point, we hope, indeed we believe, that her delineations are unnatural. Grace Nugent surely deserved to be a Christian; and the meek fortitude of Miss Sidney ought not, in consistency, and truth, to be referred to any humbler cause.

Miss

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Miss Edgeworth's views of this matter are to us entirely incomprehensible, and we have only to hope that she will learn to appreciate more justly the effect which may be produced by the sublimest motives that can influence human character:

'Else wherefore breathes she in a Christian land.'

But we must conclude: we opened these volumes with confident expectations of amusement and instruction,—we have read them (except in the important article to which we have just alluded) without disappointment; and we now close them with anxious hopes that Miss Edgeworth by the general approbation which we have no doubt they will receive, may be encouraged to continue, and, in one point, to improve, so useful an exercise of her eminent talents.

ART. IX. *Travels in the Interior of Brazil; particularly in the Gold and Diamond Districts of that Country, including a Voyage to the Rio de la Plata.* By John Mawe. London. 1812.

IT may furnish amusement of no uninteresting kind to speculate on the degree of civilization and improvement likely to be obtained respectively by the Spanish and Portugueze colonists of South America, who, after an equally long series of grievances and discouragements, may be said to begin together a new career, under circumstances altogether different. At the moment that one of these colonies is endeavouring to shake off the trammels of the parent state, the other is receiving into her bosom her expatriated monarch. The result of these two events, and their influence on so large a portion of the human race, cannot fail of being highly important. Both colonies will, no doubt, finally profit by them, but the impulse communicated by the vigour and spirit of revolutionary principles will probably give the lead to Spanish America; while the old government of Portugal will tardily admit new regulations, however obvious their advantages may appear. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that, in the hope of reoccupying the throne of Portugal, the advisers of the Prince Regent will recommend the continuance of the present discouraging and repressive system. These men have estates in Portugal, to which they still hope to return, whatever power may ultimately possess it; and a narrow policy prevents them from seeing that, in spite of their efforts, Brazil must ultimately follow the fate of Spanish America.

There are, perhaps, no people in the world more attached to the person of their sovereign than the Portugueze: his arrival at Bahia, therefore, was hailed with the warmest and most lively feelings of joy and gratitude; as if, instead of seeking an asylum among them, he

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he had undertaken the voyage for no other purpose than to advance their happiness. He was received with all the magnificence which they had the means of displaying, and an immediate offer was made to subscribe a sum of money equal to half a million sterling, to build a suitable palace for the royal family, provided he would condescend to reside there. The inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro were equally well disposed to hail the arrival of the royal visitor; and were beginning their preparations, when the impolitic and arbitrary proceedings of his ministers turned their loyal and patriotic feelings into those of disgust, even before the appearance of their prince among them. Agents had been sent forward to take forceable possession of the best houses in the town for the use of the regent's suite. The consequence of this ill-judged measure was, that many people of the first rank and respectability, thus dispossessed of their property, abandoned the town altogether, and retired to their farms, from whence the greater part never returned. Another arbitrary act was that of forestalling the market for the use of the palace, by ordering all the daily supplies to be brought thither before they were exposed to the public.

No material improvements have as yet followed the prince into America. The inquisition, it is true, has been formally abolished, but its effects were neither felt nor dreaded in the Brazils. The general condition of the people appears to be the same as before. The same wretched system of agriculture still prevails; the same difficulty of communication between the various parts of the colony still exists; and the same vexatious restrictions and impositions still continue. There is some consolation, however, in being assured, that the regent has indicated a disposition to patronize every attempt to diffuse among his transatlantic subjects a taste for useful knowledge; that he has already adopted measures for effecting a reform in the institutions for public instruction; and that he has evinced a love of science by establishing a lectureship on chemistry, to which our countryman Doctor Gardner has had the honour of being appointed. The estimation in which Mr. Mawe himself was held by the prince; the missions upon which he was employed; and the ready manner in which all his wishes were gratified, certainly bespeak, in the mind of the regent, a desire to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, and to promote the welfare of the colonists: but he is unfortunately surrounded by men of contracted and illiberal views.

We now proceed to lay before our readers some account of the book which has given rise to the preceding observations. Mr. Mawe, it appears, undertook in 1804 a voyage of commercial experiment to the Rio de la Plata, with a British licence, and under Spanish colours. His destination was Buenos Ayres; but the master

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master, ignorant of the navigation of the river, put into the bay of Monte Video, where, by a blundering report made to the governor, he was discovered to be an Englishman; in consequence of which, his property was seized, his papers taken away, and himself thrown into prison. The governor, Pasqual Ruis Huidobro, and his official advisers, were particularly severe against Mr. Mawe, who, in return, consoles himself by reflecting, that they were a set of vagabonds and criminals, refugees from Old Spain, and that their associates were the officers of two Spanish privateers, all Frenchmen, who did not fail to exasperate the antipathy which the governor had imbibed against our countrymen. The consignee of the cargo joined in the persecution of Mr. Mawe, that he might be allowed to get possession of the property; the proceeds of which he afterwards withheld, on the ground that he was not authorized to pay them over to a prisoner. At length, however, he was released from confinement on the intercession of an old lady, who procured two Spaniards to become responsible for his appearance. But his troubles did not end here: in returning to his lodgings, he happened to cast his eye on a placard, which the wind and the rain had nearly detached from the side of a wall, and which he inconsiderately tore off and put in his pocket. The same night he was seized in his bed and again hurried to prison, where he remained in close confinement for six weeks, and was then released on paying the fees, which amounted to three hundred dollars.

Being now at large, and without employment, his attention was turned to the acquirement of some information respecting Monte Video. It is situated, he tells us, on a basis of granite, rising with a gentle slope to a considerable elevation, at the extremity of a small peninsula; its population is about 20,000 souls. The inhabitants (except the governor and the French party) are described as humane and polite, the ladies affable, fond of dress, and very neat in their persons; full of vivacity, and courteous to strangers. Provisions cheap and abundant. The environs of the town are agreeably diversified with gently sloping hills and narrow vallies, watered by delightful rivulets; exhibiting, however, few traces of cultivation, except in some small enclosures occupied as gardens by the principal merchants.

Mr. Mawe had not much time to examine the mineralogy of the peninsular mountain of Monte Video; his evil genius still pursued him; and, on the arrival of General Beresford's expedition, he was once more ordered into close confinement; but released on stipulating to proceed into the interior, and not to approach within forty leagues of the town. He took up his residence at the establishment of Don Juan Martinez, situate on the river Barriga Negra, in the midst of a mountainous country, well watered, and not

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not destitute of wood. In this district are several great breeding estates, some of which are said to be stocked with 60,000, and others even with 200,000 head of cattle. These herds are managed by a particular race of people from Paraguay, called peons. Sheep are very scarce, and kept merely for the sake of their wool, which is made into flocks for bedding: their flesh is never eaten. Indeed the inhabitants subsist almost entirely on beef; and, in the midst of innumerable herds, know not the taste of milk, butter, or cheese.

The hovels of the peons consist of a few upright posts wattled with twigs, and plastered with mud: a green hide stretched on sticks serves for the door, a dried hide for a bed, and a horse's skull for a chair. A rod of wood or iron stuck in the ground, and inclining over the fire, is the only utensil for cooking; the juices of the beef keep up the blaze till they are exhausted, when the extinction of the fire is the test that the meat is sufficiently roasted. We cannot say much in favour of this mode of cookery; nor are we sure that we should think the taste of the viands remarkably improved by the nature of the fuel employed on it, which Mr. Mawe assures us, with an air of perfect sincerity, consists of the 'carcasses of mares,' who are bred in great numbers for this purpose.

Nothing can be more wretched than the state of agriculture in this part of Spanish America. The few patches of arable land which the colonists hold are uninclosed; a crooked piece of wood dragged by a couple of oxen serves as a plough; the grain comes up amidst a thousand noxious weeds, which choke its growth and prevent its ripening. The whole is cut down together, and carried to a circular pen, into which a troop of mares are turned, and kept on the gallop, till the grain is supposed to be freed from the stalk. So little understood, indeed, are all the concerns of agriculture, that the proprietor of an estate worth 20,000 dollars, (a very large one in this country,) can barely subsist upon it. The consequence is, that there are few marriages. Mr. Mawe informs us, that it is not uncommon to find estates larger than an English county with hardly more than a hundred labourers upon them, all men, who subsist on the sale of a little corn, which each is permitted to raise.

The population is composed of 1. European Spaniards; 2. Creoles, the legitimate descendants of Spaniards; 3. Mestizos, the offspring of European and Indian parents; 4. Indians, almost all of whom have some mixture of Spanish blood; 5. Brown mixtures of Europeans and African negroes; 6. Mulattoes of various degrees. All these intermix without restraint, producing new and ever-multiplying varieties. They have all the vices of the European settlers, (who are not generally of the best description,) without any of the virtues which education confers. A rigorous government, an intolerant priesthood, and the pernicious example

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example of slavery, have stamped on them the character of an ignorant, superstitious, and slothful people.

We have no intention to accompany Mr. Mawe, whom the fall of Monte Video had once more released, to the attack of Buenos Ayres, nor to repeat, after him, the causes of the failure of that ill-advised and worse conducted expedition. May no memorial of it remain to interrupt the friendship which has since happily sprung up between the two nations! We shall be better pleased to attend him to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to the gold and diamond mines of Minas Geraes, to which, we believe, he is the first Englishman who ever found admittance. The extreme jealousy of the Portugueze would not, till very recently, allow a foreigner, touching at any of the ports of Brazil, to sleep on shore, nor even to walk about in the day time, without a soldier at his heels: the interior of the country was a *terra incognita*, completely sealed up by a succession of guard houses, which the colonists themselves were not permitted to pass without leave from the highest authority. The same jealousy, added to the general ignorance of the people, has hitherto prevented any authentic information of this magnificent colony from being communicated to the world. The little that we have is generally derived from Spanish writers, seldom just to the Portugueze, and from the hasty visits of navigators to the sea-port towns, necessarily defective, and almost always inaccurate. Every account of it, therefore, drawn from actual observation, however meagre, must be acceptable, and will be read with interest.

The first place on the coast at which Mr. Mawe touched, after his departure from Monte Video, was the island of St. Catherine's. In the general appearance of the town on this beautiful island, and in the manners of its inhabitants, a manifest superiority was observable over those which he had just left. The houses were well built and provided with neat gardens. Every article of provisions was abundant and cheap. The detailed account of this charming spot agrees pretty nearly with that already given by the few navigators who have touched there for refreshments: but when Mr. Mawe terms it 'a free port,' we would wish to refer him to an article* in a former number, where he will find, on the authority of Captain Krusenstern, how little it deserves the name. Were it really so, it is scarcely credible that, at the distance of two miles from the town of St. Catherine's, 'a neat house, a small orangery, and ground clear of brushwood, capable of forming a pretty plantation, should be offered for sale at one hundred dollars;' or that on the skirts of the opposite continent, close to the harbour, 'grounds which oc-

* No. XII. Art. II.

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cupy a space of eighty-five fathoms along the beach, and extend a mile inland, containing orangeries, coffee, rice, and mandioca, in a fine state of culture, together with a neat house and garden, should be sold for a thousand crusados, about £123 sterling.

A little to the northward of San Francisco, the rivers are navigable by canoes to the base of the great chain of mountains which runs parallel to the coast at the distance of twenty or thirty miles. Over this chain a public road has been constructed for opening a communication from Francisco with the rich plains of Corritiva. Olives, grapes, apples, peaches, and all kinds of European fruits, with many of the tropical, grow here in great perfection, almost without care or culture. From the range of mountains before mentioned, whose height is at least 4000 feet above the level of the sea, these plains decline with a gentle slope to the Parana, intersected by a thousand different streams, all of which fall into that mighty river.

As the belt of land between the base of the mountains and the sea is mostly covered with wood, San Francisco is likely to become of considerable value as a port for building ships. A great deal has been said of the magnificent forests of Brazil: there is reason, however, to believe, that those, at least, between St. Catherine's and Rio de Janeiro contain very little timber fit for line-of-battle ships. They have been carefully examined by an intelligent English shipwright, sent for that purpose from Rio de Janeiro, whose report, we understand, is very far from being favourable to the sanguine expectations of those who had speculated on the inexhaustible supply of naval timber to be drawn from them.

Coasting to the northward, Mr. Mawe next visited the harbour of Santos, formed by the island St. Vincent and the main. The town is situated at the head of a lake, three or four leagues in length, surrounded by mangrove trees. It is the port of the city of St. Paul, the capital of the district, with which it communicates by means of a navigable river running back about twenty miles to a place called Cuberton, from which an excellent road has been cut, in a zig-zag direction, across the chain of granite mountains, at the expense of some millions of crowns. Five leagues beyond the ridge commences a fine tract of open country, terminated at a distance by the city of St. Paul's, which is situated on an eminence, about two miles in extent, amidst rich meadows, intersected by a number of rivulets, whose united streams meander round the base of the hill.

St. Paul's was founded by the Jesuits, who probably had in view the fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, and, above all, the quantity of gold with which the surrounding country then abounded. The streets are paved with a laminary grit-stone,

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cemented by oxide of iron. It contains particles of gold, which, after heavy rains, are washed into the hollows, and diligently collected by the poor of the place. The population is supposed to amount to 20,000 souls, of whom about five hundred belong to the clerical order; which, we are told, is here composed of men free from that pride and bigotry which disgrace the clergy in many other parts. The worthy bishop sets the example of cultivating the sciences and diffusing useful information; the consequence of which is, that the higher ranks are more accomplished and social, and the lower classes more decent in their conduct, than in any of the other colonial towns. The ladies dress tastefully, and, at balls and assemblies, of which they are very fond, appear in elegant white robes, with a profusion of gold chains about their necks. Mr. Mawe strenuously denies the existence of that levity, which some travellers have ascribed to the females of Brazil, and asserts that there is no such practice as that of throwing flowers from balconies, or presenting them by way of assignation; he admits, however, that, on the first two days of Lent, persons of both sexes amuse themselves by throwing balls of wax, in the shape of lemons and oranges, filled with perfumed water.

'The lady generally begins the game; the gentleman returns it with such spirit that it seldom ceases until several dozens are thrown, and both parties are as wet as if they had been drawn through a river. Sometimes a lady will dexterously drop one into the bosom of a gentleman, which will infallibly oblige him to change his linen, as it usually contains three or four ounces of cold water.'

He is equally indignant at the ridiculous stories, quoted from impure sources, of the origin and character of the Paulistas, as he calls them, who, 'so far from inheriting the obloquy which an ancestry of rogues and vagabonds would have entailed upon them, have long been famed for their probity, their industry, and the mildness of their manners.' That the original inhabitants of St. Paul were 'vagabonds,' there can be no doubt; all the historians, whether Spanish or Portugueze, attest the fact; but Mr. Mawe is quite correct in reprobating the absurdity of a modern English geographer, who would persuade his readers that 'all strangers who did not bring certificates of having been thieves, were refused admittance into this hopeful colony;' and that 'virtuous actions were carefully punished with death!'* We see no reason why two centuries of progressive improvement should not wipe away the 'obloquy' which might have attached to their ancestors, who, being originally bred to the pastoral life, were little removed from the aboriginal savages. By leaving their flocks in quest of gold, they

* Pinkerton.

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advanced scarcely a single step in civilization; but when this source of wealth, which had drawn them together, began to fail, and with it the means of subsistence; when necessity compelled them to have recourse to the pursuits of agriculture, they rapidly improved in the arts and comforts of civilized life.

Returning to Santos, he hired a canoe for the purpose of making a coasting voyage to Rio de Janeiro, to which, however, he deemed it more advisable to proceed by land, after reaching a port called Zapitiva. The first object that greeted the eyes of our traveller, on approaching the city, was the British flag flying amidst a squadron of British men of war then at anchor in the bay.

Mr. Mawe apprizes us that, notwithstanding the many descriptions which have been published of Rio de Janeiro, he is determined to give a full and detailed account of it. We never saw a more meagre and jejune picture than that which he has drawn of this magnificent place. All its grand and commanding features are overlooked. We see nothing, in his tame outline, of those stupendous mountains which terminate, to the northward, the spacious harbour and its delightful appendages, unrivalled perhaps in the whole world, in the grandeur of its accompanying scenery, and in its capacity and convenience as a naval port. The inferior hills, finely fringed with wood, and surmounted by churches, convents, and nunneries, make no figure on Mr. Mawe's canvass; the Isle dos Cobras and its naval arsenal; the grand aqueduct supported on a double tier of arches, are not once mentioned; and that singular insulated block of granite at the entrance of the harbour, which rises out of the sand, in the shape of a cone, to more than twice the height of St. Paul's cathedral, is passed over in total silence; though we should have supposed that an object like this would be peculiarly inviting to the eye of a geologist.

On leaving London, Mr. Mawe had taken the precaution of providing himself with a letter from the Chevalier de Sousa, the Portugueze ambassador, to the Viceroy of Brazil; by which he obtained the notice and protection of his brother the Condé de Linhares, who recommended him to the Prince Regent, as a person devoted to mineralogical pursuits, and one who, if permitted to explore the mines, might suggest the means of improving the process of extracting the precious metals, and discovering new sources of wealth. In consequence of this representation, his royal highness not only gave him permission to traverse the extensive mining district, but furnished him with letters to the public functionaries, with an escort of soldiers for his safe conduct, and with every suitable provision for the performance of the journey.

Previously, however, to his visit to the mines, he made an excursion, at the prince's desire, to a royal farm at Santa Cruz, about

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fifty miles from Rio de Janeiro, of which, by the advice of Sir Sidney Smith, he undertook the management. He found it to consist of a park, as he calls it, containing 100 square miles. The house, which had formerly been a convent of Jesuits, was situated on the edge of a vast plain, watered by two small rivers, and well clothed with grass, affording support to seven or eight thousand head of cattle. The house was falling into ruins, and the whole establishment appeared to be in a state of decay. Fifteen hundred negroes resided on the estate, who were miserably lodged, clothed, and fed. More pains, it seems, had been bestowed in making these poor creatures good Catholics than in teaching them to improve the prince's farm, and, with it, their own condition. Mr. Mawe soon discovered that his labours would prove of no avail, as one of the managers of the household counteracted all his views for the improvement of the farm. He wisely, therefore, declined the concern.

Mr. Mawe's first journey into the mining district was to a place called Canto Gallo, whence two men had brought to Rio a quantity of earthy matter, taken, as they said, out of a silver mine, and from which a small ingot of that metal was smelted. On arriving at the spot, he could not discover the least indication of silver or any other metallic substance, and began to suspect the men to be impostors. On examining them apart, they confessed that they had mixed filings of silver with the pulverized substance brought to Rio de Janeiro.

'Such impositions,' says Mr. Mawe, 'are common in South America: I have known instances in which copper filings mixed with earth, and afterwards washed, have been produced as samples, in order to enhance the value of land, or to serve some other sinister purpose. A passion for mining is fatally prevalent among some of the lower orders of the people; by deluding them with prospects of becoming speedily rich, it creates in them a disgust for labour, and entails want and wretchedness upon them. Even among the few families of this district I observed some examples of its effects; those who devoted themselves wholly to mining were in general badly clothed and worse fed, while those who attended to agriculture alone were well provided with every necessary of life.'

On his return to Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Mawe obtained permission to explore the diamond mines of Serra do Frio, in the province of Minas Geraes, a favour which had never yet been granted to any foreigner.

From the moment that he entered within the limits of this El Dorado of Portugal, the condition of the people bore the most striking marks of wretchedness; and the farther he proceeded, the worse it became. The occupant of every house and farm seemed as if on the point of abandoning it; all the buildings were falling into

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into decay; the grounds were overrun with weeds and brushwood; the gardens uncultivated. The inside of these miserable hovels was equally cheerless and wretched;—a clay floor broken into holes, a plank for a table, no seat but an old chest or a clumsy bench of wood, no bed but a bundle of skins! Whole villages, containing from five hundred to five thousand inhabitants, were reduced to this wretched condition from 'a hankering after the precious minerals.' At Villa Rica, the capital of the province of Minas Geraes, Mr. Mawe naturally expected to meet with nothing but wealth: 'but when we spoke,' says he, 'of the richness of the country, and of the quantity of gold with which it was reputed to abound, the inhabitants seemed glad of the opportunity of telling us that they believed it was all sent to England; adding that their town ought now to be termed *Villa Pobre* instead of Villa Rica.'

Eight miles beyond Villa Rica is Cidade de Mariana, a well built town, containing from six to seven thousand inhabitants. It is a bishop's see, and has a college for the education of youth for the priesthood. Between this and Tejuco a number of villages occur, most of them in a state of great poverty and wretchedness. Since the failure of the mines, 'the people are degraded,' says Mr. Mawe, 'to the lowest stage of inactive apathy, looking as if they were the ghosts of their progenitors haunting the ruins of their departed wealth.'

At Villa de Principe, which contains about five thousand inhabitants, is a mintmaster, to whom all the gold found in the neighbourhood is brought for permutation. This town is situated in a fine open country bordering on the diamond district. The few inhabitants who were seen, looked, however, still more wretched, if possible, than those of the golden districts.

If indeed we could entertain the least doubt of the advantages which agriculture possesses over the mining trade, Mr. Mawe's account of the state of society in Minas Geraes would have completely satisfied us. Their wicker-work hovels, the possession of which is often disputed by the hogs; the filth and stench within and without; the miserable furniture, and ragged clothing, sufficiently bespeak the poverty and wretchedness of the latter class of men. Their poverty however is of their own seeking. Too ignorant to estimate the advantages of tilling a soil naturally fertile, under a climate highly favourable for almost every product that the earth can yield, their chief ambition is to purchase a negro or two, whom they either employ to scratch for gold, or let out to government to wash the earth for diamonds. All mining is a lottery, with this additional temptation, that the great prize is always supposed to be in the wheel.

Two or three exceptions only occurred to this general state of

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penury; but these were sufficient to shew what comforts a small degree of industry was capable of procuring. Father Thomas, an active and intelligent man, had commenced the cultivation of a spot of land, with one negro slave, and a stipend, as a clergyman, of seven or eight pounds a year. His house had four rooms with boarded floors, his garden was well stocked with coffee trees, his fields loaded with Indian corn; he had a good milch cow, a mule, and a number of hogs. All this had been effected in less than four years; but he had steadily pursued his course; the *auri sacra fames* had neither tempted his avarice nor perverted his understanding.

After a month's journey, Mr. Mawe reached Tejuco, the capital of the diamond district. It is situated in the midst of sterility, and a great portion of its inhabitants, in number about six thousand, bore the usual marks of penury and wretchedness; yet the place was considered in a flourishing state, and the shops were well stocked with English cloth, baizes, hams, cheese, butter, and porter, all brought on mules from Bahia or Rio de Janeiro, from the first of which it is distant, in a straight line, about 500, and from the latter 400, miles, according to Arrowsmith's map, but probably twice the distance by the zigzag route of the mountains. On this point indeed we are left entirely to conjecture, as Mr. Mawe has not condescended to add a scale of any sort to the meagre map, as he calls it, of his route. He tells us, however, that the province of Minas Geraes is from six to seven hundred miles from north to south, and about the same extent from east to west; that it contains a population of 360,000 persons, 200,000 of which are negroes, or of negro origin. The number of native Indians is not at all known; they neither mix with the colonists nor give them any disturbance. Indeed the road seems to be so well guarded by those military posts called register houses, where all passengers undergo a strict examination, and the country is so completely scoured by a corps of well mounted caçadores, that it is more than probable the poor Indians confine themselves to the mountains. Mr. Mawe seldom mentions them under any other designation than that of the anthropophagi.

Mr. Mawe is very copious and very dull in his repeated description of the situation of those sources of Brazilian wretchedness, gold and diamonds; and of the process of freeing them from the dross in which they are enveloped: our account of them shall be brief. In no part of Brazil does gold appear to have been discovered in veins. For the most part it is found in a stratum composed of rounded pebbles and gravel, bound together by oxide of iron, and forming a mass not unlike that which is called pudding-stone; and known to the natives by the name of cascalhaõ.

Various means are employed for washing away the earthy matter

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ter of the cascalhaō after it has been broken into small fragments; generally, however, a stream of water is turned upon it. When all the earth is removed, the deposit is put into funnel-shaped basons of wood, called *gamellas,* where it undergoes another washing; when, by a dexterous movement of the vessel, the particles of gold are separated, and made to adhere to the sides and bottoms of the gamella. Some of these particles are extremely minute, others are equal to a common sized pea, and much larger masses are occasionally found. In this state it is carried to the nearest permutation office, where it is weighed and a fifth part taken out for the prince. The remainder is then smelted by fusion with muriate of mercury, cast into ingots, assayed, and stamped according to its intrinsic value, when it has the same current circulation as specie. The royal fifth, at one period, is stated by Mr. Mawe to have exceeded one million sterling a year; this we wholly discredit, and doubt whether at present it reaches one tenth of that sum.

The principal of the diamond works is at a place called Mandango, on the river Jigitonhonha, in the district of Serra do Frio. Formerly they were farmed out, but, for many years back, the establishment has been entirely in the hands of government. The produce was mostly sent to Holland, where the stones were cut and set; but of late they have found their way to the London market. Mr. Mawe says that the establishment is still in debt to foreigners for considerable sums advanced by them on security of the produce of the mines. We happen to know, indeed, and it is a curious fact, that a single house in London raised a loan of one million sterling for the service of Portugal, and took in pledge the produce of the mines of Serra do Frio.

The cascalhaō which contains the diamond, is nearly of the same composition as that in which the gold is found, but is generally met with under the beds of rivers. Caissons are constructed, and chain-pumps, worked by a water-wheel, made use of to draw off the water, in order to facilitate the digging for the cascalhaō, which is brought together into a large heap; over which a shed is built. Here it is washed in long troughs through which a stream of water is made to pass.

'On the heap of cascalhaō, at equal distances, are placed three high chairs (without backs) for the officers or overseers. After they are seated the negroes enter the troughs, each provided with a rake of a peculiar form and short handle, with which he rakes into the trough about fifty or eighty pounds weight of cascalhaō. The water being then let upon it, the cascalhaō is spread abroad and continually raked up to the head of the trough so as to be kept in constant motion. This operation is performed for the space of a quarter of an hour; the water then begins to run clearer. Having washed the earthy particles

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away, the gravel-like matter is raked up to the end of the trough; after the current flows away quite clear the largest stones are thrown out, and afterwards those of inferior size; then the whole is examined with great care for diamonds. When a negro finds one he immediately stands upright and claps his hands, then extends them, holding the gem between his fore-finger and thumb; an overseer receives it from him and deposits it in a gamella or bowl, suspended from the center of the structure half full of water. In this vessel all the diamonds found in the course of the day are placed, and at the close of the work are taken out and delivered to the principal officer who, after they have been weighed, registers the particulars in a book kept for that purpose.

'When a negro is so fortunate as to find a diamond of the weight of an octavo (17½ carats) much ceremony takes place; he is crowned with a wreath of flowers and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom by paying his owner for it. He also receives a present of new clothes and is permitted to work on his own account. When a stone of eight or ten carats is found the negro receives two new shirts, a complete new suit with a hat and a handsome knife. For smaller stones of trivial amount proportionate premiums are given. During my stay at Tejuco a stone of 16½ carats was found: it was pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the officers that it might prove heavy enough to entitle the poor negro to his freedom, and when on being delivered and weighed it proved only a carat short of the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathize in his disappointment.'

Mr. Mawe informs us that the average quantity of diamonds annually obtained may be estimated at from 20 to 25,000 carats, which are sent under a military escort to Rio de Janeiro. They are mostly small; very few reach to 20 carats. One stone, however, was found a few years ago in the bed of a rivulet, by three banished criminals, which weighed nearly an ounce. It is now in the possession of the Prince Regent, whose collection is stated to be unequalled in number, size, and quality; and to be worth, at the lowest estimation, three millions sterling. Of what incalculable benefit might these baubles be productive, by employing a part of their value in opening a ready and convenient communication between the several provinces in the interior, and between each of them and the nearest sea-ports!

Mr. Mawe's knowledge of geology and mineralogy does not appear to be very profound; and of the other departments of natural history he is obviously ignorant. We gain but little information, and that little is not correct, by reading of lions and tigers where, strictly speaking, neither the one nor the other exists—of snails that lay eggs as large as those of a sparrow,—of 'shells of the murex genus, which produce that beautiful crimson dye so valued by the ancients,'—and of a 'singular breed of cocks, that crow very loud, and continue their last note for a minute or *two*.' Most, or all of this, we would gladly have exchanged for as much botanical information

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mation as would enable us to ascertain the plant which produces the cara, 'a bulbous root equal to the best potatoe, and even more farinaceous, which grows to five inches in diameter, and affords excellent food either boiled or roasted.' We can discover that the 'lapwing with red horns on each pinion,' is either the spur-winged water hen, or the palamedea anhinga; and that the 'pig of the woods' is the *Sus Tajassu, dorso cystifero*, of the *Systema Naturæ*, but we cannot even guess at the 'palm tree whose fibres rival silk both in fineness and strength.'

His observations on the commerce of Brazil are in better taste, because here he understands his subject. He completely developes the causes of those lamentable consequences which immediately followed the opening of the South American ports to the trade of Great Britain, and paints, in strong colours, the absurd and extravagant speculations of our countrymen. We shall conclude this article with an extract from this part of Mr. Mawe's book, every word of which we believe to be perfectly just; in the hope that what he states may operate as a warning, and tend to allay those sanguine expectations to which the more than probable opening of the East-India trade has already given rise, and which threaten to be far more fatal in their result than those of South America.

'Owing to the incredible competition or struggle among our merchants, who should send most ships and cargoes to a country whose civilized population, exclusive of slaves, does not exceed eight hundred thousand souls, it is natural to suppose that the market would be almost instantly overstocked. So great and so unexpected was the influx of English manufactures into Rio de Janeiro, within a few days after the arrival of the prince, that the rent of houses to put them into became enormously dear. The bay was covered with ships, and the Custom-house soon overflowed with goods: even salt, casks of ironmongery and nails, salt-fish, cheese, hats, bottled and barrelled porter, &c. were exposed, not only to the sun and rain, but to general depredation. The Creolians, and strangers from the interior, thought that these goods were placed there for their benefit, and extolled the goodness and generosity of the English, who strewed the beach to a great extent with articles for which their own countrymen had heretofore charged them such high prices. In the course of several weeks the beach began to assume a less crowded appearance, some few of the goods were taken to the residence of their owners; others were removed, but to what place, or by whom, there was no way of ascertaining; and a very great proportion was sold at the Custom-house, *for the benefit of the underwriters.* This stratagem, so frequently practised, (and certainly deserving of the severest reprehension,) afterwards operated as a very serious injury to the regular sale of articles; for, as the market was so overstocked, scarcely any one would offer money for goods, except at the Custom-house sales. As the depreciation continued, numberless packages were there exposed for sale, in part damaged,

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ged, or apparently so. Indeed little more than the mark of a cord on the outside of a single article, or a corner discoloured in a package, however large, was a sufficient pretext for presuming and pronouncing the whole to be damaged. By means of this sentence, so easily obtained, great quantities of goods were brought to the hammer in the Custom-house warehouses, under every disadvantage; thus the owners recovered the amount insured for, and the insurers lost the difference between that sum and the price they were sold at, with the expences. Many of the underwriters will, no doubt, retain a lasting remembrance of the sales which took place at Rio de Janeiro, and other parts of South America, *for their benefit.*

'To the serious losses thus occasioned by an overstocked market, may be added another, which originated in the ignorance of many persons who sent out articles, to a considerable amount, not at all suited to the country: one speculator, of wonderful foresight, sent large invoices of stays for ladies, who never heard of such armour; another sent skates for the use of a people who are totally uninformed that water can become ice;* a third sent out a considerable assortment of the most elegant coffin-furniture, not knowing that coffins are never used by the Brazilians. In a few months, more Manchester goods arrived than had been consumed in the course of twenty years preceding.'

Equally indiscreet and ill-judged, it appears, were the speculations in Brazilian produce. Any kind of sebaceous matter was greedily purchased for tallow; and hides eaten by the grub met with a ready market.

'The folly of speculation did not stop here; precious stones appeared to offer the most abundant source of riches; tourmalines were sold for emeralds, crystals for topazes, and both common stones and vitreous paste bought for diamonds to a considerable amount. False diamonds were weighed with scrupulousness, and bought with avidity, to sell by the rules stated by Jefferies. Brass pans purchased of the English were filed, and mixed with gold dust, and thus, by a simple contrivance, some of our countrymen repurchased at three or four guineas per ounce, the very article which they had before sold at 2s. 6d. per pound.'

It appears, moreover, that the gentlemen consignees had no idea of doing business except in the large way; they purchased or hired country seats; they kept their horses and carriages, and lived in great style; they formed delicate connections, too, in consequence of which females of the most obscure classes appeared in the costly extreme of English fashion.

Of the six miserable prints bound up with the book, we shall only observe, that they are neither calculated to embellish nor illustrate.

* We have been informed that the good people of Birmingham sent out 60 tons of skates and warming pans to South America.

ART.

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ART. X. *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age.* Par J. C. L. Simonde Sismondi, Des Académies Italienne, de Wilna, de Cagliari, des Georgofili, de Genève, &c. 8 Tomes. Paris. 1809.

THE histories of ancient Greece, and of Italy during the middle ages, possess many points of analogy, which cannot escape the attention of one who is in the slightest degree conversant with both. This resemblance is by no means confined to the general political aspect of the two countries, divided into many petty states, some free, others in subjection to self-erected despots, and alternately swayed by one of two great contending factions: nor is it to be traced only in the governing principles and conduct of those factions themselves, which, although originating in very different sources, progressively assume a remarkable affinity of character. The analogy will equally appear in the moral characters and physical energies of the respective people, in their habits and customs, their genius, and language. Even in their degraded condition, both nations preserve those striking characteristics which seem, as it were, to identify them in all ages. The same brilliancy of imagination; the same hastily-excited, and soon-extinguished, sensibility; the same innate taste for the arts; the same uncontrollable propensity to pleasures; the same fire of expression; the same thirst for public applause; the same vehemence of passion, are still remarked as distinguishing the inhabitants of both countries, with this difference only, perhaps, that in Italy, where the national debasement has neither been so lasting, nor so abject, more of what is valuable in these qualities has been retained, with a less preponderating mixture of evil.

The political resemblance will bear a yet closer inspection; neither would it be an uninstructive task to compare the constitution, character and vicissitudes of the several Italian states with those of their respective prototypes in Grecian history. The cold and austere aristocracy of Venice, with her selfish system of territorial aggrandisement, her views of national supremacy, and her extensive foreign conquests, will forcibly remind us, in almost every page of her history, of the country of Agesilaus and Lysander; and in Florence we cannot hesitate for an instant to recognize the Athens of Italy, with the same genius and enthusiasm for arts and letters, the same popular levity and restlessness, the same ardent attachment to the very extreme of a democratic constitution; but with an infinite superiority in that which constitutes the pride and glory of our own nation—constant zeal and activity in the cause of national independence over all Italy, ambition of an ascendancy not founded in

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in conquest, but in character and reputation, and a generous self-devotement whenever called upon to oppose the designs of tyrannical aggrandisement, without that cold calculation of means which only tends to paralyse the most formidable efforts, and render useless the most efficient resources.

If, indeed, at any period in the revolutions of human affairs, the study of history is valuable beyond the mere purpose of gratifying an idle, though agreeable, curiosity, it must be acknowledged to be so at the present moment, when we stand so greatly in need of all those resources that are to be derived from the example of past ages for our safe conduct through circumstances of unparalleled danger and difficulty. In this view, the history of Florence presents more objects of importance than that of almost any other nation—we mean, not the history of Florence under the Medici, still less under the sovereigns of the House of Lorraine, but the history of Florence during the ages of her *real* greatness, free, active, and independent, the protectress of Italian liberty, the maintainer of her political balance, the fostering inventress of art and science, the patroness of original genius. Those who have formed their opinions of political importance, on extent of conquest and possessions, on the magnificence of monarchy, or the apparent riches of an empire, will hardly conceive how a comparison between the present situation of our own country and that of an Italian city, the mistress of a dominion twenty or thirty leagues in extent, can reflect upon the former any motives for pride or self-congratulation. Yet this may be easily imagined by others who have, more philosophically, considered that in a small society every individual is of importance, whereas in an extensive one, we contemplate the operations of bodies of men, not of particular persons, and lose the nice discrimination of character, and impressions of a more general nature.

Nevertheless, it is certainly owing to that false estimate of the real use of history which naturally springs from false notions of political greatness, that the history of Italy, during the middle ages, has been so much neglected. The history of Italy is not like that of France, or England, or Spain, the detail of the operations of a nation under the command of a sovereign, or even leagued together in the union of a republic. Contemplated in this erroneous view, it presents a most heterogeneous spectacle, utterly devoid of that principle of unity which can alone direct or support the reader's attention through the revolutions of ages. According to the image employed by the author before us, at first sight we behold nothing but the picture of a large ants' nest, which has been recently disturbed. 'All the individuals seem animated with a perpetual and rapid motion; they are agitated by passions of which

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which we known nothing; they press, and jostle each other; they fight, they retreat; the eye cannot follow them, nor separate one from the other.' But if we take a more microscopic survey of this confused mass, and read, not the history of Italy, but that of the different Italian republics, a far more instructive scene presents itself. We cannot discuss this subject so justly as in the words of M. Sismondi—

'Mais l'histoire particulière, l'histoire détaillée de chaque ville d'Italie, vient attacher des noms à chacun de ces personnages; elle nous révèle le secret de chaque charactère, le motif particulier qui le fait agir; elle développe des passions généreuses, des pensées profondes, des objets élevés, dans chacun de ces groupes que notre première vue avoit jugés si petits. Plus nous les étudions et plus nous nous assurons, qu'en politique, il n'y a point de grandeur relative, et que toutes les fois qu'on dispute de la liberté et de la souveraineté, soit dans un village, soit dans l'empire du monde, les intérêts sont toujours les mêmes, savoir les plus grands et les plus nobles que le cœur humain puisse admettre; les talens sont les mêmes aussi, et l'étude de l'homme est aussi complète. Cette agitation universelle, cette vivacité des passions, cette importance de chaque individu, ont fait de l'histoire de l'Italie une source inépuisable d'instruction pour les erudits.' Tom. iv. p. 210.

The truth of these observations is evinced by the diversity between the local historians of Italy and those of other countries. Among ourselves, the study of what we call *county history* is, comparatively, of very late date, and, when carried to its present extent, affords few objects of interest to any but professed antiquarians; while in Italy, every city teems with annalists, and, in the words of our author, 'each of them is more interesting and valuable, in proportion as his work is more voluminous and abounding in detail.' In whatever degree we may attribute this superabundance of historical writers to that spirit of local attachment which is always found most active in petty states, and under independent governments, it cannot but be presumed that they would hardly have received sufficient encouragement for their labours, unless those labours had been found capable of exciting an interest beyond their own narrow limits. If history were of importance only as it affords gratification to national pride, or as it reflects the images of great and wonderful events by which the condition of the whole world may be affected, then indeed would these annalists of sixty-eight ant-hills have expended their time and labour to very little purpose; and they would have fallen into oblivion from the moment that their several communities became lost in the generalizing influence of an extensive monarchy. But, if there be any justice in our reasoning, these neglected historians are not only capable of affording some degree of interest to the world at large, but

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but an interest, in many respects, more powerful, more personally applicable, than those who have described the progress of great nations and the revolutions of empires.

But if we are wrong in considering the history of the Italian Republics as unimportant in respect to the subject of it, we shall err still more widely in supposing their annalists to be deserving of neglect. The truth is, that as in Italy the study of history has been more generally cultivated and more widely diffused than in any other country of Europe, so her early historians are far more accomplished in their style, and instructive in their reflections, than we, who despise the monkish chroniclers of France and England, are likely to imagine. The language of Ricordano Malespini, the earliest historian of Florence * who adopted the *lingua volgare*, is still considered as a model of purity, though more than five hundred years old. Froissart's Chronicle was composed a century later; but, superior as that writer is to the historians of our own country, how rude do his style and manner appear when compared with the Florentine annalist! How much lower does he sink in the scale of historical merit when opposed to the three Villanis, † the youngest of whom preceded him by many years! Froissart interests us by the faithful picture which he undesignedly presents to our view of the manners and customs of an age certainly, on many accounts, interesting. But in the old Florentine historians, besides this view of the character of the times, (a character as distinct from that which we have dwelt upon with so much pleasure in the pages of Froissart, as both are from the present state of manners among the principal nations of Europe,) we discover an acquaintance with the principles of government, and an insight into the human mind, little to be expected from the writers of an age which we are pleased to denominate barbarous. We shall notice one particular, though of less importance than many others, because we are not aware that it has ever attracted observation before. A taste for what we call the picturesque in nature has always appeared to us to be the concomitant of a very superior degree of cultivation. We rarely, if ever, meet with anything resembling it among the poets and historians of the

* Naples has the honour of producing the first historian who composed in the language of his country; Matteo Spinelli di Giovenazzo, whose work comes down to the battle of Tagliacozzo in the year 1268. That of Malespini terminates in 1281, but is continued by his nephew Giacchetto to 1286.

† Giovanni Villani was carried off by the dreadful plague of 1348. His brother, Mattéo, continued his work; and it is singular enough that the recurrence of a similar calamity, in the year 1363, put a period to his labours also. The history of Filippo Villani, the son of Mattéo, carries down the affairs of Florence a few years later. It will be remembered, that the Chronicle of Froissart terminates with the commencement of the fifteenth century.

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middle ages with whom we are most familiar. Our annalists are loud in the praises of those districts, which yielded the most plentiful harvests. Our ecclesiastics (in those days the most refined class of society) fixed on similar spots for their habitation. Our minstrels celebrate the richness and verdure of the spring, the joyous singing of birds, the pleasant orchards and gardens, and vineyards, but never introduce woods and rocks, and mountains, but for the sake of inspiring terror. Froissart, who was a poet as well as an historian, upon whose mind everything that he saw made a vivid impression, and whose pictures are therefore faithful copies of natural objects, often seems to be transported with the beauty of a fine summer's day, when the sun sparkles upon the arms of his knights gallantly accoutred for the lists or the battle, when the earth is green under their feet, and the sky blue and clear over their heads. But, to view the scenes of nature with the eye of a painter is a gift exclusively appropriated to more civilized times and people. This gift the Italians of the thirteenth century had already attained. Dante, in several parts of his extraordinary poem, employs it with great poetical advantage. Nor is it to be discovered only in works of imagination. In the Cronica del Morelli, a short history annexed to that of Ricordano and Giacchetto Malespini, which happens to be lying before us, we find a description of a certain spot in the delightful region of Tuscany, in which, if we substituted the terms 'picturesque' and 'beautiful' in the room of those which are evidently their correllatives, 'selvatico' and 'dimestico', we might suppose ourselves to be accompanying Price and Gilpin through the intricate and romantic passes of the Appenines. For the sake of confirming our own observations and of presenting our readers with a specimen of that purity to which the Italian language had * attained, we subjoin the entire passage. The author has been painting in very bright, perhaps flattering, colours the manners, customs, and persons of the inhabitants of his native valley of Mugello. He thus proceeds to delineate the principal features of the country itself.

'Appresso vedrai il paese, in quanto al terreno, tanto vago, e piacevole con tutti i diletti, che saprai domandare; e prima, egli è situato nel mezzo d'un bellissimo piano dimestico, adorno di frutti belli e dilettevoli, tutto lavorato, e ornato come un giardino: appresso vedi pel mezzo un corrente fiumicello tutto dilettevole, e più altri vivai, e rivoli, i quali con diletto discendono da vaghi monti, da' quali il detto piano è accompagnato d'intorno, come una bella ghirlanda. Sono situati di piaggette, e colli alti al montare; simile v'ha de' grandi, alti, e

* The date of the 'Cronica di Morelli' is later indeed than that of the histories we have before spoken of, but very little subsequent to the time of Froissart.

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nondimeno dilettevoli, e tengono parte di salvatico e parti di dimestico; *e certi nè salvatichi, nè dimestichi, ma tra l'uno, e l'altro, con molta bellezza.* Intornovi presso all' abitazioni vedi dimestichi ben lavorati, adorni di frutti, e di bellissime vigne, e molto copiosi di pozzi e fonti d'acqua viva. Di più, fra' poggi, vedi il salvatico di gran boschi, e selve di molti castagni, i quai rendono grande abondanza di castagne, e di marroni grossi e buoni, e per essi boschi usa gran quantità di salvaggina, come porci salvatichi, cavrioli, orsi, ed altre fiere. Più d'appresso all' abitazioni vi è gran quantità di boschetti, di be' quercioli, e molti ve n'è acconci per diletto, netti di sotto, cioè il terreno a modo di prato d'andarvi scalzo sanza temere di niente che offendesse al piè. Appresso vedrai grandi scopettini, e ginestrati, dove usano lepri in quantità grande, fagiani, e altre selvaggine. Più di presso seguente i sopradetti, vedi grandi scoperti, adorni d'olorifiche erbe, serpillo, sermollino, tignamica, e ginepri, con vaghe fontane, le quai si spandono per tutto, e questo è ben copioso di starne, di coturnici, e di fagiani, quaglie, e molte lepri, dilettevole, e vago da cacciare, e da uccellare, dà sommo diletto, e piacere.'—*Istoria Fiorentina di Malespini, Fior.* 1718, *p.* 219.

To finish the picture, as many gothic castles enter into the description as Mrs. Radcliffe herself could desire; but as these are delineated more with a view to their military than to their picturesque importance, we think it unnecessary to carry our quotation farther.

It is now our duty to attend somewhat more particularly to the work itself. M. Sismondi is, as the title-page imports, sufficiently known on the continent as a member of several learned institutions, and, unless we have mistaken the individual, as the author of several treatises on finance and political economy. He is an inhabitant (we believe, a native) of Switzerland; but he probably traces his origin to the family of Sismondi, which long enjoyed a distinguished rank among the principal citizens of the republic of Pisa. His name sufficiently assures us that he is of Italian descent; and this circumstance contributes, jointly with an ardent love of free, if not of republican, principles of government, to qualify him especially for the historian of a nation of which, however long his ancestors may have been separated from it, he proves himself by his writings to be no neglectful or degenerate offspring. Indeed, the quality which most forcibly characterizes his history, is the zeal which it displays in the cause of national independence, the abhorrence of tyranny and of the lust of dominion. Many of the reflections, with which it is interspersed, although naturally arising from the subject, convey an impression (perhaps unintentionally) of implied and covert censure on the principles and conduct of the Gallic emperor. In others, the pride of Englishmen will probably induce them to imagine a designed compliment to our happy constitution and to the national spirit which has hitherto kept us inviolate

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inviolate from the unhallowed touch of the usurper. Perhaps Buonaparte himself may have formed similar conclusions from the perusal of what is already published. However, if it be true (as we have been assured) that the work is prohibited at Paris, it is not necessary to suppose that this is on account of any suspected allusion to present politics. The general spirit with which it is composed, is too repugnant to the passive obedience which a tyrant demands; and the continental press is reduced to too abject a servitude to admit of our being surprized, that the new censors of literature should have fulminated their interdict against the farther circulation of so dangerous a poison.

Of the volumes before us, the first, which is merely introductory, gives a summary account of the revolutions of Italy from the fall of the western empire to the commencement of the twelfth century and the celebrated war of Como, the first in which any of the Lombard republics, in their individual capacity, were engaged. The seven succeeding volumes furnish us with the history of the Lombard, Tuscan, Romanian, and maritime republics, from that period to the year 1432, the era of the military greatness of Sforza, and the influence of Cosmo de Medici. According to the author's intention, the events of another century still remain to be related; and the history will conclude with the capture of Florence by the united forces of the Pope and Emperor in 1530, the epoch, as he justly considers it, of the extinction of the liberties of Italy.

The authorities upon which M. Sismondi has principally relied as his guides through the dark and unfrequented regions of the history which he has illustrated, are, for the most part, those contained in Muratori's collection of the Scriptores Italici Medii Ævi, a magnificent monument, which reflects no slight degree of honour on the nation by whom it was raised. Fully aware of the true value of contemporaneous documents, our author has collected his materials at the source, and his work therefore claims that high portion of interest which results from the appearance of this stamp of truth and authenticity. There is only one particular in which we can accuse him of being too sparing of his labour,—in speaking of other nations he seldom takes the trouble of making any reference out of the usual course of his consultations. We have accordingly noticed several errors, (of minor importance certainly in a history of Italy, but yet *errors*, and therefore to be avoided,) into which he could hardly have fallen with Froissart or Matthew Paris by his side, and which he has solely contracted by too indolent an adherence to the authority of writers who, however well acquainted with the affairs of their native cities and provinces, can hardly be expected, in those illiterate ages, to have possessed much accurate knowledge of those of other countries.

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The influence of government in forming the character and habits of a nation can scarcely be estimated too highly; and yet, the author appears to have carried his fondness for the theory too far when he lays down, as a preliminary maxim, that everything which we call national character depends upon political constitution, and that this is the most important conclusion which can be derived from the study of history.

'Que les vertus ou les vices des nations, leur énergie ou leur mollesse, leurs talens, leurs lumières ou leur ignorance, ne sont presque jamais les effets du climat, les attributs d'une race particulière, mais l'ouvrage des loix; que tout fut donné à tous par la nature, mais que le gouvernement enlève ou garantit aux hommes qui lui sont soumis l'héritage de l'espèce humaine.'—*Introd.* p. i.

He adds, that the history of no nation presents so strong a confirmation of this truth as that of Italy, and bids us compare 'the simple virtues of the primitive Etruscans, the masculine courage of the contemporaries of Cincinnatus, the rapacity and ostentation of Verres, the abject baseness of the subjects of Tiberius, the ignorance and insignificance of the Romans under Honorius;' and, again, 'the barbarism of Lombard Italy, the virtue of the twelfth century, the lustre of the fifteenth, and the degeneracy of the modern Italians.'

'Le même sol a nourri ces êtres de nature si différente, et le même sang circule dans leur veines. Le mélange de quelques peuplades barbares, perdues au milieu des flots d'indigènes, n'a point suffi pour changer la constitution physique des hommes qu'enfantoit la même région. La nature est restée la même pour les Italiens de tous les âges; le gouvernement seul a changé; ses révolutions ont toujours précédé ou accompagné l'altération du caractère national.'

We have been accustomed to refer the constitution of modern governments to those of Roman and Grecian antiquity; and, in so doing, have certainly overlooked the history of others, to which we owe, if not the origin of all our advancement in this difficult and important science, at least the faithful transmission, through ages of barbarous confusion, of political principles which, but for the energies of the Italian republics, would have been lost in the chaos of vice and ignorance. M. Sismondi appears to think that a principal cause of this unmerited neglect is that want of unity of action, which renders it equally difficult to follow the course of events in reading, and to compose any thing like a connected work. 'Every different state (he says) has its separate history and its separate documents, and demands a separate study.' In order to make his work the more complete, and to give something like consistency to the confused mass of materials from which he had to draw his authorities,—

J'ai

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'J'ai séjourné,' adds our author, 'cinq ans en Toscane, patrie de mes ancêtres; trois fois, depuis, j'ai parcouru l'Italie presqu' entière, et j'ai reconnu tous les lieux qui furent le théâtre de quelque grand événement. J'ai travaillé dans presque toutes les grandes bibliothéques; j'ai visité les archives de plusieurs villes et de plusieurs couvens. L'histoire de l'Italie est intimément liée avec celle de l'Allemagne; j'ai fait aussi le tour de cette dernière contrée, pour y rechercher les monumens historiques: enfin, je me suis procuré, à tout prix, les livres qui répandent quelque lumière sur les temps et les peuples que j'ai entrepris de faire connoître. Il doit m'être permis de parler de tout le travail que j'ait fait, si je puis aussi engager le lecteur à m'accorder sa confiance.'

We can sincerely add, after an attentive perusal of the whole work, that these honourable labours (of which the author may well be indulged in making his boast) have been attended with all the advantage that could be expected to be derived from them. The difficulties of the subject are, to our apprehension, altogether surmounted; and the history of Italy will, if we have any skill in prophecy, henceforth become an object of much more general attention than heretofore. An abridgment of that history, or such a general view as our limits would enable us to furnish of the contents of this work, the merits of which, in great measure, consist in its minute, though luminous, details, would afford little either of instruction or amusement to our readers; but we shall devote the remainder of our pages to a short exposition of the manner in which the great principle of historical, as well as poetical interest has been preserved, without any injury to the fidelity of narration. This object has been chiefly effected by keeping in constant view the rise, progress, decline, and destruction of liberty and national independence throughout Italy, from the downfal of the Roman empire; so that it is less a history of Italy than of Italian liberty, that is presented to our contemplation.

The conquest of Italy by Theodoric is the first great epoch of a total change in the manners and character of the nation. Unlike the barbarous hordes which preceded them, who contented themselves with overrunning the country and carrying off its spoils, who (even under Odoacer, the subverter of the throne of the Cæsars) effected no change except in the substitution of the real for a nominal master, the Goths gradually incorporated themselves with the people whom they had subdued, introduced their own laws and form of government, and founded the Italian on the ruins of the Roman name. The temporary restoration (as it is called) of the authority of the empire by the victories of Belisarius, produced no considerable effects, until the irruption of the Lombards, and the establishment of their sovereignty over all the Transpadane, and the

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greatest part of the central and southern, divisions of the country. In the nature of this new dominion an essential difference is observable; for while in the north the conquerors colonized the subdued provinces, and drove numbers of their former inhabitants out of the land, the compound race of Goths and Romans retained the middle regions of Italy, even those which acknowledged the Lombard monarchy, and a great part of the population of the present kingdom of Naples was of Greek origin. The maritime quarters of that country, indeed, continued under a nominal subjection to the throne of Constantinople; but, in proportion as the domestic power and resources of that government declined, its authority over its distant members dwindled to nothing. The commercial cities of Apulia and Calabria became essentially independent of the power whose rights they still acknowledged; and in the once illustrious, and now undeservedly forgotten, republics of Naples, Gaeta and Amalphi, is discerned the first dawn of Italian liberty.

'La république Romaine avoit formé les gouvernemens municipaux et ceux des colonies sur son propre modèle; dans quelques cités seulement, elle avoit conservé des institutions plus anciennes encore, mais toujours également républicaines; les empereurs n'avoient point pris ombrage de cet esprit et de ces formes impuissantes qui subsistoient obscurement dans les petites villes. Deux siècles après l'asservissement absolu de la Grèce, on trouvoit encore, dans l'Isle d'Eubée, des assemblées du peuple qui jugeoient et portoient des lois, des démagogues, des agitateurs, et toutes les marques de la plus absolue démocratie. Les constitutions municipales auxquelles Rome avoit servi de modèle, se conservirent plus long-tems encore, parce qu'elles s'accordoient mieux avec les lois générales. Elles durent même survivre à l'empire d'occident, d'autant plus que l'empereur Majorien, dans la dernière période de l'existence de cet empire, avoit rétabli et raffermi l'administration républicaine des villes et des municipalités.'—Tom. I. p. 224.

Such was the foundation of the earliest republics of the middle ages. Too inconsiderable in themselves, and too distinct in their national character, to have any sensible influence over the affairs of the rest of Italy, they nevertheless maintained their independence against all the assaults of their powerful neighbours, the Lombard princes of Benevento, and the Saracens, who in the zenith of their power frequently attempted in vain to acquire a settlement in the southern parts of Italy; they made considerable attainments in the arts of civilized society and in commercial opulence; and it was not till towards the middle of the twelfth century that they yielded, after a long and honourable struggle, to the warlike superiority of their Norman invaders.

The capture of Naples in 1138 by Roger, king of Sicily, extinguished the last spark of freedom in these delightful regions of Italy;

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Italy; but the flame was already kindled in the more interesting provinces of the north, which, during that and the following century, exhibited, at intervals, the most animating spectacles, till the ambitious tyranny of the Visconti family overshadowed the whole of Lombardy.

To the liberal and magnanimous policy of the Emperor Otho, and his descendants of the Saxon line, we are to refer the origin of the independence of the imperial cities.' Charlemagne, with the spirit which has characterized the French conquerors of all ages, aimed at securing the fruits of his victories by extinguishing the rights and liberties of the conquered nation; but his descendants experienced the fatal effects of the degradation of their subjects. Otho's ambition was of a contrary tendency. He exalted the character of the people by giving them municipal privileges, and investing them with power to resist the oppression of feudal tyrants, equally hostile and dangerous to the sovereign and to themselves. He was repaid by their gratitude, which, as long as his family retained the imperial dignity, maintained them in a just political union with their chief, and was replaced by the spirit of absolute independence only when the sceptre having passed into the hand of another race the sole bond was broken by which the empire of Charlemagne was yet held together.

The long contests between the papal and imperial powers which followed the accession of the Franconian emperors, contributed greatly to the confirmation of the rising republics of Lombardy, and also gave encouragement to the growth of republic ambition.

'Pendant le régne orageux de Henri IV., les villes Lombardes avoient affermi en silence leur gouvernement municipal. Dès le commencement du régne de Henri V., on put reconnoître qu'elles n'étoient pas animées par le seul amour de la liberté; et que, non moins que les princes, elles étoient diposées à se livrer à l'ambition et à la passion des conquêtes. Chaque ville étoit libre; mais la population de toutes les villes n'étoit pas égale; quelques-unes devoient à la fertilité et à l'étendue de leur territoire, aux avantages de leur situation, ou aux anciennes prérogatives de leurs gouverneurs civils et ecclésiastiques, une grande supériorité en richesse et en puissance. Milan et Pavie s'élevoient pardessus toutes les villes Lombardes, et les citoyens de ces deux cités s'abbandonnoient à une haïne d'autant plus violente les uns pour les autres qu'ils étoient plus proches voisins. Une plaine de vingt milles d'étendue, qu'aucune grande rivière ne traverse, formoit la seule séparation entre les deux peuples ennemis. Des contestations sur le cours des eaux destinées à l'arrosement, et sur les limites des diocèses, qui n'en avoient reçu aucunes de la nature, auroient pu souvent être de justes motifs de guerre entre les deux républiques, lors même que la rivalité de gloire n'auroit pas suffi pour les armer l'une contre l'autre.' Tom. II. p. 2.

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Such was, for the most part, the character of the petty wars in which these infant republics were engaged till about the middle of the twelfth century. The division which followed the death of Henry the Fifth, (a division which first generated the party names of Guelph and Gibelin,) gave a new direction to the martial spirit of the Lombard people; and the election of Frederick Barbarossa, the founder of the Swabian dynasty, in 1152, exposed them to their first trial in defence of the independence which they had attained.

The rival republics of Milan and Pavia wanted nothing but the baneful distinction of party names to work up their mutual animosity to a pitch of the greatest political inveteracy. At this period the first and greatest of the two cities espoused the interests of the Gibelin party, while Pavia, strengthening herself by the voluntary accession of all the neighbouring states to whom the rising greatness of Milan was an object of jealousy, declared for the Guelphs. Frederick, who inherited, from his ancestors, the united claims of both factions, and who wanted only a pretext for engaging in the affairs of Italy, displayed his impartiality by taking under his protection the weakest, and, in some respects, the injured party. His views of ambition and interest were, however, soon made manifest through the mask of justice. Milan had her confederate cities as well as Pavia; and the resistance of Tortona, (a resistance which reminds us of the glorious exertions of the people of Saragossa and Girona in these times,) gave to the world the first evidence of the power of a free people when acting with combination and constancy in opposition to all the military advantages of a feudal sovereignty. At length, after three successive campaigns, Milan was taken and razed to her foundations; but the spirit of liberty rose the more powerful after every check; and, in 1167, the celebrated League of Lombardy, armed expressly in defence of the national independence, received its formation. The first action of this confederacy is deserving of the cause which united them. All the jealousy excited by the former conduct of the Milanese had yielded to admiration of their constancy and commiseration of their misfortunes. Milan was rebuilt, and its inhabitants restored to their homes; nor would her generous allies desist from their work till they had replaced her in a condition as formidable as before her destruction. After fifteen years more of continual and successful hostilities, these republicans assured to themselves, by the peace of Constance, (June 25, 1183,) all the regalities of their respective cities, with the rights which by custom or prescription they had acquired over the districts adjacent—the privileges of levying armies, of fortifying towns, and of exercising within their boundaries all civil and criminal jurisdiction.

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The independence of foreign power was no sooner secured, than the liberties of the several members of the league were exposed to new dangers from internal revolutions. The remainder of the century presents a picture of political divisions, of more or less interest, in almost every city of Lombardy; in some the struggle between the power of the nobility and of the people; in others a more ignoble strife between different powerful families for the ascendancy over their respective communities. The names of Guelph and Gibelin were now universally assumed by the factions of every city, however remote in their origin from any connection with the feuds of the empire. The first of these appellations became, in general, the badge of popular spirit, while the nobility, for the most part, assumed the latter distinction.

The free states of Lombardy were still numerous and powerful enough, in the middle of the thirteenth century, to form a league, in imitation of their ancestors, against the second Frederick. But M. Sismondi justly remarks the wide difference observable between the origin and conduct of this new confederacy and of that which presented the magnificent spectacle already witnessed. They were now united by republican arrogance, and an unworthy superstition, in support of the profligate encroachments of Rome, for the overthrow of a legitimate power, from which they had at least no immediate dangers to apprehend, and which was sustained by the most virtuous and enlightened sovereign that had hitherto filled the throne of Charlemagne. This combination was unhappily too successful; and its efforts terminated in the downfal, it is true, of the house of Swabia, but a little more remotely in the extinction of Lombard independence. The immediate causes of the last mentioned event may be found in the increasing and sanguinary animosity of the internal factions of every city, in the decay of public virtue, the prevalence of commercial habits, and, above all, in the baneful practice, introduced towards the conclusion of this century, of committing the defence of cities, not to the valour of its inhabitants, but to the military skill of mercenaries trained to the art of war. Milan fell, about the year 1260, under the dominion of Martin della Torre, one of her most powerful and enterprizing citizens. The spirit of ancient liberty still burst forth at intervals, during the contentions between the rival families of La Torre and Visconti, till the end of the century; but the fortunes of the latter at length prevailed; and, from that period, the government of Milan becomes no longer an object of interest to the historian of the republics of Italy, any farther than as it was converted, from being the bulwark of the national liberties, into the most formidable enemy of that independence which it was now the lot of a far more illustrious people to assert and defend.

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Florence, though already a rich and populous city, had concerned herself but little in the general interests of Italy before the revolution which, in 1250, established the popular government and the ascendancy of the Guelph faction within her walls. She now organized her military force, and, in the design of preserving the liberty which she had asserted, united most of the Tuscan cities, partly by conquest, partly by persuasion, in a general league against the Gibelins. This early period of her military annals is distinguished by a disinterested spirit of generosity, which she continued still to display at a much later period. She aimed at nothing less than the selfish objects of territorial aggrandizements, and, in the instance of the people of Arezzo, whose city had been betrayed by its governor into her hands, displayed the real magnanimity of her character, in not only refusing to profit by the treason, but even aiding the inhabitants to recover their independence and expel the traitor. M. Sismondi contrasts this noble conduct with that of the Spartan aristocracy on a similar occasion. The fortress of Cadmea was won by one of their generals, much in the same manner as that of Arezzo, by treasonable correspondence. The Ephori condemned their general, but—retained their conquest.

The famous battle of the Arbia, which took place on the 4th of September, 1260, and, for a time, replaced the Gibelin exiles in the government of which they had been dispossessed, was not less important in its consequences to the republic, than it is interesting, even to our own age, from the associations which will for ever accompany it.

'Ce sont ici précisément les temps héroïques de l'histoire de l'Italie, et ceux qui resteront à jamais unis à ses souvenirs poétiques. Le Dante, son premier poéte et son plus noble génie, naquit cinq ans après la déroute de l'Arbia; il place sa descente aux enfers, quarante ans après l'époque dont nous écrivons l'histoire; la génération de ses pères est celle qu'il rencontre dans l'autre monde, et à laquelle il distribue la louange ou le blâme. Nous avons dit que Bocca des Abbati, le traître qui renversa l'enseigne florentine, fut un de ceux qu'il vit plongés auprès du comte Ugolino, dans les glaces éternelles du dernier cercle de l'énfer. C'est aussi dans les enfers qu'il rencontre Farinata: l'attachement à la maison de Souabe; l'inimitié des papes, et le mépris pour leurs excommunications, l'avoient entrainé dans l'hérésie. Dans une plaine, qui de toutes parts vomissoit des flammes, des sépulcres s'élevoient de place en place, tels que d'horribles chaudières qu'un feu ardent rougissoit à perpétuité: ils étoient ouverts; mais la pierre qui devoit les fermer, étoit suspendue au dessus d'eux. Des soupirs et des cris lamentables sortoient de ces arches infernales.' Tom. iii. p. 248.

We forbear to quote the animated paraphrase which our author gives of this celebrated passage, and only refer the reader to the original, (*Inferno*, c. x, v. xxii. 'O Tosco, che per la città del

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del fuoco,' &c.) as strikingly illustrative of the state of Florence, of the character of its principal inhabitants, and of the factions which disturbed it. Even in this cold and phlegmatic climate we have frequent reason to deplore the mournful effects of party-spirit; yet we have no idea of political attachments and hatred, such as enflamed the ardent souls of the Italian republicans.

The shade of Farinata (who, when living, was distinguished for his moderation in the cause with which he was engaged, and for a spirit of patriotism which sometimes placed him in opposition to the violent and baneful designs of his own party) is supposed, by the poet, to taunt him with the defeat of the Guelphs. 'If they were beaten,' returns Dante, 'they knew how to recover what they lost; an art which your friends have not yet acquired.' 'This reflection,' replies the unhappy ghost, 'torments me even more than the pains of hell which I endure.'

'Ciò mi tormenta più, che questo letto.'

'However,' he adds, with a malignant satisfaction, 'before the mistress of these regions (the moon) shall have fifty times rekindled her face, you also will have learned how difficult is that art.'

In this the poet alludes to the factions of the Neri and Bianchi, which broke out in Tuscany within a few years after the second expulsion of the Gibelins from Florence, and, in the beginning of the 14th century, divided the Guelphs in every city where they possessed the ascendancy. Two parties could not long subsist together under the same government with such a spirit as animated the factions of Italy. The Bianchi (to whom Dante was attached) were expelled by their rivals from Florence, and many among them threw themselves into the arms of their hitherto implacable enemies the Gibelins. Dante himself does not appear to have engaged in any political affairs subsequently to his expulsion. He acted a more patriotic part by submitting to his fate, and composed, in his exile, that extraordinary and magnificent poem which has exalted his reputation very high above that of the age in which he lived, even (in the opinion of many competent judges) to a superiority over all the Italian poets who have succeeded him.

The expedition of the Emperor Henry the Seventh into Italy, in the years 1311 and 1312, which re-united the scattered forces of the Gibelins, and threatened the rival faction with the most imminent dangers, first extended the views of Florence beyond the narrow limits of Tuscany, and taught her to feel her own importance as the protectress of that cause, now the cause of national independence, throughout Italy. She even endeavoured to engage the courts of France and of Avignon in a league to oppose the aggrandisement of a power which might, in time, become dangerous to the liberties

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of other nations as well as Italy; and she appears, as our author remarks, to have been 'the first to conceive the existence of ties by which all the members of the European commonwealth ought to be united, and of that balance of powers which ought to ensure the independence of all.'

One of the most striking peculiarities in the historical character of this extraordinary people is that, at the very time of the formation of their political grandeur, their military spirit had entirely forsaken them. Sages and heroes in counsel, they henceforward committed the execution of their noble designs, the actual defence of those liberties which appeared to be dearer to them than existence, to mercenary bands. The profession of arms was considered as degrading to the condition of a free citizen; and Florence, during the fourteenth century, presents to the world the singular spectacle of the highest possible degree of political firmness and constancy, combined with the total absence of all military virtue, of all physical courage. When it is farther considered that this spectacle was exhibited in an age, during which, in every other country of Europe, the reputation for personal strength and valour was at its highest pitch; in that age which was rendered illustrious by the victories of Crecy and Poîtiers, by the various deeds of arms which Froissart has delighted to celebrate, and by the chivalrous character of the two first princes of the House of Luxembourg, who swayed the imperial sceptre, it must be considered as one of the most extraordinary phænomena in the history of the human race.

Early in the fourteenth century, the celebrated Castruccio Castraccani commenced his career of military greatness. His ambitious prospects certainly extended to, and perhaps were not bounded by, the sovereignty of Italy; and for a considerable time the Florentines were left almost alone to contend with him in the plenitude of his power. They contended successfully; and the period of Castruccio's death, is, perhaps, that of their greatest political splendour. Their national character at this epoch forms a subject of pleasing contemplation.

'Une nouvelle époque de grandeur et de gloire commença, pour la république florentine, à la mort de Castruccio; du moment où Florence fut délivrée de ce redoutable ennemi, elle domina sur tout le reste de l'Italie, par la vigueur de ses conseils et la profondeur de sa politique. Toujours prête à protéger les foibles et les opprimés, toujours prête à opposer aux usurpateurs une résistance indomptable, la seigneurie de Florence se considéra comme gardienne de la balance politique de l'Italie, et spécialement chargée de conserver aux souveraines leur indépendance, aux peuples des gouvernemens de leur choix.

'Il

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'Il faut chercher dans le caractère même d'une nation, les motifs de la conduite habituelle de son gouvernement, surtout s'il est démocratique. Les qualités distinctives des Florentins les rendoient propres au rôle brillant dont ils se chargèrent, et l'Athènes de l'Italie rapelle celle de la Grèce, autant par le génie de son peuple, que par les chefs-d'œuvre qu'on lui vit produire.

'Le Florentin étoit reconnu pour avoir l'esprit le plus délié parmi tous les peuples de l'Italie; dans la societé il étoit railleur et saisissoit avec vivacité le ridicule; dans les affaires, sa perspicacité lui faisoit découvrir avant les autres la voie la plus courte pour arriver à son but, et apprécier mieux les avantages et les inconvéniens de chaque parti; dans la politique, il devinoit les projets de ses ennemis, il prévoyoit de bonne heure la suite de leurs actions et la marche des événemens. Cependant, son caractère étoit plus ferme, et sa conduite plus mesurée qu'une telle vivacité d'esprit n'auroit pu le faire supposer. Il étoit lent à se déterminer, il n'entreprenoit les choses hazardeuses qu'après une mûre délibération; et lorsqu'il s'étoit engagé, il persistoit dans ses déterminations, avec une constance inébranlable, malgré des échecs inattendus. Dans la littérature, le Florentin réunissoit la vivacité à la force du raisonnement, la gaîté à la philosophie, et la plaisanterie aux plus hautes méditations. La profondeur du caractère avoit conservé chez lui l'enthousiame, et la raillerie avoit formé le goût; la sévérité du public, contre le ridicule, avoit établi sur les lettres et les arts une législation non moins sévère.' Tom. v. p. 169.

Besides Henry the Seventh, and Castruccio, Florence had, during the course of this century, to make head in the same noble causes against three equally formidable enemies, each of which had advanced even nearer than either of the former towards the accomplishment of his ambitious purpose. Mastino della Scala, lord of Verona; Ladislaus, king of Naples, and John Galeas Visconti, the first duke of Milan, all of them, at different periods, affected the dominion of Italy, and all of them pressed forward to the accomplishment of their designs with forces, before which, in a merely military view, the power of the Florentine republic must have crumbled into dust. In every one of these cases, it is to the wisdom and energy, and extensive political combinations of that republic, that the preservation of the liberties of Italy is alone, under Providence, to be attributed.

Though the spirit of party must be acknowledged to have first engendered this noble flame, and though the earliest exertions of the Florentines, in the cause of independence, must be traced rather to the hatred of Guelph and Gibellin, than to a pure and disinterested sense of patriotism; yet their history, during the fourteenth century, properly examined, affords sufficient evidence that the sacred flame was kept alive by a far nobler fuel than that with which it first was kindled. The distinction of party still subsisted,

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sisted, and the hatred which animated them was not extinguished; yet we behold the Guelphs of Florence forming a league with the very heads of the Gibelin faction, to overthrow the military tyranny of the free companies, endeavouring to unite all the principal members of either denomination, in checking the progress of the Pope himself, when his legates had bound the free cities of Romania in fetters; and rejecting, with true republican haughtiness, at the moment of their greatest need, the protection of the king of France, which they thought would have been too dearly purchased even by the nominal recognition of a seignorial supremacy.

We regret that it becomes necessary for us now to quit the subject. Enough, we trust, has been said to prove that the History of Italy, *properly treated*, (and we think it is properly treated by M. Sismondi,) throws no such obstructions as are generally imagined, in the way of the reader. By this mode of management, the republics of Florence and Milan, present strong rallying points, sufficient to preserve the unity of interest; while we gain enough of the history of all the other states of Italy, from their necessary connection with the principal object. If there is any interruption in the *harmony* of the design, it is that which is occasioned by tracing the rise and progress of the maritime republics, which (especially that of Venice) had little connection with the rest of Italy, and no perceptible influence upon her general politics till near the period when Italy herself was enslaved, and those very republics were only left to tell the story of her departed liberties.

Our high opinion of the author of this work may be collected from many of our remarks. The only observation that remains for us to make regards his style, in which he appears to have occasionally sacrificed solidity and clearness to false refinement, and occasionally also to have been somewhat too sparing of the labour of revision. But these faults would but slightly detract, did they even more frequently occur, from the merits of a work which possesses so many indisputable claims on the gratitude of the public.

ART. XI. *Irish Melodies, with Words,* by Thomas Moore, Esq. Four Numbers. Power, Strand.

WE offer no apology to our readers for stepping a little out of our track to review a series of poems published with music; because, as they bear the name of Mr. Moore, it will at once be perceived that they can have no affinity to those well-bred effusions, which Lauretta and Rosabella are perpetually prevailing upon their music masters to print with a tune.

Nothing

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Nothing can be more satisfactorily explained than the high degree of honour acquired by the lyric bards of antiquity. Their poetry had not only sublimity and beauty to strike the soul and win the affections, but enjoyed the farther benefit of musical accompaniments, admirably suited to fan the animation which they kindled. When to this we add the occasions on which the lyrical compositions of the Greeks were usually exhibited, at sacred festivals and public rejoicings, where the splendour and solemnity, the bustle and pride of the scene, concurred to awaken the strongest emotions of taste and patriotism, we shall not wonder that, among so susceptible and polished a people, the odes and chorusses of their great poets were regarded with an enthusiasm at once affectionate and ardent. And, as the elevation of one branch of a family frequently exalts the others, the glory belonging to the sublimer classes of lyric poetry reflected its lustre on those slighter effusions which were allied to them by their common connection with music.

But the changes of manners have wrought correspondent revolutions in taste. The impatience of fashion will endure no piece of music which has not the recommendation of brevity, whatever be the merit of the poetry connected with it. Few odes, therefore, are now set to music; so that the greatest part of what is called lyric poetry in the works of the chief modern writers is no longer lyric except in its name, having avowedly been written, not to be accompanied by music, but simply to be read. Indeed it was not to be expected that men of genius, accustomed to classic and canonized forms, would often be found willing to curtail their compositions for the sake of musical accompaniment; so little has usually been the reputation attached to the shorter effusions of poetry.

We conceive that song-writing has sunk in popular estimation far below its just level; but we can scarcely wonder at it, when we contemplate the demerits of those who, through a long succession of years, have addicted themselves to the polite art of making canzonets for the young ladies of their acquaintance. These well-meaning persons, we fear, have brought discredit upon the muse who has been so unfortunate as to obtain their partiality; and thus, probably, it has happened that lyric poetry has lost so much of its ancient honour. Its character and consequence have been appraised in the gross, and the few good poets overlooked or confounded in the multitude of pretenders.

This undiscriminating depreciation is, in truth, an error much more important than at first sight it may appear; not only as taste is concerned, but as national character may be affected. We do not mean to insist upon the influence which poetry has actually had in forming or improving the minds or manners of the English people; nay,

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nay, we are afraid that the enthusiasm of taste has but too often overrated the effect of every fine art upon the national character—unless, indeed, the phrase is meant to denote merely the character of the higher ranks of society. This want of effect however must not be ascribed to any inherent inefficacy in the nature of poetry itself; but to the circumstances, which, in this case, have denied it the opportunity of proving its influence. In Greece, where its enjoyments were communicated through the medium of music to all ranks of the people, we have no doubt that poetry had great power in raising as well as refining the general character. Even the wild descants of the rude minstrels of later times, have, in all forms, and most especially when accompanied by music, affected, in a marked and permanent manner, the characters of courts, and even of camps. We cannot but believe, therefore, that similar effects would have been produced by poetry upon our own commonalty if they had enjoyed similar advantages. Certainly, in the only case in which the experiment has been tried, we mean among our sailors, the result has been signally beneficial; and we should be wanting in justice if we did not add, highly creditable to the talents and feelings of the venerable bard who so patriotically devoted his genius to their service.

We admit that the temperament which disposes the soul to take fire at the beauties of poetry, must, in every state, be limited to a very small number; and we suspect that even these, considered as a body, are not the most moral class of the community. The warmth which makes them so feelingly alive to the charms of verse, is apt to lead them to the indulgence of less innocent emotions; and though they may be capable of a sudden exertion of virtue, yet that very propensity which disposes them to receive impressions so readily, occasions these to be as readily effaced.

It is not however by this romantic kind of impression, that the most important benefits of poetry are usually produced. These, we think, are more essentially promoted by that repugnance to every thing mean and ignoble, which becomes habitual from the study of nature in the purity of her poetical form; by the innocent, and at the same time agreeable direction which the pursuits of taste impart to the idler propensities of the mind; by the influence of generous and pathetic verse in keeping open those hearts which are in danger of being choked with the cares of business, or the still more hardening apathy of wealth; and, most of all, by that suavity of manner which the fine arts create and nourish, and which education and the unrestrained intercourse of good society are daily extending from the higher to the middling classes. It is not, in short, to strong impressions made on particular persons, but to the laudable habits and manners which a prevailing disposition to poetical pursuits insensibly

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bly insinuates into the whole social system, that we ascribe the benefit produced by poetry upon national character. That benefit is not a sudden luxuriance engendered by a partial inundation: it grows and ripens like the regular harvest of the season, fostered by the dews and silent rains of heaven.

These are some of our reasons for regretting, that the chief English poets have contributed so little toward a collection of songs worthy to accompany the bold and touching strains of music bequeathed by the bards of more romantic ages. We have stated our opinions rather largely, because we think that the present circumstances of society have given the subject more consequence than it ever possessed before. The abolition of those prejudices which so long condemned the female part of the community to intellectual idleness, has admitted a new and very numerous class to the enjoyments of poetry. Now, of all the poetry which women usually read, the verses that accompany their music form by far the most important portion. If then it be of consequence to form and guide the tastes and pursuits of those who are to be wives and mothers, we should encourage the genius of our lyric poets to its utmost attainable perfection. We should remember the flexibility of the female mind in early youth, and the readiness with which it receives either a good or an evil impulse. We should consider the extreme sensibility of women to the charms of music, and their sympathy with the tone of feeling, which the words connected with that music breathe. We should reflect too upon the striking effects which, in countries where such poems have been more highly valued, the songs of love, of war, and of patriotism have produced, not upon women only, but upon 'bearded men:' and thus be led to take a more liberal view of an art which, rightly directed, must be essentially conducive to the cultivation of the warmest, and tenderest affections of the heart.

Before we proceed to the direct examination of Mr. Moore's poems, we must be permitted to say a few words about the qualities which we conceive to be the most essential in a song. The first requisite appears to be a decisive tone of feeling, whether joyous or melancholy, tender or heroic. In the next place, the versification, we think, should be free from all forced inversion; a species of construction which saves the trouble of the writer by increasing that of the reader; which checks the flow of sympathy even at its crisis; and renders the representation of nature a distortion of her features and not a reflection.

We will mention only one more quality essential to a song,—it should be very short. There is some difficulty, no doubt, in producing a strong effect upon the feelings within the small compass of two or three stanzas; but this makes it the more necessary to

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to allure superior talents into the undertaking. Ambition is not appalled by difficulties when honour lies beyond them; and if the reputation of song writing were placed on a more equal footing with that of other poetry, the additional toil which songs require would be counterbalanced by the more general circulation which their association with music usually obtains for them. In one or other of these requisites most of the older songs are obviously defective: and the praise of producing a large and interesting collection, not only free from cramp versification and prolixity, but distinguished for positive excellence, was reserved for the poet whose works are now before us.

Of his original and fatal error, the sacrifice of decorum at the altar of love, that crime for which, in his youth, he 'lost the world, and was content to lose it,' the present volumes happily retain no traces. The soul of his poetry has transmigrated into a purer form; and the verse, which once courted admiration by meretricious enticements alone, now steals to the heart with a surer interest, by the modesty which softens and consecrates the influence of beauty.

The most remarkable fault, in the plan of the present work, is a superabundance of ballads upon topics merely Irish. If Mr. Moore were a person whose writings were not calculated to extend beyond the narrow circle of a few discontented place-hunters in Ireland, he might strike his harp in vituperation of government until its strings cracked, without molestation from us; but as this work, not only from the author's previous fame, but from its own intrinsic merits, is likely to attract considerable attention, we put it to Mr. Moore's own judgment, whether he would not have consulted his reputation more effectually by excluding all topics of a local or political nature; topics, which by impartial readers are generally scanned with indifference, and by no small number of zealous partisans with absolute disgust. At the same time it is but justice to confess that there are some of this class (particularly the third song in the third number, beginning 'Oh! blame not the bard') of which, in our opinion, the energy and pathos have seldom been exceeded.

In the next place, it must be observed, that our poet is but too prone to run into strained, incorrect, and remote resemblances, so that he becomes confused, and sometimes even unintelligible. Yet he has the skill to disguise his inaccuracies in language so elegant, and melody so lulling, that though the fallacy be perceptible to the reader, the hearer is almost inevitably deceived.

There are also two or three songs in the collection, partaking of that character which, for want of a more classical title, has been usually styled, the namby-pamby. Such are, 'While gazing on the

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the moon's light,' in the third number, and 'What the bee is to the flowret,' in the fourth. There are also a few, though but a few, which have no striking beauty, and no glaring demerit.

But, when we have set aside all those passages which are faulty for political and local partialities, or the intermixture of false and far-fetched thoughts, or the introduction of incoherent metaphors and epithets, or a simplicity bordering upon childishness, or the mere absence of positive merit—there will still be left a large body of songs, exhibiting, we venture to say, a greater variety, and a higher tone of excellence than this order of poetry has often before attained. The most careless reader must be struck by the imagery of the following stanza: there is an old tradition that Lough Neagh suddenly rose above its level, and overwhelmed a whole region: long after which event, according to Giraldus, 'the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers, still rearing themselves beneath the waters.'

'On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.'

In the delineation of that deep and settled melancholy, which affects the heart with a dead, yet aching heaviness, and makes life appear a blank, uninteresting alike in its pleasures and its pains, Mr. Moore is peculiarly successful.

'As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting;—

Oh, that thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,' &c. &c.

Nor is he less so, where a gleam of gaiety is admitted to relieve the sadness of the sentiment; as in the eighth song of the first number:

'O think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow, to brighten my brow;—

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns!
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined:
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd:
And the heart, that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd!

But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine:—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline!'

In exhibiting those middle tints of emotion, which interest without agitating the bosom, Mr. Moore has great merit:

'Oh the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove:
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam:
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream—
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past,—
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last,—
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;

Still

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Still it, lingering, haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!'

Of his grace and facility in narrative, our readers may take the ballad called 'Eveleen's Bower,' as an example:

'Oh weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came!
The moon hid her light
From the Heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame!
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor!
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint,
Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace of the path where the false Lord came:
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.'

Mr. Moore possesses, we think, in an eminent degree, the virtue of poetical spirit, that excellence which redeems so many faults. When his feelings are roused, he pours them out with an eloquent energy, which sweeps along as freely as if there were no shackles of rhyme or metre to confine its movements.

'We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

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Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,
Though sweet are our friendships, and hopes, and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.'

Of all the charms, however, which the poetry of these volumes may be thought to possess, there is none so captivating to us, as its genuine tenderness:

'Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me:
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.'

And if there had been no political allusion, we might have recognized, as one of the most affecting poems in the English language, the address of the lover to his mistress:

'When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life, that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree,
For Heaven can witness, tho' guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Ev'ry thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see:
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!'

On the whole, the songs accompanying the Irish melodies, contain, together with some faults, a proportion of beauties more numerous and striking than can readily be found in any similar work with which we are acquainted. The author has the merit of setting an example, which, though it may not be easily equalled, will, in all probability, be imitated, and we hope, not without benefit to literary taste and national character.

ART. XII. *The Works of the Right Rev. William Warburton, D. D. Lord Bishop of Gloucester. A New Edition. To which is prefixed, a Discourse by way of General Preface; containing some Account of the Life, Writings, and Character of the Author.*

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Author. By Richard Hurd, D. D. Lord Bishop of Worcester. 6 vols. 8vo. London; Cadell and Davies. 1811.

THE learned and celebrated author of these volumes died in the year 1779. In 1788 a magnificent edition of his works, of which only 250 copies were printed, issued from the press of Mr. Nichols; and after a lapse of six years, a 'Discourse, by way of General Preface, containing an Account of the Life, Writings, and Character of the Author,' was added by his confidential friend and admirer, the late Bishop of Worcester.

In that interval the learned and eloquent author of a most malignant attack on the right reverend biographer, ironically complimented the editors on their discretion in not venturing upon a larger impression; but as the members of the Warburtonian school died off, the fame of their founder revived; and the growing demands of public curiosity are now gratified by the works of this extraordinary man in a less expensive and more tangible form.

Warburton was a kind of comet which came athwart the system of the Church of England, at a time when all its movements were proceeding with an uniformity extremely unfavourable to the appearance of such a phænomenon. Accordingly the disturbing force was strongly felt, and it was long before his excentricities were regarded without a degree of terror and aversion, which precluded the operation of curiosity, the chief feeling which his airy and fantastic motions ought to have excited. About the same time the tranquillity of the established church was disturbed in another quarter, and by causes of which the effects have been far more permanent. For while Warburton was speculating, and his adversaries replying; while the attention of the clergy was directed to the nature, rights, and authority of a church, to its connexion and alliance with the state, or to a new and revolting theory, which founded the Revelation given to Moses on the exclusion of the doctrine of a future state, practical religion was in a manner forgotten; preaching had degenerated into mere morality, and the influence of the clergy over their people diminished in proportion. In this state of frigid apathy, as the most tremendous volcanos issue from the region of snow, a violent eruption of fanaticism took place; and the formal, the timid, and even the sagacious within the pale of the establishment, were now content to receive as an ally against the common enemy, the fantastic but powerful speculator, who had so long been the object of their terror.

The fortunes of this singular man were no less extraordinary than his talents and temper. Though born to a narrow, or rather to no fortune, and at the usual age articled to a country attorney in a remote village, it might indeed have been foreseen, that a genius like his,

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his, accompanied with indefatigable perseverance, a strong constitution, and an unblushing front, would at no long interval elevate him to the next rank of his profession, and ultimately, perhaps, to one of its highest honours.

The transition is neither unusual nor difficult; and some of the great ornaments of the judicial bench within our recollection have risen from beginnings equally unpromising. But under circumstances, which in almost every diocese of the kingdom would now preclude a candidate from holy orders, for a man to have started aside into that jealous and exclusive profession, to have rendered himself, by pertinacious application in the solitude of a country benefice, the first theologian of the age, and without servility, turbulence, or political connexions properly so called, in short, without any moving cause, but his own transcendent talents, to have raised himself to the highest rank in the church, may well be considered as a phænomenon unparalleled in tranquil times.—We say, in tranquil times, for there have been in the history of the English Church, periods of revolution in which talents far inferior to those of Warburton, successfully exerted in favour of the prevailing party, have been allowed to supersede all the claims of merit purely professional. Under circumstances like these, within the last three centuries the Church of England has seen five priests elevated at one step to the see of Canterbury.

In the latter years of George the Second, indeed, Whig politics had greatly relaxed the old and rigid requirements in the previous education and principles of bishops, and the advancement of Warburton to the see of Gloucester was preceded, at no great distance of time, by that of a medical student to Canterbury, and of a dissenter to Durham. Still it is matter of admiration, that one situated like Warburton, should in such times have been able to break through the impediments of usage and prejudice. It is insinuated by the right reverend biographer, that an early seriousness of mind determined our author to the ecclesiastical profession. It may be so; but the symptoms of that seriousness were very equivocal afterwards, and the certainty of an early provision from a generous patron in the country may, perhaps, be considered by those who are disposed to assign human conduct to ordinary motives, as quite adequate to the effect. If not devout, however, he was unquestionably sincere; and in defending the outworks of Christianity, which is certainly consistent with some degree of inattention to the citadel itself, indefatigably useful.

Meanwhile it cannot be unamusing to speculate on what Warburton would have achieved had he held on his original course in the profession of the law.—Acute and positive, presumptuous and unabashed, fond of paradox, and fonder of debate, he would have bullied

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bullied at the bar, and dogmatized on the bench; he would have found in almost every statute a meaning which the legislature never intended, and a profundity which his brethren would be unable to comprehend: he would have defined where every thing was plain, and distinguished without the shadow of a difference. Gifted, however, and disposed as Warburton unquestionably was, with an inexhaustible copiousness of invention, and in private conversation, with powers of utterance unusually voluble and expressive, it was expected on his introduction to the House of Lords, that he would have transgressed those rules of delicate and decorous respect which in later times his brethren have usually prescribed to themselves; but his promotion took place late in life:—the convocation, which in former times had been the preparatory school of episcopal eloquence in parliament, even in his earlier days, subsisted only in its shadow, and the faculty of public extemporaneous speaking, however it might have existed with him by nature, or to whatever degree of perfection it might have been cultivated by him in early life, had in the period of forty years perished by neglect, or been chilled by caution and advancement.

With the life of this wonderful person, as given by his most devoted friend, it is impossible for us to express our entire satisfaction. In truth, it would have been difficult to find a man in the whole compass of English literature competent to the task, excepting the immortal biographer of the English poets. To any writer of his own school, as such, there were certain general objections, and against every individual in the number, particular exceptions might be taken. In the first place, the prejudices of the whole body were excessive, and their views of the subject narrow and illiberal in the extreme. In an age of ability and learned independence, they had erected their leader into a monarch of literature, and whoever presumed to contest his claim was, without ceremony, sacrificed to it, while with the rancour which ever pursues this single species of delinquency, the mangled limbs of the departed enemy were held up with savage derision to the scorn or commiseration of mankind.

But even among the disciples of the Warburtonian school, Hurd assuredly was not the man whom we should have wished to select for the delicate and invidious task of embalming his patron's remains. Subtle and sophistical, elegant, but never forcible, his heart was cold, though his admiration was excessive. He wanted that power of real genius, which is capable of being fired by the contemplation of excellence, till it partakes of the heat and flame of its object. On the other hand, he wanted nothing of that malignity which is incident to the coolest tempers, of that cruel and anatomical faculty, which, in dissecting the character of an antago-

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nist, can lay bare, with professional indifference, the quivering fibres of an agonized victim. For this purpose his instrument was irony; and few practitioners have ever employed that, or any other, more unfeelingly than did the biographer of Warburton, even when the ground of complaint was almost imperceptible, as in the cases of Leland and Jortin.

As to Dr. Balguy, who has been pointed out by the learned writer above hinted at, though more independent and impartial, as well as less blindly devoted to the patron or the party, he was deficient, perhaps, in that Promethean fire which is required to animate once more the resemblance of a departed genius. With a clear and manly understanding, chastized as well as improved by scholastic education, he was in some degree unqualified by his very attainments, for pursuing the flights of an irregular and untutored adventurer over the realms of undiscovered science.

To the author of the Delicacy of Friendship, however, the office of biographer to Warburton, whether wisely or otherwise, was in fact consigned; and it cannot be denied, that he has executed his task in a style of elegance and purity worthy of an earlier and better age of English literature. Informed and assisted, as he must have been, by those who from his early days were best acquainted with the subject of this memoir, we must also presume that his facts and dates are sufficiently correct: but to opinion there are scarcely any assignable bounds, and to prejudice, none. The same facts, the same general course of conduct, which would lead every reflecting mind nearly to the same conclusions, if applied to Warburton and Lowth, or to Warburton and Secker, according to the incurable prepossession of party, will in different individuals, labouring under some peculiar influence, suggest opinions and inferences almost diametrically opposite to each other.

Under this head, and as a proof of the author's happy faculty of 'damning by faint praise,' we shall select two specimens. Of Bishop Lowth, the dignified, the spirited, the only equal antagonist of Warburton, our biographer permits himself to speak in the following terms of measured approbation and comparative, though disguised, contempt,

'Dr. Lowth was a man of learning and ingenuity, and of many virtues, but his friends did his character no service by affecting to bring his merits, *whatever they were*, into competition with those of the Bishop of Gloucester. His reputation as a writer was raised chiefly on his Hebrew literature, as displayed in two works, his Latin Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, and his English Version of the Prophet Isaiah: the former is well and elegantly composed, but in a vein of criticism not above the common: the latter, I think, is chiefly valuable, as it shews how little is to be expected from Dr. Kennicott's work, &c.'

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'On the subject of his quarrel with the Bishop of Gloucester I could say a great deal, for I was well acquainted with the grounds and the progress of it. But besides that I purposely avoid entering into details of this sort, I know of no good end that is likely to be answered by exposing to public censure the weaknesses of such men.'

This reserve on the part of the good bishop, it must be confessed, was discreet and charitable; but as he is careful to premise, that while the dispute was managed on both sides with too much heat, but on the part of the Bishop (Warburton) with that superiority of wit and argument which he could not 'help,' (meaning, as we suppose, that he earnestly endeavoured to appear inferior,) we shall beg leave to hint a suspicion that it was not the weaknesses of two great men, but the strength of Lowth and the petulance of Warburton, which the biographer of the latter shrunk from exposing. True it is, that in this correspondence there are many things which the Bishop of Worcester acted wisely in suppressing—many pages of scurrility, equally unworthy the character of scholars, of Christians, and of gentlemen; but there are two passages, at an early period of the quarrel, and before the combatants in their rage had exchanged more gentlemanly weapons for stones and mud, which, as the pamphlets are not in every one's hands, we cannot forbear to lay before the reader, in order to enable him to discover, if possible, that infinite superiority of wit and argument which Warburton (with all his disposition to self-extenuation) *could not help*.

The Bishop of Gloucester, forgetful of his own education, but not forgetful of the slur which had been thrown upon him by the University of Oxford, thought proper to speak of that venerable body, and of its most distinguished professor in his day, as follows: 'But the learned professor has been hardily brought up in the keen atmosphere of wholesome severities, and early taught to distinguish between de facto and de jure.' This indiscretion drew down upon him the following inimitable retort, in which the application of Lord Clarendon's character of an attorney's clerk, was one of those lucky hits, which are seldom given to the most witty and dexterous of mankind more than once in a life. With what affected scorn, with what inward rage and vexation such a blow must have been received by Warburton, it requires nothing more than an ordinary intuition into his character to conjecture—

'Pray, my lord, what is it to the purpose where I have been brought up?—To have made a proper use of the advantages of a good education is a just praise, but to have overcome the disadvantages of a bad one is a much greater.—Had I not your lordship's example to justify me, I should think it a piece of extreme impertinence to enquire where *you* were bred, though one might possibly plead as an excuse for it, a natural

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natural curiosity to know where and how such a phænomenon was produced. It is commonly said that your lordship's education was of that particular kind, concerning which it is a remark of that great judge of men and manners Lord Clarendon, that it peculiarly disposes men to be proud, insolent, and pragmatical. "Colonel Harrison was the son of a butcher, and had been bred up in the place of a clerk to a lawyer, which kind of education introduces men into the language and practice of business; and if it be not resisted by the great ingenuity of the person, inclines young men to more pride than any other kind of breeding, and disposes them to be pragmatical and insolent." Now, my lord, as you have in your whole behaviour, and in all your writings, remarkably distinguished yourself by your humility, meekness, good manners, good temper, moderation with regard to the opinions of others, and modest diffidence of your own, this unpromising circumstance of your education is so far from being a disgrace to you, that it highly redounds to your praise.

'But I am precluded from all claim to such merit; on the contrary, it is well for me if I can acquit myself of a charge that lies hard upon me, the burthen of being responsible for the great advantages which I enjoyed. For, my lord, I was educated in the University of Oxford, I enjoyed all the advantages, public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the improving commerce of gentlemen and scholars, in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity excited industry, and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a generous freedom of thought was raised, encouraged and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before—who always treated their adversaries with civility and respect—who made candour, moderation, and liberal judgment, as much the rule and law, as the subject of their discourse, who did not amuse their readers with empty declamations and fine spun theories of toleration, while they were themselves agitated with a furious inquisitorial spirit, seizing every one they could lay hold on, for presuming to dissent from them in matters the most indifferent, and dragging them through the fiery ordeal of abusive controversy. And do you reproach me with my education in this place, &c.

To the dignity, spirit, indignation and eloquence of this passage, we know of nothing which can fairly be opposed on the part of Warburton; and it is farther memorable as one proof, though not the last, that the venerable and illustrious body, whose insulted honour the writer so nobly defends, has never to despair of finding a son able and willing to inflict ample vengeance on the assailant.

The next instance of our biographer's candour must be supplied by his character of Archbishop Secker, a friend of his hero, who having, by the indiscretion of his admirers, been treated too much

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as 'a brother near the throne,' is farther warned by the impartiality of criticism to preserve a more becoming and respectful distance.

'Dr. Secker was a wise man, an edifying preacher, and an exemplary bishop; but the course of his life and studies had not qualified him to decide on such a work as that of the Divine Legation. Even in the narrow walk of literature, which he most affected, that of criticizing the Hebrew text, it does not appear that he ever attained any great distinction.'

Now it does certainly appear to us, that a critical knowledge of the Hebrew language and antiquities, which Archbishop Secker did, and which Bishop Warburton did not possess, was the best possible qualification for judging of the Divine Legation. The absence of those attainments, was, perhaps, the author's greatest impediment in writing it; and as to what *appeared* to the Bishop of Worcester,—the suffrage of a divine who interpreted the word Immanuel,* *Deliverer*, will scarcely be permitted to weigh against that of Bishop Lowth, who has commended and adopted many of the Archbishop's emendations of the sacred text, as highly probable and judicious.

After all, Warburton was a man, in speaking of whom, Warburtono laudatore opus esset; a character which nothing but genius resembling his own could adequately describe or comprehend. One such contemporary genius there was, who without the blind partiality of his own school, and under the perpetual necessity of detecting his extravagances, never failed to treat him with respect, as well as justice. But Johnson wanted theological and even classical erudition for such an undertaking.

With no want of these qualifications in the present writer, and with a most intimate knowledge of his subject, the attempt is certainly not adequate to the general expectation of scholars. Feebly elegant and coldly panegyrical, it never catches a ray of light or heat from that blaze of genius which it is employed in contemplating. With an emulous and often successful anxiety to copy the graces of Addison, there is in this, as indeed in all the compositions of Bishop Hurd, a primness and a quaintness, which if not entirely his own, have been copied from models far inferior to that great master of unaffected ease and elegance. There is also no small degree of petulance in his manner of denominating his hero's antagonists; some of whom are graciously allowed to be 'sizeable men,' while others are styled 'insect blasphemers:' yet 'he made allowance for their prejudices, and *when no malevolence intervened*, treated their persons with respect.'

The ambiguity of this expression is singularly unfortunate, since

* Sermons on Prophecy, Vol. 1. p. 129.

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the obvious meaning of the words is assuredly not that of the author, who never thought of imputing malevolence to his friend. For the extravagances of Warburton's criticism, the apology is equally unhappy:—'As to what concerns the emendation of the text, the abler the critic, the more liable he is to some extravagance of conjecture, as we see in the case of Bentley, it being dulness and not judgment, that best secures him from this sort of imputation.' Have then the ablest critics uniformly been the most adventurous, and is the attribute of judgment necessarily to be excluded from the definition of an able critic? On the contrary, what we would ask is emendatory criticism itself, but an exercise of the severest judgment? It is very true that dulness is an effectual preventive of all extravagance in conjecture, but so is indigence an antidote against all luxury and excess. A man of genius and learning is always tempted to some degree of profusion in the use of his intellectual stores; and it is the restraining power of judgment in the use of these intoxicating qualities that constitutes an able critic, as it is that of temperance in the exercise of faculties capable of abuse, which constitutes the virtuous man.

Although the notes on Shakespeare, of which Johnson indulged himself in the hope that their author had long ceased to number them among his happiest effusions, form no part of the present collection, yet as the zeal of his editor, notwithstanding the omission, has decreed that they shall not sleep in peace, we will first state his opinion on the subject, and afterwards, with due deference, our own.

'Such is the felicity of his genius in restoring numberless passages to their integrity, and in explaining others which the author's sublime conceptions or his licentious expression kept out of sight, that this fine edition of Shakespeare must ever be highly valued by men of sense and taste; a spirit congenial to that of the author breathing throughout, and easily atoning for the little mistakes and inadvertencies discoverable in it.'

Is it possible that the man who wrote this should ever have read the 'Canons of Criticism;' and, on the other hand, is it to be supposed that he who took so lively an interest in the literary fortunes of his friend should *not* have read them? To us, on the contrary, this memorable edition of the great bard exhibits a phænomenon unobserved before in the operations of human intellect—a mind, ardent and comprehensive, acute and penetrating, warmly devoted to the subject and furnished with all the stores of literature ancient or modern, to illustrate and adorn it, yet by some perversity of understanding, or some depravation of taste, perpetually mistaking what was obvious, and perplexing what was clear; discovering erudition of which the author was incapable, and fabricating connections

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tions to which he was indifferent. Yet, with all these inconsistencies, added to the affectation, equally discernible in the editor of Pope and Shakespeare, of understanding the poet better than he understood himself, there sometimes appear, in the rational intervals of his critical delirium, elucidations so happy and disquisitions so profound, that our admiration of the poet, (even of such a poet,) is suspended for a moment while we dwell on the excellencies of the commentator.

The nature of Warburton's early circumstances, and the gradual developement of his talents, naturally threw him, in the outset of his career, into the hands of the inferior wits, or, as they were then injuriously called, the Dunces. This, however, lasted not long, and the correspondent of Theobald and Concanen, (a connection which he delighted not to remember,) became in no long period the friend of Murray, Yorke and Pope. But there was one connection of which so erroneous an account has been given by his biographer, and so very improper an use was made by himself, that we owe it to the memory of an amiable and upright man, whom in his edition of Shakespeare he pursues with unrelenting rancour under the name of the Oxford Editor, to state what appears to be the truth.

'With this view,' (as we are assured by Dr. Hurd, namely, that of a projected edition of Shakespeare,) 'he (Sir Thomas Hanmer,) got himself introduced to Mr. Warburton by the Bishop of Salisbury, and managed so well as to draw from his new acquaintance a large collection of notes and emendations. What followed upon this, and what use he made of these friendly communications, I need not repeat, as the account is given by Mr. Warburton himself in the *lively* preface to his and Mr. Pope's edition of Shakespeare; and thus ended this trifling affair.'

Lively stories, and their equally *lively* relators, are sometimes apt to be deficient in a quality for which the other party in this *trifling* affair was eminently distinguished. Sir Thomas Hanmer was a man of probity and honor, had long been speaker of the House of Commons, and died with unimpeached integrity in a dignified retirement; notwithstanding all which, he might, when he was supposed to be past the power of answering for himself, have been traduced to posterity as a wretched pilferer from Warburton's critical portfolio, had not an anonymous advocate of departed merit, whom we strongly suspect to have been George Steevens, circulated, through the medium of a popular newspaper, an original letter from himself to Dr. Joseph Smith, then provost of Queen's College, Oxford. This we have fortunately by us, and shall oppose an extract from it to the account of the two right reverend critics, intreating the reader's indulgence if it be not found quite so lively as either.

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'My acquaintance with him, (Warburton),' says Hanmer, 'began upon an application from himself, and ————, at his request, introduced him to me, for this purpose only, as was then declared, that as he had many observations from Shakespeare lying by him, over and above those printed in Theobald's book, he much desired to communicate them to me, that I might judge whether any of them were worthy to be added to those emendations which he had understood that I had long been making upon that author;—upon which a long correspondence began by letter, in which he explained many passages, which sometimes I thought just, but *mostly wild and out of the way.* Not long after, views of interest began to shew themselves. Several hints were dropt of the advantage he might receive from publishing the work thus corrected, but, &c. &c. Upon this he flew into a great rage, and there is an end of the story.'

But our concern with Warburton is principally as an author;—the warmth of his domestic attachments, the fidelity of his friendship, the fierceness and terror of his hostility, otherwise than as they affect the tone and spirit of his writings, belong not to us.

His whole constitution, bodily as well as mental, seemed to indicate that he was born to be an extraordinary man: with a large and athletic person he prevented the necessity of such bodily exercises as strong constitutions usually require, by rigid and undeviating abstinence. The time thus saved was uniformly devoted to study, of which no measure or continuance ever exhausted his understanding or checked the natural and lively flow of his spirits. A change in the object of his pursuit was his only relaxation; and he could pass and repass from fathers and philosophers to Don Quixote, in the original, with perfect ease and pleasure. In the mind of Warburton the foundation of classical literature had been well laid, yet not so as to enable him to pursue the science of ancient criticism with an exactness equal to the extent in which he grasped it. His master-faculty was reason, and his master-science was theology; the very outline of which last, as marked out by this great man, for the direction of young students, surpasses the attainments of many who have the reputation of considerable divines. One deficiency of his education he had carefully corrected by cultivating logic with great diligence. That he has sometimes mistaken the sense of his own citations in Greek, may perhaps be imputed to a purpose of bending them to his own opinions. After all, he was incomparably the worst critic in his mother tongue. Little acquainted with old English literature, and as little with those provincial dialects which yet retain much of the phraseology of Shakespeare, he has exposed himself to the derision of far inferior judges by mistaking the sense of passages, in which he would have been corrected by shepherds and plowmen. His sense

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sense of humour, like that of most men of very vigorous faculties, was strong, but extremely coarse, while the rudeness and vulgarity of his manners as a controvertist removed all retraints of decency or decorum in scattering his jests about him. His taste seems to have been neither just nor delicate. He had nothing of that intuitive perception of beauty which feels rather than judges, and yet is sure to be followed by the common suffrage of mankind: on the contrary his critical favours were commonly bestowed according to rules and reasons, and for the most part according to some perverse and capricious reasons of his own. In short, it may be adduced as one of those compensations with which Providence is ever observed to balance the excesses and superfluities of its own gifts, that there was not a faculty about this wonderful man which does not appear to have been distorted by a certain inexplicable perverseness, in which pride and love of paradox were blended with the spirit of subtle and sophistical reasoning. In the lighter exercises of his faculties it may not unfrequently be doubted whether he believed himself; in the more serious, however fine-spun his theories may have been, he was unquestionably honest. On the whole, we think it a fair subject of speculation, whether it were desirable that Warburton's education and early habits should have been those of other great scholars. That the ordinary forms of scholastic institution would have been for his own benefit and in some respects for that of mankind, there can be no doubt. The gradations of an University would, in part, have mortified his vanity and subdued his arrogance. The perpetual collisions of kindred and approximating minds, which constitute, perhaps, the great excellence of those illustrious seminaries, would have rounded off some portion of his native asperities; he would have been broken by the academical curb to pace in the trammels of ordinary ratiocination; he would have thought always above, yet not altogether unlike, the rest of mankind. In short, he would have become precisely what the discipline of a college was able to make of the man, whom Warburton most resembled, the great Bentley. Yet all these advantages would have been acquired at an expense ill to be spared and greatly to be regretted. The man might have been polished and the scholar improved, but the phænomenon would have been lost. Mankind might not have learned, for centuries to come, what an untutored mind can do for itself. A self-taught theologian, untamed by rank and unsubdued by intercourse with the great, was yet a novelty; and the manners of a gentleman, the formalities of argument, and the niceties of composition, would, at least with those who love the excentricities of native genius, have been unwillingly accepted in exchange for that glorious extravagance which dazzles while it is unable to convince, that range of

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of erudition which would have been cramped by exactness of research, and that haughty defiance of form and decorum, which, in its rudest transgressions against charity and manners, never failed to combine the powers of a giant with the temper of a ruffian.

In the editor's opinion as to the excellence of Warburton's style, and more especially his controversial style, we are, with one exception, ready to concur. 'He possessed, in an eminent degree, those two qualities of a great writer, "sapere & fari." I mean superior sense, and the power of doing justice to it by a sound and manly eloquence. It was an ignorant cavil that charged him with want of taste. The objection arose from the originality of his manner; but he wrote, when he thought fit, with the greatest purity and elegance, notwithstanding his strength and energy, which frequently exclude those qualities.' The truth seems to be, that Warburton had chosen as his models, the works of our older writers, men congenial with himself in invention, erudition and force, but with respect to style, which as yet was little attended to, undisciplined and irregular. Such were, in their respective departments, Hooker, Chillingworth, and Hyde. It was to minds far inferior to these in energy and comprehension, that the English language owed its last polish in the beginning of the following century; and it is to the overbearing influence of one or two recent examples, inferior to none of the former, that it has relapsed into a state of learned barbarism, which we would willingly hope, in the hands of pedants and coxcombs, is beginning to administer its own antidote. 'For the rest,' says the right reverend editor, 'the higher excellencies of his style were owing to the strength of his imagination, and a clear conception of his subject, in other words, to his sublime genius. Thus his style was properly his own, and what we call original. Yet he did not disdain to draw what assistance he might from the best critics, among whom *Quintilian* was his favourite.'

There is no accounting for the anomalies of taste. Perhaps no writer of antiquity ever more nearly resembled the best moderns in good sense and sound judgment than this great rhetorician; but it is certain that no one ever paced more awkwardly in the trammels of his own art. His power of expression never seems to keep pace with the vigour of his conceptions; his style is harsh, cramped, and lagging; the offspring of his brain is strong, but the parturition laborious. We greatly doubt, indeed, whether the power of expression is ever improved by rules of artificial rhetoric, as that of reasoning unquestionably is by the cultivation of a pure and unsophisticated logic: but of this we are very certain, that whatever may have determined Warburton to the cultivation of scientific rhetoric, or to a preference of Quintilian above the better models of Greece, he was, as far as can be discovered, neither the better nor the worse

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worse for his acquaintance with the Roman teacher: the native fertility of his mind wanted to be enriched with no topics of invention; the clearness of his understanding supplied him with a spontaneous arrangement, and his command and copiousness of language mocked the cold and pedantic institutes of artificial expression. In short, what was said by the best judge of antiquity concerning Anthony as a speaker, may not unaptly be applied to Warburton as a writer.

'Omnia veniebant Antonio in mentem, eaque suo quæque loco, ubi plurimum proficere et valere possent—ut ab imperatore, equites, pedites, levis armatura; sic ab illo in maximè opportunis orationis partibus collocabantur. Erat memoria summa, nulla meditationis suspicio.—Verba ipsa, non illa quidem elegantissimo sermone; itaque diligenter loquendi laude caruit; neque tamen est inquinatè locutus; sed illa quæ propria oratoris laus est in verbis. Sed tamen Antonius in verbis & eligendis (neque id ipsum tam *leporis* causâ quàm *ponderis*) & collocandis & comprehensione devinciendis nihil non ad rationem dirigebat.'*

The characteristics of his style were freedom, facility and force; he is never oppressed by the weight of his own matter—marching forth to the field in the heavy armour of controversy, he moves with the agility of one who bears but a scrip and a sling: now balancing the ponderous spear of argumentation, and now scattering around him the galling arrows of wit and irony, his dexterity is never impeded by his strength, his strength never impaired by the rapidity of his movements. Words were with Warburton the willing and ever ready ministers of his ideas: he thought not in language only, but in language the most apt and expressive. It was owing to this faculty of native eloquence that he corrected so little; to have retouched his periods would have been to abate their force: under the hands of his editor they might have become more spruce and trim, more adapted to the rule and square of the professed rhetorician, but they would have been less pointedly and characteristically expressive.

For the same reason, whether he had or had not that nice perception of critical beauty usually called taste, the display, or even the exercise of it in his controversial works would have been out of place. Many a luxuriant and careless grace would have been retrenched by the knife of fastidious criticism, many a coarse expressive name, many a rude and severe epithet, which we owe as much to the intrepidity of his temper, as to the indifference of his choice, would have given way to feeble circumlocution and ill concealed malignity.

'Fur es', ait Pedio, Pedius quid? Crimina rasis
Librat in Antithetis.'——PER.

* Cic. de Claris Orat. Ed. Oliv. V. 424—5.

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We have already said that it is impossible to account for the anomalies of taste; otherwise the selection of Hurd for the confidential friend of Warburton might reasonably have excited wonder. In the genius of the two men there was certainly little resemblance; in the temper, none. The one was ardent, impetuous, dogmatical, and choleric, the other cool, circumspect, and timid. But Hurd, as it appears, smitten with sincere and disinterested admiration of the genius of his future friend, made the first advances, and Warburton, who resembled Cromwell in a disposition to receive all who made their addresses to him, with grace and frankness met his young and humble panegyrist with open arms. When the friendship was once formed, it is much less difficult to account for its uninterrupted continuance. Under the predominant and overbearing influence of a superior mind, Hurd, in addition to an affection as warm as his constitution was capable of, is understood to have been uniformly supple and obsequious. With all their discrepancies, one centre of union between the two minds had always existed, a spirit of critical refinement. In all the extravagances of his wildest hypotheses, assailed by the contradiction of scholars, and the laughter of wits, Warburton had one kindred bosom on which he could repose, one understanding which never questioned the legitimacy of his reasonings, or failed to perceive the validity of his conclusions. Besides, it is not always true, in fact, that unequal friendships (we mean those of unequal minds) are quite as frail as they have been represented. Great men, especially in the decline of life, often grow indolent conversers: they love to dictate rather than dispute; they decline the irritating and laborious collision of equal intellects; and an humble friend just able to understand, and very willing to applaud, is a more acceptable companion than an equal, who dares to contradict, and who may chance to confute. Could Warburton have been encountered by another phenomenon resembling himself, the first congress might have been amicable and delightful; but it is more than probable, that ere long, the pride, the positiveness, and the conscious equality of the parties would have produced a conflict resembling the shock of two uri in the Lithuanian forests, and they would have parted in sullen disgust. Over the mind of Pope himself in his declining years, the friend and commentator, who well might supplant Bolingbroke, enjoyed an ascendant unperceived, it may be, by the bard himself. In his intercourse with Murray and York his ferocity was blunted, not by timid assent, but by the impenetrable and unassailable polish of high breeding. Over the partizans of his own school, with the exception, perhaps, of Balguy, who respected himself, he domineered without resistance. Still, if Warburton were a tyrant, he was a magnanimous tyrant, and, the point

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point of unconditional submission once secured, a warm and generous friend.

As a diocesan, it is acknowledged by his biographer that he did nothing, and for a very singular and unfortunate reason, because he knew that nothing was to be done. Yet his own metropolitan was Secker; and the prelate who made this strange admission sat on the same bench with Porteus. Did they do nothing? But thus the cold, the timid, and the indolent drop opiates on their own consciences under the disguise of apologies for their friends. Still the Bishop of Worcester is right in his opinion, that however necessary a considerable portion of talent and learning may be to support the weight and dignity of the episcopal character, a genius of the high order of Warburton is better placed in the shade of private life. But we go farther.—Without any claim to indulgence from exuberant genius, habits of pertinacious industry and learned refinement, acquired and confirmed in those situations through which eminent clergymen are usually conducted to the highest rank of their profession, have a tendency to render them solitary and inactive. It is remarked of Pearson by Burnet, that although an admirable divine, he was a very indifferent bishop; and instances on the other hand might easily be adduced, in which the absence of those qualifications, which certainly adorn the episcopal character, has evidently rendered it more actively and indefatigably useful. But entering upon their exalted stations, as is too often the case, late in life, and with shattered constitutions, learned divines are too apt to consider their advancement as a retreat for old age rather than an introduction into a new scene of duty and exertion. So thought and acted the subject of this article; so, we believe, did his biographer:—raised to the mitre about the same age, and that an advanced one, the first pursued his theological studies till his gigantic understanding sunk into second childishness and mere oblivion; the other, with little interruption from business or duty, enjoyed his elegant retirement of Hartlebury till the eve of his translation to another state.

We are now to consider this mighty man more distinctly in his works.

Of these the most illustrious, and alone sufficient to confer immortality on any name, is the Divine Legation of Moses, a work so original in its conception, so vigorous in its execution, enlivened by so many sallies of an exuberant imagination, and diversified by so many entertaining episodes and excursions, that after having struggled through the first impediments of prejudice and detraction, it took its place at the head, we do not say of English theology only, but almost of English literature.

To the composition of this prodigious performance, Hooker and

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Stillingfleet could have contributed the erudition, Chillingworth and Locke the acuteness, Taylor an imagination even more wild and copious, Swift, and perhaps Eachard, the sarcastic vein of wit: but what power of understanding, excepting that of Warburton, could first have amassed all these materials, and then compacted them into a bulky and elaborate work so consistent and harmonious?

The principle of the work was no less bold and original than the execution.—That the doctrine of a future state of reward and punishment was omitted in the books of Moses, had been insolently urged by infidels against the truth of his mission, while divines were feebly occupied in seeking what was certainly not to be found there, otherwise than by inference and implication. But Warburton, with an intrepidity unheard of before, threw open the gates of his camp, admitted the host of the enemy within his works, and beat them on a ground which was now become both his and theirs. In short, he admitted the proposition in its fullest extent, and proceeded to demonstrate from that very omission, which in all instances of legislation, merely human, had been industriously avoided, that a system which could dispense with a doctrine, the very bond and cement of human society, must have come from God, and that the people to whom it was given must have been placed under his immediate superintendence.

In the hands of such a champion, the warfare so conducted might be safe; yet the experiment was perilous, and the combatant a stranger: hence the timid were alarmed, the formal disconcerted; even the veteran leaders of his own party were scandalized by the irregular act of heroism; and long and loud was the outcry of treason and perfidy within the camp. Nor is it to be dissembled, that in chusing this new and narrow ground of defence, however adapted to his own daring and adventurous spirit, Warburton gave some cause of alarm, and even of dissatisfaction, to the friends of revelation. They foresaw, and deplored a consequence, which we believe has in some instances actually followed; namely, that this hardy and inventive champion has been either misconceived or misrepresented, as having chosen the only firm ground on which the divine authority of the Jewish legislator could be maintained; whereas that great truth should be understood to rest on a much wider and firmer basis: for could the hypothesis of Warburton be demonstrated to be inconclusive; had it even been discovered (which, from the universal knowledge of the history of nations at present is impossible) that a system of legislation, confessedly human, had actually been instituted and obeyed without any reference to a future state, still the divine origin and authority of the Jewish polity would stand pre-eminent

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and alone. Instituted in a barbarous age, and in the midst of universal idolatry, a system which taught the proper unity of the godhead; denominated his person by a sublime and metaphysical name, evidently implying self-existence; which, in the midst of fanatical bloodshed and lust, excluded from its ritual every thing libidinous or cruel, (for the permission to offer up beasts in sacrifice is no more objectionable than that of their slaughter for human food, and both are positively humane,) the refusal in the midst of a general intercommunity of gods, to admit the association of any of them with Jehovah:—all these particulars, together with the purity and sanctity of the moral law, amount to a moral demonstration that the religion came from God.

Warburton's Divine Legation is one of the few theological and still fewer controversial works, which scholars perfectly indifferent to such subjects will ever read with delight. The novelty of the hypothesis, the masterly conduct of the argument, the hard blows which this champion of faith and orthodoxy is ever dealing about him against the enemies of both, the scorn with which he represses shallow petulance, and the inimitable acuteness with which he exposes dishonest sophistry, the compass of literature which he displays, his widely extended views of ancient polity and religion, but, above all, that irradiation of unfailing and indefectible genius which, like the rich sunshine of an Italian landscape, illuminates the whole, —all these excellences will rivet alike the attention of taste, and reason, and erudition, as long as English literature shall exist; while many a standard work, perhaps equally learned and more convincing, is permitted to repose upon the shelf. But it is in his episodes and digressions that Warburton's powers of reason and brilliancy of fancy, are most conspicuous. They resemble the wanton movements of some powerful and half-broken quadruped, who, disdaining to pace along the highway under a burden which would subdue any other animal of his species, starts aside at every turn to exercise the native elasticity of his muscles, and throw off the waste exuberance of his strength and spirits. Of these the most remarkable are his Hypothesis concerning the Origin and late Antiquity of the Book of Job, his elaborate Disquisition on Hieroglyphics and Picture-writing, and his profound and original Investigation of the Mysteries.

Warburton had a constitutional delight in paradox. He read, as it would appear, among other reasons, for the purpose of ascertaining what had been written on a subject; not that he might adopt, or reject, at his discretion, the opinions of others, but that he might be sure of producing what had never been said or thought before. He was like an adventurer projecting a voyage of discovery, who should sit down to study the charts and journals of all

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his predecessors, neither for direction nor security, but that having been instructed in every route already explored by man, he might penetrate into the unfathomed depths of unknown seas, and ransack the wealth of countries hitherto without a name. Such a spirit, aided by a constitution however strong, and a hand however skilful, while it might occasionally reward the discoverer, and enrich his country with unexpected wealth, would sometimes drive him upon unknown rocks, and sometimes entangle him in inextricable quicksands, where his rashness would at once be regarded as his calamity and his reproach. Such was his ill-starred dissertation on the book of Job, which, besides having incidentally drawn upon him the vengeance of Lowth, missed that praise which Warburton courted more ardently than either utility or truth, that of fortunate boldness, or ingenious and well supported error. His disgraceful failure on this subject was, however, more than compensated by his wonderful dissertation on hieroglyphical and picture-writing; one of those felicities which seem to be occasionally and extrinsically bestowed upon great genius, and are beyond all power of ordinary effort and meditation. In profundity of research, clearness of deduction, and happiness of illustration, we know of no analysis which will bear a comparison with it. Had Warburton written nothing but the fourth section of the fourth book of the Divine Legation, it would have rendered his name immortal.

For the immense erudition which he has brought to bear on the obscure subject of the Mysteries, our author was indebted to Meursius,* and he has frankly acknowledged the obligation: but it was the raw material only which he borrowed; the arrangement and distribution of the subject, the argument and application, the dexterity in parrying objections, and the inventive expansion of his authorities, where they were either deficient or inconclusive, being purely and properly his own.

That in contradistinction to the popular and polytheistic worship which prevailed among the first civilized nations of antiquity, their great legislators established an obscure and mysterious system, to the secrets of which a favoured few alone were admitted, and those by successive steps and tremendous rites of initiation, and that the

* In his Eleusinia. It is due to Warburton's integrity to produce the passage, because a doubt has been expressed on the subject by a writer whose general accuracy would, we should have supposed, have prevented him from overlooking it. 'To him (Meursius) I am much indebted, for abridging my labour in search of those passages of antiquity which make mention of the Eleusinian Mysteries, and for bringing the greater part of them into one view.' This will be overlooked by the indolence and inexactness of desultory readers, while the following insinuation, in a popular work, which does more honour to the head than the heart of the writer, will probably be received as an intimation that he makes no such acknowledgment. '*I forget* whether the bishop makes a direct acknowledgment of his obligations to this diligent, learned, and judicious collector (Meursius).'—Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, p. 189, note 2.

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great and awful doctrine inculcated upon the initiated was the proper unity of the Godhead, and a future state of rewards and punishments, is the great position which, in this part of his work, the author of the Divine Legation has endeavoured to establish, and not without some success. Particular citations may, indeed, be cavilled at as irrelevant, and particular inferences may be objected to as proving more than their premises will warrant; but after the fashion of suspecting Warburton when he meant well, and of contradicting him when he reasoned right, has disappeared, like other personal prejudices, the general effect of the evidence and of the argument must be allowed to make an approach towards conviction.

On this great argument, however, Warburton, in the true spiri of refining where all was obvious, and bestowing upon an author second senses which he never dreamed of, has engrafted a most ingenious and amusing dissertation, in which he contends that the descent of Æneas into the shades, as related in the sixth book of the Æneid, is a correct account of the ceremonies of initiation! In this scene, Warburton plays the hierophant with wonderful dexterity; while types and shadows, and double senses, appear and disappear in quick succession, like the wild exhibitions of his own mysteries, so bewildering to the understanding and so bewitching to the imagination, that the mind, without waiting or wishing for conviction, surrenders itself as to a tale of acknowledged invention, careless of truth, while it is secure of delight. But there are some heads not to be bewildered, and some imaginations not to be enchanted. —Among these was the future historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, then a young man, and for his years a still younger scholar, excepting in the school of Voltaire; but he was acute and petulant, with much of that oblique and insinuating manner of hinting objections, which he continued to employ in the place of fair and legitimate reasoning through the whole of his literary career. Thus armed and accoutered however, the stripling sallied forth, vanquished and slew the champion of the Philistines in a combat of which the consequences were singular, inasmuch as the only victory which the conqueror obtained, was in his first attempt, and against the ablest of his adversaries. So powerful a weapon is plain truth even in the hands of plain advocates, and such the disadvantages under which the ablest commander labours, when from whim or contempt of his adversary, he has voluntarily departed from his ground!

Amidst the general outcry excited by the Divine Legation at its first appearance, it was Warburton's misfortune that the cause was never tried upon its merits, that he had never to encounter upon the great question an equal, scarcely a competent antagonist. Alarm was indeed taken in both universities, and the theological schools of

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each were long employed in hurling the weapons of thesis and syllogism at the head of the hardy innovator. Meanwhile, among the rest of his clerical brethren, the author of the Divine Legation, had by degrees the fortune to enlist no small portion under his own banner, while of those who wholly or in part dissented from his opinions, many, perhaps, were silent from the dread of provoking so terrible an adversary, and the remainder, among whom are to be numbered several of his episcopal brethren, forgave his paradoxes, and endured his dogmatism, for the openness of his temper, the warmth of his friendship, and the unrivalled powers of his conversation. Prejudice and partiality, however, are now alike extinct—the survivor of the Warburtonian school is gathered to his fathers, its antagonists were gone long before him, and the Divine Legation (weighed down as it is by faults which would have sunk any other work) has, by the irresistible buoyancy of original genius, found its own level at the summit of English literature.

Of the minor works of Warburton, perhaps the most useful, at *this time* unquestionably the most important and interesting, is the 'Alliance between Church and State.' The obligation which lies upon every Christian community to tolerate the sentiments, and even the religious exercises of those who, in the incurable diversity of human opinion, dissent from her doctrines, and the duty which she owes to herself, of prohibiting by some test the intrusion into civil offices of men who would otherwise endanger her existence by open hostility, or by secret treachery, is the subject of this acute and comprehensive work.

The Test and Corporation Acts had always been endured with extreme ill will by the excluded parties, and more especially by the Protestant dissenters. But the contest at that time was conducted with some degree of modesty; the complainants were conscious of their own weakness, and not insensible of the general obligations under which they lay to the best constitution in the world. Under these circumstances the powers of Warburton were exerted too early: a powerful medicine is thrown away at the first access of a complaint, which at the crisis might have saved the patient's life: that crisis is now arrived, and happy had it been for this country if the universal interest which must have been excited by the first appearance of such a work could have been reserved for a moment, when, in the demand, not of emancipation from restraints, but of equal and universal power, all remains of decency are lost on the one hand, and all prudential regards to the great securities of the constitution are in danger of being swallowed up in timid and helpless acquiescence on the other. Awful, however, as the present crisis is, and far as mens' minds are now gone in the lethargy of religion and political indifference, we cannot but persuade

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suade ourselves that a republication and industrious circulation of the Alliance, would even yet have a powerful effect on the minds of all who have not ceased either to reason for themselves or to feel for their country.

The sermons of Bishop Warburton, which have been unaccountably neglected, are indeed very eminent performances.

As we have not been liberal in our citations from his other works, we shall select, as a specimen, the following passage on the subject of the slave-trade, which was written long before the commencement of the inquiry which put an end to that abominable traffic.

'From the free, I come now to the barbarians in bonds. By these I mean the vast multitudes stolen yearly from the opposite continent and sacrificed by the colonists to the god of gain. But what then? (say these zealous worshippers of Mammon;) it is our own property we offer up. What! property in your brethren, as in herds of cattle? Your brethren both by nature and grace, creatures endued with all our faculties, possessing all our qualities but that of colour? Does not this equally shock the feelings of humanity and the dictates of common sense? But, alas! what is there in the infinite abuses of society, which does not shock them? In excuse of this violation of all things civil and sacred, (for nature created man free, and grace invites him to assert his freedom,) it hath been pretended, that though indeed these miserable outcasts of the race of Adam be torn from their homes and native holds by force and fraud, yet this violation of the rights of humanity improves their condition, and renders them less unhappy. But who are you who pretend to judge of another man's happiness? that state which each man under the instinctive guidance of his Creator forms for himself, and not one man for another? To know what constitutes *mine* or *your* happiness, is the sole prerogative of him who made us and cast us in so various and different moulds. Did these slaves ever complain to you of their *unhappiness*, amidst their native woods and deserts, or rather did they ever cease complaining of their condition under you their lordly masters?—where they *see* indeed the accommodations of civil life, but, the more to embitter their miseries, see them all pass by to others, themselves unbenefited by them. Be so gracious then, ye petty tyrants over human freedom, to let your slaves judge for themselves, what it is which *makes their own happiness:* and then see whether they do not rather place it in a return to their own country, than in the contemplation of your grandeur, of which their distresses make so large a part. A return so passionately longed for, that despairing of happiness, amidst the chains of their cruel taskmasters, they console themselves in the fancy that their future state will be a return to their own country, where the equal lord of all things will recompense their sufferings here. And I do not find their haughty masters have yet concerned themselves to invade this last refuge of the miserable. The less hardy of them indeed wait for this consolation, till overwearied nature sets them free; but more resolved tempers have recourse even to self-violence

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violence to force a speedier passage. But it may be still urged, that although what is called human happiness be of so fantastic a nature, that each man creates it for himself; yet human misery is more substantial and uniform throughout all the tribes of men. Now from the worst of real miseries, the savage Africans (say their more savage masters) are entirely secured by these forced emigrations; such as the being perpetually hunted down like beasts of prey or profit by their more fierce and powerful neighbours. In truth a blessed change! From the being hunted to the being caught. But who are they that have set on foot this general hunting? Are they not these very civilized violators of humanity themselves; who tempt the weak appetites and provoke the wild passions of the fiercer savages to prey upon the rest? However in favour of an established enormity, it is fit that all that can be urged should be enforced. Something, I own, indeed not much, may be said in favour of this traffic. The trading in men was the staple commodity of the most early times, for, as the poet observes,

> 'Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
> A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.'

These are noble sentiments, nobly expressed, and the more valuable, because they were uttered at a time when the voice of reason and humanity had scarcely been lifted up on the subject.

The gravest, the least excentric, the most convincing of Warburton's works, is the 'Julian, or a Discourse concerning the Earthquake and Fiery Eruption, which defeated that Emperor's attempt to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem, in which the reality of a Divine Interposition is shewn, and the Objections to it are answered.' The selection of this subject was peculiarly happy, inasmuch as this astonishing fact, buried in the ponderous volumes of the original reporters, was either little considered by an uninquisitive age, or confounded with the crude mass of false, ridiculous, or ill attested miracles, which 'with no friendly voice,' had been recently exposed by Middleton. But in this instance the occasion was important; the honour of the deity was concerned; his power had been defied, and his word insulted. For the avowed purpose of defeating a well known prophecy, and of giving to the world a practical demonstration that the christian scriptures contained a lying prediction, the Emperor Julian undertook to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem; when, to the astonishment and confusion of the builders, terrible flames bursting from the foundations, scorched and repelled the workmen till they found themselves compelled to desist. Now this phenomenon was not the casual eruption of a volcano, for it had none of the concomitants of those awful visitations; it may even be doubted whether it were accompanied by an earthquake: but the marks of intention and specific direction were incontrovertible.—The workmen desisted, the flames retired,

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—they returned to the work,—when the flames again burst forth; and that as often as the experiment was repeated.

But what it may be asked, is the evidence by which a fact so astonishing is supported? Not the triumphant declamations of christian, even of contemporary christian writers, who, after all, with one voice and with little variety of circumstances, bear witness to the truth of it, but that of a friend of Julian himself, a soldier of rank, an heathen though candid and unprejudiced; in one word, the inquisitive, the honest, the judging Am. Marcellinus. The story is told by that writer, though in his own awkward latinity, very expressively and distinctly.

'Cum itaque rei idem fortiter instaret Alypius, juvaretque provinciæ rector, metuendi globi flammarum prope fundamenta crebris assultibus erumpentes, fecere locum exustis *aliquoties* operantibus inaccessum; hocque modo elemento *destinatius* repellente cessavit inceptum.

To this we will add, as a specimen of our author's power, both in conception and language, the following rules for the qualification of an unexceptionable witness.

'Were infidelity itself, when it would evade the force of testimony, to prescribe what qualities it expected in a faultless testimony, it could invent none, but what might be found in the historian here produced. He was a pagan, and so not prejudiced in favour of christianity: he was a dependent, follower and profound admirer of Julian, and so not inclined to report any thing to his dishonour. He was a lover of truth, and so would not relate what he knew or but suspected to be false.—He had great sense, improved by the study of philosophy, and so would not suffer himself to be deceived: he was not only contemporary to the fact, but at the time it happened, resident near the place.—He related it not as an uncertain hearsay, with diffidence, but as a notorious fact; at that time no more questioned in Asia than the project of the Persian expedition: he inserted it not for any partial purpose in support or confutation of any system, in defence or discredit of any character; he delivered it in no cursory or transient manner, nor in a loose or private memoir, but gravely and deliberately as the natural and necessary part of a composition the most useful and important, a general History of the Empire, on the complete performance of which the author was so intent, that he exchanged a court life for one of study and contemplation, and chose Rome, the great repository of the proper materials, for the place of his retirement.'

To a portrait so finished, is it possible for the greatest judge of evidence to add a feature; to such freedom, fertility, and felicity of language, is it possible for the united powers of taste and genius to add a grace? In the story of the crosses said to have been impressed at the same time on the persons of many beholders, there was probably a mixture of imagination, though the cause might be electric. This amusing part of the work we merely hint at, in order

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order to excite, not to gratify, the reader's curiosity: but with respect to the parallel case detected by Warburton in the works of Meric Casaubon, it is impossible not to admire those wide and adventurous voyages on the ocean of literature, which could enable him to bring together from the very antipodes of historical knowledge, from the fourth to the seventeenth century, from Jerusalem, and from our own country, facts so strange and yet so nearly identical.

Of all Warburton's works, the Doctrine of Grace is that which does least honour to his heart; and perhaps, though written with all his native spirit, to his head.—It was laudably intended to vindicate the reality of spiritual influences enlightening the understanding and purifying the will, against the cavils of sceptics and the abuses of fanatics. In the former part, which was directed with little ceremony against the opinions of Middleton, he has been triumphantly successful; in the latter, of which the principal object were the extravagances of Mr. John Wesley and his early followers, it is impossible to discover the dignity of a bishop, the manners of a gentleman, or the charity of a christian. It seems to have been the fate of Warburton, and perhaps of some other great champions of the evidences of christianity, never to have distinctly understood for what they were contending,—the genius and spirit of their own religion. Occupied about the outworks, they had never paid their homage to the great palladium, the tutelary power which presided in the citadel.

Mr. John Wesley was a singular mixture of the fanatic and the reasoner.—Capable of being duped by the wildest stories of the wildest of his followers into an implicit belief of visions, voices, miraculous cures, and providential interpositions on the most frivolous and laughable occasions, he had a consummate knowledge of scripture, a logical head, a clear and simple style, and a perfect acquaintance with the tricks of controversy. For the last of these faculties and attainments he had abundant occasion in order to sustain himself against the nonsense, the vulgarity, the foolish credulity of his own journals, with which he periodically disgusted all men of sense and sober piety. Against this powerful enemy of order and church discipline, the Bishop of Gloucester directed his theological vengeance, but in a tone and spirit extremely resembling those of another dignitary, employed a short time before for the same purpose, and with little better success. Fanatics, indeed, are scarcely assailable on any side,—they can neither be laughed, threatened, nor even reasoned out of their extravagancies.—Methodism however within twenty years of its commencement, attracted the attention of three prelates; of whom the first, Bishop Gibson, in his Pastoral Letters, wrote with an apostolical gravity, worthy

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of his station and character. The second, Bishop Lavington, in his Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared, has drawn a parallel between two religions, externally dissimilar, but certainly partaking of a quality from which neither churches nor individuals are always secure. Of this work, the methodists, it is said, both felt and feared the power; so that great pains are understood to have been taken in buying up and suppressing the copies. Nor is this to be wondered at; for the bishop's facts are strong,—his reasonings acute, his reading, especially in fanatical popish legends, extensive, and his style classical.—Yet of this work, as of the Doctrine of Grace, every serious mind is offended by the levity, while it would often be delighted with the wit, had its object been legitimate. Warburton, however, far surpasses his brother in brutality of invective, not to mention the peculiar demerit of using the most awful language of scripture with an irreverence approaching to profaneness. It is indeed no easy task to aim the darts of wit and ridicule against the shadows and visions of enthusiasm, without wounding that venerable form, which always lies beyond them. In this controversy, it is the manner only, not the purpose, which we condemn. Enthusiasm is a pernicious spirit, and ought to be exorcised; 'but it goeth not out' by means of scurrility and abuse.—Always an object of apprehension to the *state*, it is universally destructive, in its progress, to religion itself. It is either wholly consumed in its own flame, or leaves nothing behind but the smoke and cinders of a spent volcano. The Socinians of the present day, it must be remembered, are the lineal descendants of the fanatics of the seventeenth century.

Passing over, from want of space and not of inclination, the minor works of Warburton, we now take leave of this wonderful man, with sensations, whether of pain or pleasure, not likely to be repeated. In contemplating the productions of such a giant, our scale of human intellect is insensibly extended, and we feel like the artist who had been employed in modelling from the Jupiter of Phidias, when he turned his eyes to the features or the stature of mortals.

In the progress of little more than thirty years, what has not literature, and what the church of England lost in Warburton, Lowth, and Horseley and (though he attained not to the first three) in Hurd himself!—Under this melancholy impression, we had almost said 'senescit ecclesia:'—with all our respect for living talent and erudition, we look around in vain for any thing similar or second to these men: their mellow and high flavoured fruits have been gathered, and we feast upon them deliciously; but it is with the regret of those who eat the fruit of an expiring species; for what, alas! is the crop which is now ripening, and where are the blossoms which promise to perpetuate the succession?

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ART. XIII. *Descriptive Travels in the Southern and Eastern Parts of Spain and the Balearic Isles, in the Year* 1809. By Sir John Carr, K. C. London; Sherwood, Neely and Co. 1811.

FOR many months past the record of the last adventures of this renowned knight-errant has encumbered our table and our conscience. Resolved as we were to pay his 400 pages the reasonable tribute of some notice, we yet from day to day postponed this duty, and are now only driven to it by an alarming rumour that Sir John is about to launch another quarto; to be ready to grapple with which, we must endeavour to dispatch, with all possible expedition, its predecessor: if we were to wait till he had heaped Pelion on Ossa, we doubt whether we should ever be able to free ourselves from the incumbent mass.

Not that we would be understood to insinuate that Sir John's works are heavy;—far from it.—We should rather describe them to be somewhat like the volcanic showers in the West Indies, of which we have lately heard so much; a heavy fall of the lightest of all natural substances, accompanied with almost total darkness. If Sir John Carr wearied and perplexed us only, we could bear it; but the busy trifling, the dull restlessness, the inaccurate minuteness, and the presumptuous ignorance of such a traveller, are vented not on the reader or reviewer alone; they have before fretted and disgusted the society which he visits, and disparaged the country which sent him forth: Sir John Carr was, to our knowledge, as intolerable, in propriâ personâ, in Sweden and Ireland, as his attempts at describing these countries have proved in England. He is not so much a traveller as a spy and gossip; a great collector of small anecdotes and petty scandal, of bad jokes, of inaccurate moral, and of worse natural history. To say all, in one word, a laborious collector of trash.

Sir John has dropped, on this occasion, his old title of *stranger*; he was a stranger in Norway, a stranger in France, a stranger in Ireland, and, we believe, in Scotland; but he is no stranger in Spain, and he takes early and frequent opportunities of exhibiting his profound intimacy with the Spanish language, customs, and history.

In the second page he opens his stores of Spanish erudition upon us in a quotation from 'a *worthy* Spanish writer,'

'Quantos payzes tantos costumbres,'

which, he informs us, means

'As many countries, so many customs.'

And

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And this recondite observation he recommends to be carefully digested by all those who desire to understand the scope and nature of his work.

On his passage to Cadiz in the Falmouth packet, he sees 'some curious natural effects,' which he notices with laudable minuteness. At night he found the air to possess the astonishing qualities of being 'soft and fragrant.'—Nay, when the moon shone, 'the tops of the waves were illuminated;' and in the morning some 'flying fish were visible, whose fate it is to be pursued by fishes below and by birds above.' p. 45.

Travels beginning with such extraordinary events excite expectations in the reader, which will not, we assure him, be disappointed. The knight is at first a little disgusted at the dirt and noise which met him on his landing at Cadiz: amidst this confusion, he is particularly struck with 'the boatmen going over to port St. Mary's, and bawling out, 'Puerta! Puerta!' which Sir John tells us means Porters! Porters! (p. 6.) Why the boatmen should call for porters, we cannot discover; and if Sir John had not assured us to the contrary, we should have thought that the exclamation of 'Puerta,' (in our dictionary, the Port,) referred rather to the place to which the boats were going. What would Sir John think of a Spaniard who should say, that 'being about to take water at London-bridge, the boatmen cried out Greenwich! Greenwich! which means *Ganapan! Ganapan!'

The entrance to the theatre affords Sir John another opportunity of exhibiting his attainments in Spanish; 'a friar,' he tell us, sits near the door-keeper with a poor box, into which he invites you to put the change, *por las almas, for charity.*' We, who are less skilled in Spanish, should hardly have ventured on so ..ld a paraphrase of 'por las almas.'

Sir John is a great linguist; he tells us that the Spaniards light their pipes with a kind of tinder, 'which the French call *amadon*:' we should have suspected this to be an error of the press, but that it is not to be found in the long list of errata subjoined to the work.

Sir John gives us some interesting information on the state of the markets at Cadiz, and the method of killing the ox *with a stiletto,* 'which is,' he pronounces, 'worthy of imitation;' and he adds, that 'Lord Somerville, to his honour, is endeavouring to introduce the stiletto amongst English butchers.'—p. 23. We hear, also, with great satisfaction, of a new source of trade lately opened to the sister kingdom. Sir John states, (p. 23,) that 'in some houses, oil is imported from Ireland,' and used instead of butter. We should rather have supposed that *butter* was the im-

* 'Ganapan, a porter who carries burdens.'——Dictionary.

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ported article; but Sir John's assertion is not, we candidly confess, under any grammatical construction, reconcileable to this notion of ours.

In the interior of the houses he informs us that a brazen pan of powdered charcoal, called copa, placed on the floor, is, on a cold day in the winter, a substitute,—for what? Our readers will probably say for a hearth, or fire, or grate; but no; it is a substitute for a '*chimney-piece*, which is an article very unusual in Spain.'

Sir John winds up his interesting description of Cadiz by stating that the people of Cadiz have been always particularly attached to the *English*, and he seems to account for this partiality from their having seen so much of the *Scotch* and *Irish*. We could hardly have expected that the Stranger in Ireland, and the author of Caledonian Sketches, would have ventured upon so equivocal a compliment to those two countries.

Nor is Sir John more distinguished for his tasteful selection of modern anecdote, than for his allusions to antiquity, and the use of his classical and biblical learning. He acquaints us that the mode of thrashing (still practised in Spain) by treading out the corn, is, 'as he is informed by the scriptures, coeval with the time of Moses;' p. 72. 'that bull-fighting owed its origin to a violent plague, which raged chiefly amongst pregnant women, many of whom procured abortions by eating bulls' flesh;' p. 65. and that 'Spain was by the ancients determined to have been the garden of the Hesperides.' p. 74.

The profundity of some of his observations can only be equalled by the apt and lucid arrangement in which he disposes them.

'At Libraxa, (he states,) I observed that our calesa (the carriage in which he had been some days travelling, though till now he had taken, it seems, too little notice of it) was decorated on all sides with rude paintings of *Virgins* and apostles, and that the following motto was inscribed on the back, "Viva la Virgin del Carmen;" and also that the pigs of the town were remarkably fat and beautiful.' p. 72.

At Seville he notices a most surprising fashion, and a very pleasant jest which it produced; 'many of the pretty women wore when dressed, natural flowers, tastefully fixed upon the upper braid of their hair: a *cruel wag* observed that this was necessary to counteract the atmosphere of some of them, who were more than moderately fond of garlick.' p. 90. We vehemently suspect that it was no other than the knight himself, who was on this occasion so *cruel waggish.*

In the table of contents of the seventh chapter we find the following strange association of topics. 'Velez Malaga—Pride of the Muleteers—Lord Edward Fitzgerald—Alhama—Travelling Information.'

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Information.' How Lord Edward Fitzgerald could be implicated in the other promised subjects we never could have guessed; but Sir John brings it about as naturally as possible.

'The muleteers have the reputation of being high spirited fellows, very proud, and full of the dignity of their country. A guide is commonly called a mozo de espuellas, or groom of the spurs. When the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald was in this part of the country, several years since, one of the muleteers who attended him, upon their reaching the place to which they were hired, said to his comrades, 'this man is a duke; he is one of us, and we must not charge him any thing.'

The following equally acute and novel way of accounting for vallies being better cultivated than mountains, though stated by Sir John with regard to Spain only, seems capable of a more general application.

'In Spain, the rains descend with such fury, as to carry away the greater part of the vegetable mould, upon the surface of the mountains, which will account for the low lands being in general so highly cultivated.'

At Valencia he makes some equally ingenious and valuable observations: 'Fish boiled with rice,' he finds 'a favourite dish at dinner:'—and 'such is the fecundity of the pigeons of those parts, that they lay two eggs in twenty-four hours.' Sir John has also been at the pains to assure us, that 'it is *calculated* that not less than seven thousand turkeys are exported from the kingdom of Valencia to Cadiz.' (p. 240.)

Such are the observations, moral, political, historical, and philosophical, with which Sir John has adorned his book; and the reader who has a taste for such information and amusement will find abundant gratification from the beginning to the end of the volume.

We do not wish, however, to represent this work as containing nothing but such stuff as we have quoted. There is in Spain, and in Spanish scenes and Spanish manners, so peculiar and romantic a character, that even Sir John Carr cannot degrade it to absolute flatnes; and sometimes, when he so far forgets himself as to tell just what he sees and no more, his relation is not uninteresting—but these are rare and involuntary occasions; and on the whole we do not know that we ever met a book of travels in which a good subject was so miserably spoiled by ignorance, and presumption.

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ART. XIV. *Biographie Moderne: Lives of remarkable Characters who have distinguished themselves from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the present time.* From the French. 3 vols. 8vo. London; Longman and Co. 1812.

IN the years 1797 and 1798 appeared two volumes under the title of 'Biographical Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic,' made up from the communications of Englishmen in France and Frenchmen in England, and from such memoirs of the revolution as had at that time appeared. The principles of the compiler led him to hazard opinions upon the passing scene, and upon the actors who then possessed the stage, with ludicrous temerity; but he had the merit of collecting many remarkable and authentic facts. The work now before us is of the same kind, with this difference only, that it is arranged in alphabetic order; it is more copious, and not written with the same bias; but, considering the years which have elapsed and the opportunities which they have afforded, it is not so much better as it ought to have been, and would have been if equal industry had been bestowed upon it. It is said to have been first published at Paris, in the year 1801, but immediately suppressed there because it was written in a republican spirit, and exposed the inconsistency of those persons who, after having distinguished themselves by their professions of republican zeal, had become the supple agents of the consular government. In 1806 it appeared in a new form, whatever could be thought offensive being omitted, and the lives of foreign contemporaries introduced. Still the subject was offensive to the established tyranny; the book was again prohibited, and the authors were punished. A translation of this mutilated work is what is now offered to the English public.

What the book may have lost by these omissions we know not; but the manner in which it is executed is not such as to excite much regret for what may have been curtailed. It is a collection of facts and dates put together in a dry and jejune manner, perfectly worthy of the abecedary form in which it is arranged. A most interesting dictionary might indeed be formed upon the same subject, but it would require a man like Bayle to form it. Materials for the history of the French revolution could not perhaps be brought together in a more convenient form than that of clear and precise biographical notices, with copious notes appended, forming a digest of the opinions and actions of those who figured in the dreadful revolutionary drama. That sort of industry which Bayle possessed would be peculiarly adapted to such an undertaking; an industry to which his various desultory researches served as relaxation, and which was not to be deterred either by the quantity or the quality of the

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the documents upon which it worked. Such a temper and such talents, if employed upon the French revolution, would produce a work more valuable than the great 'Dictionnaire Historique et Critique,' and one which no perversity of intellect, or impurity of imagination, could render mischievous, now that the character of that revolution can no longer be mistaken.

Poor and meagre as these volumes are, if compared with what they might have been and with what a man of talents and of industry may produce upon the same subject, they have yet their value. To those readers who do not remember the beginning of the French revolution it would be difficult or impossible to convey the feelings which they have excited in us, in whom they revive the memory of that stirring season when the best and the worst principles and passions were not only called into action with equal force, but were even blended together as strangely as the discordant elements of chaos. That season has past away. A generation has gone by since the commencement of this bloody drama. They who were the chief actors in the first part have disappeared. To how many parts it may be prolonged is beyond the reach of human foresight. We who saw the beginning may probably never see the end: but it is so far advanced that men of all parties, with 'that sad wisdom' which experience as well as 'folly leaves behind,' may profitably look back upon the different errors which led them to such opposite yet equally erroneous conclusions. Mr. Roscoe himself will now perhaps admit that the star which rose over 'the vine-covered hills' of France was not the 'day-star of liberty;' and he who celebrated 'the pilot that weathered the storm,' would probably, at this moment, allow that the storm is by no means over, and (transcendant as may have been the pilot's merits) that the ship is still far from port.

The first age of the French revolution was the age of reformers. Many things in France required reform; the people were prepared for it; and by a strong government and an able minister it might safely have been effected. But the government was weak, the finances embarrassed, the royal family, with the exception of the king, unpopular, the lower classes ignorant, the higher classes immoral and irreligious, the character of the nation vain, fickle, and presumptuous beyond that of any other people, with a latent ferocity of which they did not even suspect themselves, though their whole history bore testimony of it.

> Est-il dans l'univers des humains plus aimables,
> Plus dignes d'être aimés, à leur roi plus soumis?
> Prompts, extrêmes, legers, mais de vice incapables,

was what they said of themselves only five years before the worst

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crimes of the revolution were committed! and so little has that revolution contributed to their self-knowledge that the president of Buonaparte's senate, when he congratulated Maria Louisa upon her marriage, told her she would find the French a tender-hearted people, always anxious to love those who governed them, and to place affection by the side of obedience! If she has ears to hear, with what feelings must the niece of Marie Antoinette have heard this language!

The intentions of the first movers of the revolution were, in many instances, good. Whatever errors they may have committed, such men as D'Espremenil, Mounier, Lally Tollendal, and Barnave, may be allowed even by the warmest adherent of the Bourbons to have meant well, and it had been well for Mirabeau if his other offences had been as venial as his political ones. Mirabeau attacked the edifice of government not for the purpose of destroying it, but because he wanted to force his way in and obtain a command in the garrison. He relied upon his own great talents to controul the ferment which he had contributed to raise: great as those talents were they would probably have proved insufficient; and if he had lived he would have found that he had conjured up stronger spirits than he knew how to lay. The state of public feeling which he and his colleagues had excited has been well described by Cardinal de Retz, a man as profligate and as able as himself. '*Dans cette agitation les questions que leurs explications firent naître d'obscures qu'elles étoient et vénérables par leurs obscurités, devinrent problématiques, et de-là, à l'égard de la moitié du monde, odieuses. Le peuple entra dans le sanctuaire, il leva le voile qui doit toujours couvrir tout ce que l'on peut croire du droit des peuples et de celui des rois, qui ne s'accordent jamais si bien ensemble que dans le silence.*' Retz's memoirs might have prevented any well informed men from being deceived by the French revolution. Whoever, indeed, had studied the history of France, and especially that portion of it in which Goudy acted so conspicuous a part, ought to have understood the character of the people too well to hope that any fine fabric of political wisdom could be formed of such materials.

Among the reformers were many sincere patriots and some statesmen. The republicans who rose upon their ruins were of all men least fitted for the perilous situation into which they had thrust themselves. There are epidemics of the mind as well as of the body; the revolutionary fever of France was a complaint of a violent and deadly type: nothing but this endemic derangement could have made such men as the Brissotines fancy themselves qualified for the management of a state. In other times Brissot himself would have been contented to twinkle in his proper sphere among literatuli of the

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the third or fourth order; Condorcet would have confined himself to his mathematics, and his drier metaphysics; Roland would have continued to set an example of virtue in private life, and the talents of his wife might probably have been known only to her family and to her friends—not to posterity. This extraordinary woman perceived the disease of the times, even though she partook of it so strongly. '*Il est fort difficile,*' said she, '*de ne point se passioner en révolution; on ne peut y parvenir qu'avec une activité, un dévouëment qui tiennent de l'exaltation, ou qui la produisent.*' She perceived also the cause which brought on the destruction of her husband's party. '*Dès lors on saisit avidemment ce qui peut servir, et l'on perd la faculté de prévoir ce qui pourra nuire. De-là cette confiance, cet empressement à profiter d'un mouvement subit, sans remonter à son origine pour bien savoir comment on doit le diriger; de-là cette indelicatesse, si je peux ainsi parler, dans la concurrence d'agens qu'on n'estime pas, mais qu'on laisse faire, parce qu'ils semblent aller au même but.*'

This cause was fatal both to the Constitutionalists and the Brissotines. Each of these parties proceeded consistently enough upon its own principles; but the reformers availed themselves of the republicans to accomplish their own ends, and the republicans, in like manner, brought about their objects by the agency of men, whom they neither esteemed nor trusted, and who, after the overthrow of the monarchy, scarcely allowed them to enjoy their triumph for a single hour in peace. On the tenth of August their schemes were completed, and the republic was proclaimed; on the second of September their agents began to act for themselves, and from that day the Brissotines saw the consequence of having inflamed an ignorant and ferocious people; they perceived their own danger, but wanted strength or courage to try the only means of averting it—that of punishing the Septembrizers, and curbing the press; they were within the influence of the whirlpool and every moment brought them nearer to the gulph. The power was still nominally vested in them, but in reality it was in the hands of the Terrorists; and the intrigues of Orleans and his party, the patriotism of the reformers, and the mistaken philosophy of the republicans, ended in delivering up the country to the vilest wretches that ever disgraced humanity.

'*Tout Paris,*' says M. Roland, speaking of the massacres of September, '*fut témoin de ces horribles scènes, executées par un petit nombre de bourreaux. Tout Paris laissa faire; tout Paris fut maudit à mes yeux, et je n'esperai plus que la liberté s'établît parmi des lâches, insensibles aux derniers outrages qu'on puisse faire à la nature et à l'humanité; froids spectateurs d'attentats que le courage de cinquante hommes armées auroit facilement empêché.*'

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Paris had witnessed a similar scene of horror in the fifteenth century when the Armagnac party were in like manner dragged from their prisons and murdered; nor ought we to be astonished that such atrocities should be repeated in the eighteenth, if we reflect that with whatever epithets we may flatter ourselves by dignifying the age in which we live, the great mass of the people in every country are nearly as unimproved as they were three centuries ago; and that in every age the passions of brute man are the same. A fact which may startle us more (we know it to be a fact) is, that an address of congratulation to the Parisians upon these massacres was proposed in the Corresponding Society, and so completely were many of its leading members besotted with party spirit, so far gone in the frenzy of the revolutionary fever, that this ineffaceable act of folly and infamy would probably have been committed had it not been prevented by an Englishman who just at that time returned from Paris, and whose virtues as they could not be engaged in a bad cause, were such as would do honour to the best.

The views of the Constitutionalists were more moderate than their conduct; they wished to reform the government, and to keep France in peace, contented with her own limits. It was reserved for the philosophical republicans to renew those schemes of ambition which since the victories of Marlborough, France had never been able to resume. The intention of dividing the kingdom, of which they were accused by their successful enemies, was only a project conceived by Barbouroux when he saw no other means of destroying the ascendancy of the Terrorists; but universal revolution was their object. Both the end and the means are explained with sufficient clearness by Brissot in a letter to Dumouriez, first published by the friends and agents of Miranda in London. '*C'est un combat à mort entre la liberté et la tyrannie, entre la vieille constitution Germanique et la nôtre: il faut qu'elle meure, elle est à l'agonie, et il vous est reservé de l'achever. Quel sera ensuite le sort de cette partie de l'Europe? que deviendront les Cercles? Avec les pamphlets Allemands et vos bayonettes, tout s'arrangera. Encore une fois, mon ami, vous êtes predestiné à aller planter partout l'arbre de la liberté, et c'est une belle mission. Ah! mon cher, qu'est ce que Alberoni, Richelieu, qu'on a tant vantés? Qu'est ce que leurs projets mesquins, comparés à ces soulèvemens du globe, à ces grandes révolutions que nous sommes appelés à faire?*' That madman Clootz was the only one of the Terrorists who entered into these views, and they drew upon him one of those bloody sneers from Robespierre, which marked him for destruction. The plans of the Terrorists themselves have never been explained. Danton, the only man among them in whom any of the elements of greatness were compounded, was influenced by direct personal ambition,

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ambition, and provided he could enrich himself and trample upon his rivals, he cared not what principles, or what atrocities served for the means. Marat was a maniac, who having hardened his heart with anatomical cruelties, caught the revolutionary frenzy and ran wild with vague generalities. Robespierre began his political career without any predilections for a republican form of government; but we know from his own lips that he had conceived a system for the establishment of which his crimes were perpetrated. Two days after Cecile Renault, a poor girl, whom the horrors which were daily committed seem to have deranged, had called at his door just to see, she said, what a tyrant was like, he made one of his most remarkable speeches in the Convention; regarding this circumstance as an attempt to assassinate him, and perhaps believing it to be so. 'Surrounded by assassins,' he said, 'I have already imagined myself to be in that new order of things to which they would send me; but the greater the endeavours to terminate my earthly career, the greater shall be my activity in the performance of actions useful to my equals. I will at least leave a will, the perusal of which will make tyrants and their satellites tremble: *I shall, perhaps, reveal several momentous secrets which a kind of pusillanimous prudence has hitherto induced me to conceal; I will disclose the object to which the safety of my country and the triumph of liberty tend.*'

The object must indeed have been a tremendous one, which Robespierre, in the plenitude of his power, hesitated in declaring. He himself did not live to explain it. A month after Cecile Renault with all her relations, friends, and acquaintances, who were within reach of the revolutionary tribunal, had been guillotined upon the absurd charge of conspiring against him—he himself received the just punishment of his crimes upon the same scaffold. The will of which he had spoken never appeared: he left no other legacy to mankind than the history of his elevation and his fall, a lesson which ought ever to be present to those who would begin the work of revolutionizing a state. Some papers were indeed published as his political testament, but they were not supposed to be genuine, and sunk at once into oblivion. Of the nature of his ultimate object therefore we are ignorant. But there arose a party after his death who held him up as the saint of their political idolatry; their views were distinct and definite, and civilized society has never been exposed to such danger as it would have been if their projected insurrection had been successful.

Babœuf was the leader of this party. He appeared upon the stage at the time when Buonaparte was in his first career of victory; and the public in this country, looking exclusively to the events of the war, were become weary of watching the bubbles

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which rose and burst upon the revolutionary stream. Babœuf's conspiracy, therefore, attracted no attention; it was barely noticed in the newspapers, and of all the events of the revolution is probably that which is least known. Neither of the biographical works to which we have referred contains the slightest intimation of its object—they both speak of Babœuf, and wholly overlook every thing which is of importance in his character. He was said to possess the most powerful talents: but he was more formidable for the doctrines of which he announced himself the apostle, than for his abilities, however great they may have been. His insurrectionary banners were to have borne these words: *Constitution de* 1793. *Egalité, Liberté. Bonheur Commun.* The first three watch-words were the cry of all the jacobins; but when he used the cry of equality, it was not for the purpose of deceiving the people, by paltering with them in a double sense. 'Citizens,' said he, 'many revolutions have succeeded each other since the year 1789, but probably not one of them has had its precise object determined before hand: not one has had its exclusive directors; directors agreeing exactly in principles and in their final aims, and proposing to themselves, for the end of their labours, the *maximum* of virtue, of justice, and of the happiness of all.

Les fruits sont à tous, la terre à personne was the favorite text of Babœuf and his fellow levellers, and the burden of their songs which were to take place of Ca Ira, and La Carmagnole, was *Le Soleil luit pour tout le monde.* The manifestoes which had been prepared to circulate through France at the moment of their triumph were well calculated to do their work.

'People of France,' they said, 'the holy enterprize which we have organized, has no other object than that of putting an end to civil dissentions, and to the public misery. Never has a greater design been conceived, and put in execution. At remote intervals a few men of genius, a few sages, have spoken of it with a low and trembling voice. No one has had the courage to utter the whole truth. The moment for great measures is arrived. The evil is at its height; it covers the face of the earth. A chaos under the name of policy has prevailed there during too many ages. Let every thing now return into order, and resume its place—let the elements of justice and of happiness organize themselves at the voice of equality. The time is come for founding the republic of equals—the great guest-house which is open to all men. The days of general restitution are arrived. Ye who are groaning in want, come and seat yourselves at the common table which nature has set forth for all her children! People of France, it is for you that the purest of all glories has been reserved: yes, it is you who are first to offer to the world the affecting spectacle! Old habits, old prejudices would oppose the establishment of the equal republic. The organization of real equality, which alone can satisfy all wants without making

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making victims or costing sacrifices, will not perhaps please all the world at first. The selfish and the ambitious will be furious; they who possess unjustly will cry out against injustice. Exclusive enjoyments, solitary pleasures, personal indulgences will cause keen regret to some individuals whose prosperity rests upon the wrongs of others. The lovers of absolute power, the vile supporters of arbitrary authority will stoop, with reluctance, their haughty heads to the level of true equality. Their dim sight will hardly penetrate into the future of common happiness, now so near at hand. But what can a few thousand malcontents do against the great mass of men who are all happy, and who are surprized that they should so long have sought for happiness when they had it in their own hands. From the morrow of the actual revolution they will say to each other in astonishment, "What, does the general happiness require no more than this? We only had to chuse that it should be so—why did we not chuse it sooner?" People of France, open your eyes and your hearts to the plenitude of happiness, and acknowledge and proclaim with us the republic of equals.'

Such a republic, according to Babœuf, Robespierre intended to establish, when the Convention robbed the people of their golden age, by putting him and his party to death. But neither Babœuf nor any of his friends were connected with Robespierre, and it is more likely that they took advantage of his name, as a means of strengthening themselves among the jacobins, than that they were really acquainted with his intentions. A certain Joseph Bodson, who seems to have belonged to the party of the vilest and most loathsome wretches that disgraced the revolution, remonstrated with him upon the imprudence of extolling the memory of Robespierre and St. Just, because they had committed great crimes, and destroyed many republicans, mentioning, for example, Hebert and Chaumette. Babœuf's answer shews in what manner he was prepared to carry his own purposes into effect, and imitate those whom he had chosen for his models. 'I do not,' said he, 'enter into the question, whether Hebert and Chaumette were innocent; if they were, I justify Robespierre nevertheless. He had a right to have the pride of thinking himself the only person capable of drawing the car of the revolution to its true mark.'

'*Je suppose qu'il eût dit, jettons sous l'éteignoir ces farfadets importuns et leurs bonnes intentions. Mon opinion est qu'il fit bien. Le salut de 25 millions d'hommes ne doit point être balancé contre le ménagement de quelques individus équivoques. Un régénérateur doit voir en grand. Il doit faucher tout ce qui le gêne, tout ce qui obstrue son passage, tout ce qui peut nuire à sa prompte arrivée au terme qu'il s'est prescrit. Fripons, ou imbécilles, ou présomptueux et ambitieux de gloire, c'est égal, tant pis pour eux. Pourquoi s'y trouvent-ils? Robespierre savoit tout cela, et c'est en partie ce qui me le fait admirer. C'est ce qui me fait voir en lui le génie où résidoient de véritables idées régénératrices. Il est vrai que ces idées-là pouvoient entraîner*

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entraîner toi et moi. Qu'est-ce que cela faisoit si le bonheur commun fût venu au bout?'

The means which Babœuf would have put in action to bring about his end, were perfectly worthy of the master whom he professed to follow; that end has been contemplated by speculative legislators in all ages, and has been approached in practice in Crete, in Sparta, and in Peru. That Babœuf should have thought it could possibly be effected by such means as he was prepared to use, seems like madness; yet he deliberately organized a plan for establishing the maximum of virtue and justice, by turning the poor loose upon the rich, and literally delivering up all France to pillage! Antonelle, a man well known among the jacobins, agreed with him in his principles of equality, but objected that the state of things at which he was aiming could not ever be effected without a civil war, and that the virtues which were required to make it permanent were not to be found among the people in their present condition. 'O nature!' he replied, 'if men have not hesitated hitherto at the innumerable and continual wars which have been begun to defend the violation of thy laws, ought they to hesitate at the holy and venerable war which would have their re-establishment for its object?' As for the virtues which were required, nothing more was required than simple selfishness, *(la simplicité de l'égoïsme.)* Throughout France ninety-nine persons had not enough, and the hundredth had too much; all that was wanting was to make the ninety-nine chuse to take what was in their reach.

The means which he intended to use for bringing about the new revolution were in the spirit of this abominable feeling. The plan was found among his papers, drawn up by one of his confederates, but approved and adopted by himself. '*Je vais vous tracer,*' says this writer, who is no otherwise designated than as 'L'auteur de la Lettre de Franc-Libre,' '*les principes généraux que, selon mon avis, il conviendroit d'employer pour opérer la* resurrection générale *desirée:*'—

'1°. *Dans nos écrits et discours saper à force les généraux, et leurs états-majors, mais ménager les officiers subalternes.*

'2°. *Provoquer sinon la désorganisation des corps, au moins l'indiscipline, le plus possible, afin de pouvoir après opérer, si besoin en étoit, la dissolution.*

'3°. *Parler à-la-fois du pillage des riches et des congés absolus—on saura éluder l'accomplissement des promesses suivant les circonstances.*'

The receipt for rousing the populace was founded upon the same system of stimulants. It was decreed that, at the end of the insurrection, the poor citizens who were not well lodged should immediately take possession of the houses of the conspirators, instead of returning to their own; the poor who were left naked by tyranny

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tyranny were to be clothed at the expense of the republic; and the sans-culottes were to have their houses commodiously furnished *(avec aisance)* with goods taken from the rich. Lists were made out of the patriots fit to be employed in the insurrection, and the characters of some of these patriots, as described in the dramatis personæ, shew them to have been most fit personages to figure on such a stage. 'Manque fils, portier des écuries Egalité. *Agé de* 18 *ans; sans talens, mais vigoureux, determiné, et bon pour exterminer les scélérats.* Chatain, sellier en face des Bains Chinois, No. 7: *capable de commander une compagnie; c'est un brave—d'un beau fisique.* La Vicomterie, rue de l'Echelle, coin de celle Honoré, *un peu poltron, mais vertueux et capable de prendre de grands mesures pour amener à la pure démocratie, quoiqu'il ne soit pas pour le bonheur commun, parce qu'il le regarde comme impossible.*'

The message which the Directory sent to the two councils concerning this conspiracy, asserted, that it was the intention of the conspirators to massacre the two councils, the Directory, the staff of the army of the interior, the constituted authorities and all their agents, and the strangers of every nation. The whole of the papers found upon the conspirators were published; but there is not a trace of any such intended massacre; there was no list of proscriptions made out; and one of the principal persons engaged in the conspiracy was a foreigner himself, Buonarotti, a Florentine, and a descendant of Michel Angelo. What is more remarkable is, that the Directory in their account of the conspiracy never hinted at its object, as if they were afraid of bringing the levelling principles into discussion even under such a form,—a striking indication of the state of popular feeling at that time.

On the same day that the directors laid their report before the councils, Babœuf addressed a letter to them in a style not less extraordinary than the other part of his conduct; in which he endeavoured to persuade them that their true interest was to give a more popular character to the measures of their government, and strengthening themselves by the assistance of him and his party, instead of favouring the royalists. They took his advice in part, but it did not avail for the purpose for which it was designed, that of saving himself. They hushed up the conspiracy as far as possible, and suffered many months to elapse before they brought a few of the chief agents to trial. Phillips's 'Anecdotes' say, that 'the candid and equitable proceedings of the court on this occasion, exhibited to the world a prepossessing representation of the security afforded by the new constitution to the life of a French citizen.' The new Biography gives a different account. After very long debates, it says, though the jury declared that no conspiracy had existed, Babœuf was condemned to death on an incidental question; M. Real, counsel

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counsel for the accused, pleaded with great force against the application of the law, but in vain; he then approached the two prisoners, Babœuf and Darthe, and informed them of their fate: they both stabbed themselves at the same instant with daggers which they had concealed in their clothes; their bodies were dragged to the scaffold and beheaded. Phillips says they were executed. If we recollect rightly, this was the case, and another of the conspirators, Charles Germain, suffered with them. Buonarotti was sentenced to be transported to Cayenne; during his trial the Tuscan envoy hinted to him that he would only be banished, if he would promise to return to Florence; but he replied that he would stay in France to enjoy the last rays of sinking liberty! The sentence was not carried into execution; he was sent under guard to a town on the Alps, and there he remained in 1806. This lenity assuredly would not have been shewn had there been any such massacre designed as the Directory affirmed, nor would so few of the conspirators have suffered: they were evidently considered as madmen or desperate enthusiasts, of whom it was necessary to sacrifice only a few as examples.

The first political jail delivery as it may be called, after the murder of the Brissotines, cleared France of the Hebertists, the most loathsome of all the wretches who disgraced it. Hebert was the man, who with equal ferocity had called for the deaths of M. Roland and the queen; and he it was who devised that accursed accusation against the queen, which perhaps of all the crimes of the revolution, excites the greatest horror and indignation at the villain who could be guilty of it. When he was on the way to the scaffold, he was assailed on all sides with phrases from his own execrable journal, with which he had made the people as it were drunk with blood. That poor madman Clootz, who had declared that his heart was French and his soul sans-culottes, perished with him, after having past the night before the execution, in preaching atheism to his fellow sufferers.—The crimes of the Hebertists had been so enormous, that it might almost be said, no other creed could have afforded them consolation! Clootz was the martyr of atheism, and submitted to his fate with perfect philosophy; he requested the executioner to let him suffer the last of the party, because he wished to deliver a short exhortation to each of his companions, and moreover was desirous of making a few observations upon materialism as their heads fell. Sampson, to whom it was a matter of perfect indifference with whom he began or ended, indulged him in his request; and Anacharsis Clootz had the satisfaction of encouraging his comrades with the prospect of annihilation one by one, and drawing new arguments from an experimental course of decapitation in aid of his favorite theory, till his own turn came.

Gobet,

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Gobet, the constitutional archbishop of Paris, who at the age of seventy, professed atheism at the bar of the Convention, and declared that for sixty years of his life he had been a hypocrite, and that the religion which he had professed from his youth was founded in falsehood, had recourse in his sufferings to the faith which he had renounced. He resumed his former religious exercises in prison, performing them, perhaps for the first time, with earnest sincerity, and rapidly repeated the prayers of the dying as he went to execution. Chaumette suffered with him: this was the wretch who prepared the charges and regulated the evidence of the queen, a crime which hastened his own fate; for the accusation which he brought so shocked the whole auditory, that Robespierre in one of his strong expressions, devoted him to the death which he had so well deserved. When he was committed to prison, he found a number of persons whom he himself had sent there, and who assailed him with such stinging reproaches as this visible retribution provoked. One of them greeted him by repeating the present tense of a verb, at that time in fatal use;—I am suspected, thou art suspected, he is suspected; we are suspected, ye are suspected, they are suspected.—Chabot died in company with Danton and Camille Desmoulins, who were ashamed of him:—the revolution made this Capuchin a rogue; when that event broke out, those who knew him knew nothing worse of him than that he was tired of his frock, and glad to seize the first opportunity of returning to a secular life,—but he was believed to be a man of generous feelings and good intentions. He was far gone in the frenzy of the times, but has been made more notorious by a few lucky epigrams against him, than by any acts of individual wickedness. It is said that he saved the life of the Abbé Sicard during the massacres, and that when he was imprisoned he appeared to feel far more for his friend Bazire, than for himself. He poisoned himself clumsily with corrosive sublimate; in the agony which this caused, his groans were heard; he was conveyed to the Infirmary, and such measures were taken that his life was prolonged till he could be conveyed to the scaffold.

Danton was included in the same bill of indictment with Chabot and Bazire, whom he despised, with Lacroix and Fabre d'Eglantine, both of whom were accused and as it appears unjustly, of peculation, with his friend Camille Desmoulins, Herault de Sechelles, and Phelippeaux, all men who had acted conspicuous parts in the revolution. Danton went to the scaffold with the blood of the September victims and of the Brissotines upon his soul, and yet when he fell, Danton was commiserated and regretted even by the friends of Brissot; so much more detestable were the persons by whom he was destroyed. He died, like his own victims, innocent of

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of the charge for which he was condemned, and his former guilt was thus in some degree forgotten, because of the iniquity of his sentence, and the deeper guilt of his successful rivals. In wholesale state crimes, this man was as remorseless as Sylla or Buonaparte, but he would fain have prevented that system of murder, which the ruffians of the revolution, under pretence of revolutionary zeal, were carrying on from motives of private wickedness. Let us leave something to be done by the guillotine of public opinion, said he in the hall of the jacobins. To this course he would fain have persuaded Robespierre, telling him it was just to restrain the royalists, but that they ought not to confound the innocent with the guilty, and their power ought to extend no farther than to strike for the good of the republic. But that demagogue would bear no rival in popularity; envy had as large a portion of his heart as ambition, and he succeeded in destroying Danton, because Danton relied with a fatal confidence upon his services to the republic and his natural superiority, and gave way to an indolence and self-indulgence, from which even the desperate game wherein he was engaged, did not sufficiently rouse him. No man had done so much good and so much evil to the republic. He alone it was who, when the approach of the Prussians spread consternation through the metropolis, and dismayed all the other ministers, took upon himself the immediate direction of public affairs, and prevented the Legislative Assembly from leaving Paris, which if they had done, the king would probably have regained his throne:—the revolutionary army, and the revolutionary tribunal were suggested by him. France has reason to curse one, and all Europe the other. He obtained a decree for the establishment of national schools, where all children who were in need, should be brought up and educated at the national expense:—a measure, which if it had been carried into effect, might almost have atoned for his offences. He also stood forward against the atheistical faction in defence of public worship, and called upon the Convention to declare that they wished not to destroy any thing, but to perfect every thing.—'We did not,' said he, 'strive to annihilate superstition for the sake of establishing atheism.' Yet the theism of Danton was virtually as little worth, as the more impudent system against which he contended. When he was asked his name at the bar, he replied, I am Danton, well known in the revolution; my home will shortly be annihilation, but my name will live in the pantheon of history. Like every other victim of that accursed tribunal which he had instituted, he was treated with equal insolence and injustice; but his trial was shortened by a manœuvre, and he was executed the same day, before measures could be taken by his friends for raising an insurrection in his behalf. Legendre

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dre was at that time wholly employed by fear for himself, otherwise, had he exerted the same spirit as on the day of Robespierre's overthrow, the tyrant might then have perished instead of Danton. When he was taken back to the Conciergerie he exclaimed, 'It is the anniversary of the day on which I caused the institution of the revolutionary tribunal, for which I implore pardon of God and man! I leave every thing in dreadful confusion;—there is not one among them who understands any thing of government. After all, they are such brethren as Cain: Brissot would have had me guillotined, even as Robespierre has me guillotined.'—It was true that Brissot would have condemned him, but not as Robespierre did; he would have condemned him not as an Orleanist,—not as a royalist,—not for a mock conspiracy,—but for his share in those massacres, of which it appears almost certain, that he was the prime mover. In the cart and on the scaffold, Danton was, perhaps, the only man who seemed to awe the rascally rabble that attended these bloody spectacles: the pride and dignity of his manner commanded respect even there, and dupes and ruffians as they were, they probably felt some degree of doubt as well as of wonder, in beholding the man in that situation, who, not many days before, had been their favourite. Once he uttered his wife's name in a passionate exclamation of grief, but instantly he subdued himself, saying, Danton, no weakness,—and immediately ascended the scaffold.

This execution was what the Robespierrians called the second weeding of the republican garden. Herault de Sechelles might have escaped from it; he was offered a retreat in Switzerland, and a passport in a fictitious name from the agent of Basle, then residing at Paris, but his answer was, 'I would gladly accept of the offer, if I could carry my native country with me.' There was no wisdom in this; to remain and struggle with his enemies would, to be sure, have been a more manful part than to fly from them, but he made no effort either to relieve his country or himself. Herault was a man of family and fortune, of a fine person, literary talents, high Parisian manners, and Parisian morals;—better calculated to figure in a court than a revolution;—he had attracted the notice and obtained the patronage of the queen, and will be remembered as an author, by the account which he has left of Buffon, and by the constitution of 1793, which he and St. Just composed.

Fabre d'Eglantine also, was an author of considerable talent and celebrity;—the latter part of his name indeed was assumed, because when a youth he had won the prize of the Eglantine in Provence. The biographers have forgotten a curious instance of the ruling passion which he displayed in prison. One of the things which seemed most to trouble him was, that he had left an unpublished comedy among

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among his papers, and apprehended Billaud Varennes would publish it as his own. Fabre and Camille Desmoulins, are both accused of being concerned in the massacres of September; the accusation rests on suspicious authority, and were it not for the friendship of the latter for Danton, Desmoulins might be at once acquitted of the charge. There is a remarkable discrepancy in the description given of this person by the two biographers. The French writer says his appearance was vulgar, his complection swarthy, and his looks unprepossessing,—the author of Phillips's Anecdotes speaks of his beauty, adding that an Italian would have called him the Rinaldo of the revolution. He it was who began the practice of collecting groups of people to harangue them in the streets, and who advised the revolutionists to distinguish themselves by a badge, that they might know each other, and know also their own strength; this was the origin of the tricolor cockade. One of the proofs of *incivism* which were brought against him was, that he did not chuse to be married by a constitutional priest;—the truth was, that he chose to have the ceremony performed by his old tutor, as a mark of respect and gratitude, and the men who brought him to the scaffold upon false pretences, knew this, for Robespierre and St. Just were the two witnesses at his marriage. A most affecting letter written by him to his wife during his imprisonment, was published after the fall of Robespierre. It is such a letter as no man could have written who had been involved in the guilt of the massacres of September.

'They say,' said he, 'that innocence is calm and courageous; ah! my dear Lucile, very often my innocence is weak, like that of a husband, that of a father, that of a son!—If it were Pitt, or Cobourg, who treated me thus cruelly, I should not regard;—but my colleagues! but Robespierre, who signed the order for my imprisonment! but the Republic, after all that I have done for it!—this then is the return for my virtues and my sacrifices! I who have exposed myself to so many perils and dangers for the republic,—I who have preserved my purity in the midst of the revolution,—I who have need to ask pardon of you alone, my dear Lolotte, and to whom you have granted it, because you know my heart, notwithstanding its frailties, is not unworthy of you;—it is I whom men calling themselves my friends, calling themselves republicans, have thrown into a dungeon as a conspirator! The guilty man would never have been your husband, and you loved me only because I desired to live but for the happiness of my fellow citizens.—I am called,—the commissaries of the Revolutionary Tribunal are come to interrogate me. They only put to me one question, whether I had conspired against the republic? how ridiculous! Can they thus insult the purest republicanism? I see the fate which awaits me.—Adieu, Lucile, adieu my dear Lolotte,—my last moments shall never dishonour you. You see in me an example of the barbarity and ingratitude of man. You see that

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that my fears were well founded, and that our presentiments have been verified.—I married a woman celebrated for her virtues; I was a good husband and a good son; I carry with me the esteem and regret of all true republicans,—of all the friends of virtue and liberty. But it is surprising that I have escaped, for five years, the storms attending the revolution without falling a victim to them; and that I still exist and support my head with calmness upon the pillow raised by the fame of my writings, which ever breathe the same philanthropy, the same desire of rendering my fellow citizens happy and free,—and which the axe of tyranny can never destroy. I am well persuaded that power intoxicates every man, that every one agrees with Dionysius when he said tyranny is a glorious epitaph. But console yourself, my dear Lucile, the epitaph of thy poor Camille is more glorious,—it is that of Brutus and Cato, the enemies of tyranny. Oh my love, I was born to defend the unfortunate, and to render you every comfort and happiness. Death, which snatches me from the sight of so many crimes, is not so great a misfortune. Adieu, my life, my soul, I leave you with good friends, all that there is praiseworthy and virtuous among mankind;—adieu, Lucile,—my dear Lucile,—my dear Lucile!—adieu, Horace,—Annette,—adieu, my father!—

One of the inconsistencies of the French biographer is, that he says Herault of Sechelles, by his gallantry and his verses, had made no slight impression upon the young and beautiful wife of Camille Desmoulins; whereas in another place the true statement is given, that this woman afforded one of those instances of heroic and devoted love, of which so many are recorded in the dismal history of the revolution. She called upon the tyrant to let her die with her husband, was sent before the same murderous tribunal, like her husband told the judges they would feel all the torments of guilt and remorse till an infamous death rewarded them according to their deeds, and ten days after her husband, followed him to the same scaffold, and died with equal fortitude.

Camille Desmoulins said he suffered solely because he had had too much compassion for others; meaning, probably, that as soon as he discovered the character of Robespierre and St. Just, he ought without hesitation to have exerted himself, and brought about their destruction. Phelippeaux certainly perished because he was a just and humane man: having been sent as commissioner into La Vendée, he remonstrated forcibly against the execrable cruelties which were committed there by Rousin, Rossignol, and other wretches, who seem to have taken every method of exasperating the people, and prolonging the troubles, because so long as the war continued there, they had a free field for pillage. Phelippeaux had a spirit worthy of the best ages of Rome or Greece. Choudieu, the chief agent in bringing this noble spirit to the scaffold, was one of the few Robespierrians who escaped in this world

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the punishment due to their offences. He is said to have settled in Holland as a bookseller: for the sake of history it is much to be wished that his proposal for printing the papers which were found in Robespierre's apartments had been adopted: it was rejected by means of the numerous members of the Convention, who dreaded lest the proofs of their own servility should be brought to light.

The Robespierrians did not long enjoy their triumph over Danton: his execution took place on the 5th of April, that of his successful enemies on the 28th of July following; but what horrors were crowded into the few months which intervened! Upon the trial of the king, St. Just asserted that no man could reign innocently—'*on ne peut point regner innocemment:*' he himself soon afforded a memorable example of the manner in which power bewilders the understanding and hardens the heart. Unbridled authority indeed seems to operate like a specific moral poison, and to produce a madness of its own, manifesting itself by the most monstrous vices and the most frantic cruelty. The history of the Roman emperors and of the various despots of the east, exemplifies this, and the tyranny which has often been exercised by governors of remote settlements, and the barbarities committed by slave-captains, and by such planters as Hodge and Huggins, are manifestations of the same disease. When the elevation has been sudden and precarious, we do not hesitate to ascribe the effect to its true cause; John of Leyden is one instance; Massaniello, who was as evidently made mad by the sway which he possessed, as ever drunkenness was produced by wine, is another; Lope de Aguirre, a third. But never did this frenzy display itself so extensively as during the French revolution. The lion is said to become ravenous for human flesh after he has once tasted it; in like manner tyrants seem to acquire an insatiable lust for blood; Sylla and Augustus are perhaps the only persons upon record in whom the appetite became palled. The tyranny of the Terrorists resembled the horrors of a Roman proscription in the license which it proclaimed for enmity, and malice, and rapine. At its commencement Robespierre meditated nothing more than the removal of those persons who stood in his way, or were likely to become his rivals; in the prosecution of this nefarious design he was compelled to employ the most atrocious of mankind, and indiscriminate murder speedily became their occupation and their sport. In the short space of two years, nearly 3000 persons perished by the guillotine in Paris, according to the authentic lists published after the overthrow of these monsters. Even the revolutionary forms were thought too dilatory; the permanent jury, a set of wretches paid for the purpose of condemning those who were brought before them, were called upon to say whenever

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whenever they were satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner, and persons were condemned without being permitted to speak in their own defence, even without any evidence being adduced against them. One tribunal was not sufficient; the guillotine was too slow; a new one, it is said, was to have been erected which would strike off eight heads at once; and it is affirmed in the *Tableau des Prisons* that a renewal of the massacre of September was intended, in order to clear the prisons, and that men were at work in digging trenches to receive the destined victims, when the revolution of the 9th of Thermidor took place.

Volumes have been filled with anecdotes of the prisons during this dreadful period. The fortitude of the female character was never more strikingly displayed. A few of the men destroyed themselves: more often the levity of the French character came to their aid; and they amused themselves with jests, charades, and bouts rimés. A singular change in the deportment of General Hoche is said by the author of his life to have taken place while he was in confinement, daily expecting to be executed because he had offended St. Just: for the first time in his life, he gave way to dissipation, and occupied himself in intriguing with the women, and in writing lampoons. There were very few of the victims of the revolution who met death with fear: many found a better consolation in philosophy; many the best and surest in religion; and they who had neither the one nor the other braved their fate,—pride and the sense of inevitable necessity, which it would be folly to resist, supplying the place of resignation. Under the system of terror, there were many persons who sought death when it would not have sought them. The Count de Fleury wrote from his prison a note to Dumas, the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, 'Man of blood! slaughterer! cannibal! monster! wretch! thou hast murdered my family; thou wilt send to the scaffold those who this day appear at thy tribunal; and thou mayst condemn me to the same fate, for I declare to thee that I participate in their opinions.' The public accuser, Fouquier Tinville, was with Dumas when he received this letter, 'Here,' said Dumas, delivering it to him, 'here is a billet-doux.' 'This gentleman,' replied Fouquier, 'seems in a great hurry; he must be satisfied.' The wretch directly issued orders to bring him from prison; he was brought to the tribunal that morning, condemned in the course of an hour as the accomplice of persons whom he had never seen before, and immediately sent to the scaffold, covered with a red shirt, as guilty of having conspired with Cecile Renaud and Admiral to murder Robespierre and Collot D'Herbois. Of Cecile Renaud we have already spoken. Admiral was perfectly sane; he thought that the prevailing tyranny would be over-

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thrown, if the chief tyrants could be destroyed; he chose his victims better than Charlotte Cordé, but using a less certain instrument, missed his aim; Collot D'Herbois escaped; and fifty-three persons were brought to trial with him as his accomplices! Among them was Soubreuil, whom his daughter's heroic piety had saved from the Septembrizers, but who could not escape from these more execrable murderers. Upon seeing them ranged at the bar, Admiral exclaimed, 'So many brave citizens suffering by my means! This was the only grief that could have reached me, but it is a poignant one.' Then turning to Fouquier Tinville, 'Does the devil inspire you,' said he, 'to accuse all these people of being my accomplices? I have never either seen them or known them!' But neither this declaration, nor the clear proofs which the prisoners could have adduced of their innocence were of any avail; their murder had been predetermined, and in eight and twenty minutes the whole fifty-four were executed!

Admiral, like Charlotte Cordé, devoted himself with a noble spirit in the hope of delivering his country. Many persons who would have shrunk from suicide courted death, because those whom they loved best had been destroyed; but there were others whom the wickedness which they beheld so overcame, that, as if the moral government of the earth were at an end, they seemed to think there could be no rest any where but in the grave: the bewildering horror of the times made them

> weary of the sun,
> And wish the state of the world were quite undone.

In this state of mind, many persons set up a cry of royalism in the streets for the sole and avowed purpose of being taken before the tribunal and put to death for it. The most extraordinary instances of this kind of self-destruction are those of two men, who both procured their own condemnation that they might die in the same manner and by the same instrument as Charlotte Cordé, whom they had never known, and only seen on her way to the scaffold.

No person had so remarkable an escape as Thomas Paine. There were some gaolers, who being as brutal as their superiors, used to summon all their prisoners, for the pleasure of beholding their suspense, when the cart, or, as it was too truly called, *la grande bierre roulante*, arrived to take any of them to the tribunal. In the prison where he was confined, the keeper had some humanity, and it was his custom, when he received the fatal list, to mark the door of the intended victims' apartment with chalk, unknown to them, and call them out when the cart came. The doors opened into a corridor, and when opened went back against the wall.

Paine's

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Paine's door happened to be open when the keeper went round to make his mark, and he chalked it on the inside; it was shut when he came to take the prisoners out, and the destoying angel, says Paine, past by. Before the mistake was discovered the reign of blood was over.

The fall of Robespierre was the triumph of fear rather than of justice, and the satisfaction with which it must be contemplated is incomplete, because a few monsters even worse than himself were among the foremost in sending him to the scaffold. His punishment however was as signal as his crimes. His under jaw was shattered with a pistol shot, either by himself in an ineffectual attempt at suicide, or by a gendarme in the struggle; it was bound up with a slight dressing as he lay in the lobby of the Convention, he wished to wipe away the blood which filled his mouth, they gave him a bloody cloth, and as he pushed it from him, they said to him—'It is blood—it is what thou likest!' There he lay on one of the benches, and, in his agony of mind and body, clenched one of his thighs through his torn clothes with such force that his nails entered his own flesh, and were rimmed round with blood. He was carried to the same dungeon which Hebert, and Chaumette, and Danton had successively occupied; the gaoler knocked him about without ceremony, and when he made signs to one of them (for he could not speak) to bring him pen and ink, the man made answer—'What dost thou want with it? is it to write to thy Maker? thou wilt see him presently!' He was placed in a cart between Henriot and Couthon; the shops, and the windows, and the house-tops were crowded with rejoicing spectators to see him pass, and as the cart proceeded, shouts of exultation went before it, and surrounded it, and followed its way. His head was wrapt in a bloody cloth which bound up his shattered jaw, so that his pale and livid countenance was but half seen. The horsemen who escorted him shewed him to the spectators with the point of their sabres. The mob stopt him before the house in which he lived; some women danced before the cart, and one of them cried out to him, 'Descend to hell with the curses of all wives and of all mothers!' The executioner, when preparing for the performance of his office, roughly tore off the bandage from his wound; Robespierre then uttered a dreadful cry, his under jaw fell from the upper, and the head while he was yet living exhibited as ghastly a spectacle as when a few minutes afterward Sampson, holding it by the hair, exhibited it to the multitude.

It was at one time reported that Robespierre was the nephew of Damiens,—a foolish attempt to account for his cruelties, by supposing that he was actuated by a settled purpose of revenge. The manner of that poor maniac's execution is one of the foulest

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blots in history, but Robespierre's conduct is not to be explained by any such hypothesis; it might serve the purpose of a romancer, but the truth holds out a more important lesson; for this man is one of the many persons whom the revolution made wicked, though it did not find them so. He had been a studious youth, and a respectable man; and his character contributed not a little to the ascendancy which he obtained over rivals, some of whom were corrupt, others impudently profligate, and of whom there were few who had any pretensions to morality. He became bloody, because a revolutionist soon learns to consider human lives as the counters with which he plays his perilous game; and he perished after he had cut off every man who was capable of directing the republic, because they who had committed the greatest abominations of the revolution united against him, that they might secure themselves, and wash their hands in his blood. 'We are far from wishing,' says the author of the Biographie Moderne, 'to diminish the horror that he inspires; yet it would be easy to prove that, like those animals which the ancients loaded with all the iniquities of a nation at the moment of sacrificing them, he was overwhelmed with the crimes of his accomplices, and even of his enemies, who sought to purify themselves at his expense. Robespierre, devoured by ambition, believed that blood would be useful to his schemes, and he made it flow in torrents; but it would be absurd to imagine that he ever could have invented and directed all those little details of cruelty that were the delight of Fouquier, Dumas, Collot, Carrière, Billaud, &c. and all the throng of proconsuls and members of committees, who, less vast in their ambition, but more vile, were some as cruel, and others still more barbarous.'

St. Just is said to have been more equal to the first place than Robespierre; but he wanted that reputation for private virtues, which even in the worst times, and among the most corrupted people, has its weight. He had published an imitation of Voltaire's Pucelle, shewing thereby the depravity of his imagination; the hardness of his heart was abundantly displayed during his ascendancy. Camille Desmoulins is said to have been put to death chiefly in revenge for a jest upon him. The execrations of the people seemed not to produce the slightest effect upon St. Just when he went to execution, and he submitted to his fate with the greatest coolness. Couthon suffered more. In Phillips's Anecdotes it is said that he was seized in a closet, drowned in tears, and with a knife in his hand, which he had not courage to make use of: the French Biography says, that he wounded himself slightly, and feigned himself dead. Being a cripple and unable to move without assistance, he had no other chance of escaping, and this did not avail him; his deformity was of such a kind that, owing to

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to the frightful contraction of his lower limbs, it was impossible to fasten him to the moving plank of the guillotine in the usual manner; and the executioner was at last obliged to lay him on his side to receive the blow. This ceremony took up twice the time occupied in dispatching his seven companions. Before the revolution Couthon had been distinguished for the gentleness, as well as the integrity of his character. It is worthy of remark, that Robespierre himself had both spoken and written against the punishment of death in all cases. Dumas, who was punished at the same time with his master, had just signed the warrant for putting sixty persons to death, when he was arrested; and it is one of the frightful circumstances of these dreadful times that they all suffered. In the confusion, no person thought of stopping the guillotine, and Sampson and his machine continued their daily work.

The fall of Robespierre gave Sampson a little intermission from his daily labour, but not before he had performed the righteous office of executing the wretches who had sent so many victims to the scaffold. Dumas was carried before the same tribunal to be identified and condemned, where the day before he had presided as judge. Fouquier Tinville was not executed for some months afterwards. He made an able defence, upon the ground that he could not decline the office to which he had been appointed, and that he acted in obedience to commands which were not to be disputed, being the highest authority in the republic. But he was told that the commands which he had received were, by his own account, inhuman and unjust, that his compliance with them was criminal, and that his life was but a miserable atonement for the many thousands he had sported with in mockery of justice. This man seemed to feel remorse for the first time at the foot of the scaffold, and trembled as he ascended it. Coffinhal, the judge in one of the minor tribunals, underwent sufferings before his death, which almost in any other human being would excite our horror and compassion. He was called the facetious judge, because he used, in the same breath, to jest with his victims and condemn them. A prisoner one day displayed great presence of mind upon his trial in confuting the charges which were brought against him, saying frequently, I can parry this part of the accusation, and parry that. Coffinhal interrupted him, and asked him what business he was of; the man replied he was a fencing-master. Then, said the judge, I am going to pass sentence of death upon you; parry that stroke if you can. His grand practice, when a prisoner attempted to speak in his defence, was to cut him short by saying, '*tu n'a pas la parole.*' During the overthrow of his party, Coffinhal escaped, and concealed himself eight and forty hours in the *Isle de Cigue* in the river. Torrents of rain fell, and at length he was in danger every

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minute of being carried away by the flood. Not having courage to die, he caught a piece of floating timber, and reached the shore upon it, and went to the house of a man who owed him five and twenty louis, and whom he thought he might trust. He found from him such faith and such mercy as he had shewn to others; the man locked him in, and immediately informed against him; he was taken to the Conciergerie, and then told the gaoler that the fatigue and horror which he had endured upon the island, and in buffeting the waves, made the death he was about to suffer a pleasure in comparison. His own inhuman scoffs were retorted upon him on his way to the scaffold. '*Hé bien,*' *Coffinhal,*' said some persons in the crowd, '*que dis-tu de cette botte-là? pare cette-là.*' He said nothing, upon which they added, '*tu n'a pas la parole.*' When he reached the place of execution the use of his limbs was lost, from cold and exhaustion, and fear. Coffinhal was the man who, when Lavoisier requested that his death might be delayed a fortnight in order that he might finish some important experiments, told him the republic had no need of scholars and chemists.

These guilty agents of an execrable tyranny would soon have been destroyed by Robespierre himself. He was preparing to sacrifice them to public opinion, and with them those members of the Convention who, either in the provinces, or in the Committee of Public Safety, had outstript him in cruelty. Had he succeeded, it is not improbable that he might have acted the part of Sylla, and endeavoured to secure his power by putting an end to the system of terror. He was destined to be the scape-goat himself, a fate which he deserved as the most prominent of these men of blood, but by no means as the worst of them. A very few of the most notorious villains were brought to the block after him. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes escaped with the inadequate punishment of transportation. '*Allons, President,*' said the latter when the sentence was read to him, '*à la longue, il n'y restera que la sonnette.*' He is said to have employed himself at Sinamari in teaching parrots to speak. Collot d'Herbois in the thirst produced by a fever, perhaps in a fit of delirium, drank a bottle of brandy; it proved fatal; he was carried in a litter to the hospital at Cayenne, where he expired in the greatest bodily torments, and in far more dreadful agonies of mind, reproaching himself for his innumerable crimes, and cursing the hour of his birth. Their colleague, Barrère, who seems to have assented to all their cruelties from mere cowardice, contrived to be left behind when the ship sailed with them from France, upon which Boursault observed, that it was the first time he had ever failed to sail with the wind. The sort of contempt in which he was held, and the consideration that, though he had been the herald and apologist of so many murders,

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murders, he had occasioned none himself, contributed to his security. Before the revolution he had been a man of letters, and the French Biography tells us, that in his retirement he has returned to his former pursuits, and amused himself with translating the Night Thoughts. Dr. Dodd's Prison Thoughts would have been more appropriate.

After the fall of Robespierre, in the natural order of a revolution, knaves and cowards succeeded to the sway, elbowing each other, and trafficking, intriguing, and contending for power, till the people were weary of misrule, and willingly submitted to a military despotism. The Directory gave the first specimen of a military government; and there is a memorable anecdote connected with it.—Six deputies were arrested after the insurrection of the first of Prairial, and were delivered over to a military commission; Phillips's collection mentions three of their names, Romme, Bourbotte, and Soubrany: the first was a man of science, and a sturdy republican; but while the terrorists were carrying on their abominable proscription, he devoted himself to the harmless employment of preparing a sort of commentary upon the new calendar, called *Annuaire du Cultivateur*, containing short philosophical accounts of the plants, animals, and implements with which Fabre d'Eglantine, at his suggestion, had filled the decadary almanack, in place of the saints. The Committee of Public Instruction thought his book worthy of being published for the use of the national schools, and a decree of the Convention was issued, ordering that an edition should be printed in the capital of every department for this purpose. Romme must have been passionately devoted to agriculture to imagine that such a book could ever supersede the Flos Sanctorum, the Nouveau Parterre des Fleurs des Vies des Saints, and the numberless other compilations of a similar kind, which are almost as amusing, and quite as veracious as the Arabian Tales. He did not live to see St. Francis and St. Dominic recover their places, and eject the sheep and oxen by whom they had for a while been ousted. He and his five companions seem to have been selected as victims by the directorial party, for their known attachment to the democratical constitution of 1793, not for any direct share which could be proved against them in the insurrection for which they were to be sacrificed; and as the name of a revolutionary tribunal was become odious, they were delivered over to a military commission, which did the business in a manner equally sure and summary. The accused deputies were fully aware that their deaths had been determined on. Romme, although strictly watched by the gendarmes, found means to procure and secrete a strong and sharp pointed knife, and he obtained, as a favour, from the members of the commission, that he and his comrades should be placed during their trial within

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within a bar, so as to be separated from the gendarmes, whose presence, he said, was extremely odious to them. As soon as the sentence of death was read, he exclaimed—'*Achevez, scélérats! c'en est fait de la liberté:*'—*mais regardez ce que sçavent faire les patriotes!*'—Then drawing forth the knife and stabbing himself, he turned toward his friends—Allons, mes camarades! suivez mon exemple. The knife passed from hand to hand, each of the six stabbing himself, and reaching it immediately to his colleague next him. The writer in Phillips's collection declares that he was an eye witness of this memorable scene. The French Biography notices Romme only, and makes no mention of his fellows: but it adds a report that the friends of Romme carried off his body and restored him to life; after which he went to Russia, where he had formerly lived, and where the young Count Strogonoff, to whom he had been tutor, received and sheltered him. The report, however, is discredited by the person who relates it.

Perhaps the most disinterested and least culpable of all the revolutionists are to be found among the adherents to the constitution of 1793, who were proscribed by the Directory. They employed no artifices to hurry on the overthrow of the monarchy, and they adhered to republicanism when it was a sinking cause. They lived through the worst times of the revolution, because, as they never thrust themselves forward, they never excited the jealousy of any party: but when the reaction had begun, the tendency of which they perceived to be not merely towards monarchy, but towards despotism, sincerity then became in them a sufficient crime, and they suffered as unjustly as the royalists, in whose condemnation they had joined. The stage was now cleared, the principal actors were all removed; and there remained none but those who were prepared by want of principle, or want of courage, to submit to the course of events; and a revolution which had begun in force, and deception, and ignorance, and been carried on in blood, ended, as all such revolutions must end, in a military despotism.

'The causes of the revolution,' says Babœuf, whose opinion ought not to be suspected upon this point, 'are not, perhaps, such as many writers have wished to represent them. Honesty, with a little degree of sagacity, must perceive, and may confess that national pride alone makes us boast of the virtues of the French as presiding at the first crisis. I attribute it neither to the dilapidation and profligacy of the court, nor to the disorder of the finances, nor to the numerous imposts, nor to the light of philosophy and the sentiments of justice and innate patriotism, with which it has been pretended that the hearts of so many men were inflamed. Undoubtedly the kingdom of France was ill-governed, but not worse than many others; the people were very miserable, but not more so than in other parts of Europe. There was

light

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light in the country, but the greater number of those persons who possessed it, did not possess virtue in due proportion, and the love of their fellow kind. That which, in my opinion, contributed most to the first popular commotion is this—we had just seen the revolution in North America, and the movements in Holland and Brabant: the spirit of novelty and of imitation, so natural among the French, made them wish to do in their turn what, as it appeared to them, had given celebrity to people whom they did not think better than themselves. It would have been disgrace for a nation which piques itself upon surpassing all others in all things, to remain behind those who had most distinguished themselves in political changes: and we therefore would have our revolution. The revolution was powerfully seconded by the support of the ambitious of all ranks, who saw a wide door opened for fortune and for vanity. These I think were the chief moving causes of the revolution of the 14th of July, which, with a very few exceptions, found the whole nation at its service. But I need not do it more honour than to believe that some lent their hands to it on a speculation, others for the love of novelty, or for imitation—for fashion, or for the mania of the day—others were drawn on mechanically, and very few were they who engaged in it from virtue.'

Babœuf overlooked the chief cause. A feeble court, surrounded by false servants, suffered (during the first heats) a set of journalists to abuse the liberty of the press—an abuse which must overthrow any government that permits it. The liberty of the press or death, was the motto of one of these writers, who continually inveighed against the king and queen, till such invective brought on their destruction. The government that suffers itself to be insulted with impunity, is from that moment in danger.

He who contemplates the history of the world with the faith of a Christian and the comprehensive views of a philosopher, perceives in the course of human events, as harmonious an order as that which science has demonstrated to us in the movements of the material universe. Evil there has been, evil there is, and evil there yet will be;—woe be to those by whom it comes! But it ever has been, and it ever will be subservient to good upon the great scale. Particular nations have degenerated, and countries which were once free and flourishing, have sunk into servitude, or been laid waste by oppression: still the amelioration of the whole has been going on, and the human race has continually been advancing toward that better state of things which philosophy teaches us to expect, and religion commands us to press on to. The preacher who should have chosen this topic of consolation in Gaul, or Italy, or Britain, during those ages when all existing institutions were overthrown by the irruption of the northern nations, would have found few to believe him: yet who is there but must now acknowledge that it was expedient for the welfare of mankind that the Roman empire should

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should be subverted? So will it be with that revolution of which the immediate evils spread themselves year after year more widely. War to palaces, peace to cottages, was the cry with which it began; but in the train of horrors which it has drawn on, the cottage and the palace have been involved in one common ruin. Like a devouring pestilence it has raged through every part of Europe, and now that it can find upon our continent no new field for its ravages, a wider scene of havoc has been opened in America. That the end will be good we believe with perfect faith:—but well will it be for us, if, in its progress, we discover those errors which have made its course hitherto so fatal. In our foreign relations the wickedness of the enemy has given us all that could be wished: we stand upon that vantage ground which France occupied at the beginning of the contest, and we are at this moment leagued, not with corrupt courts, and oppressive governments, but with people fighting for their independence, and their hearths and altars—and with the friends of liberty wherever they exist. France has done this for us abroad; the example of France must be our security at home: it has been lost upon our Heberts and Marats, and Chaumettes, who go on inflaming the passions of the ignorant and ferocious part of the community, as if they themselves were not sure to be the victims in their turn, of the revolution which they are labouring to produce. The circumstances of England give these men far greater advantages than their fellow journalists and writers enjoyed in France. We may hereafter take occasion to show in what manner the state of society in this country is favourable to their nefarious prospects, and what are the means by which they may best be counteracted.

ART. XV. *Poems*, by William Robert Spencer. pp. 240. 8vo. London; Cadell and Davis. 1811.

WE cannot rank these productions of Mr. Spencer higher than 'poetry of the boudoir.' The style of writing is perfectly well-bred, civil, and unassuming; but the force and tone of inspiration are wanting. If, indeed, the absence of bold and original thoughts could be compensated by sensibility almost morbid, and by the flutter of wit, which never rises to a painful height, we might repose on Mr. Spencer's pages with delight; for they resemble the conversation of Chaucer's Abbess, in which

'All was charity and tender heart.'

The first poem in this little collection is a translation of Burgher's celebrated

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celebrated ballad, which afforded a subject of emulation to contending wits, some years ago. Mr. Spencer's version is sprightly and elegant. The Teutonic, sublime, and terrible, are well given.

The *Year of Sorrow* is an original Poem, written to commemorate several domestic afflictions, which the course of that period had produced to the author. The idea of this piece is not very fortunate, for it consists merely of a string of epitaphs, without any other plan than that resulting from their dates. He who grieves by the Almanack, can hardly be expected to create much sympathy. There are, however, many good lines.

'And art thou gone, Parent* and friend revered!
Parent of her by ev'ry charm endear'd;
Yes, thou art gone! thy Susan, far away,
Smiled no sweet sunshine on thy closing day,
Not on her breast thy drooping forehead hung,
Not to her lips thy summon'd spirit clung,
Ah! no—whilst others watch'd thy ebbing breath,
And lighten'd by their love the load of Death,
Haply thy Susan, in a distant land,
E'en at that hour the scheme of pleasure plann'd
To meet once more on Danube's happy plain,
And clasp a Mother to her heart again!'—p. 41.

Those on the Honourable Mrs. Ellis, are still better.

'Breathe soft, Italian gales! and ye that wing
The tideless shore, where never-changing Spring
Rules all the halcyon year, breathe soft, and shed
Your kindliest dews o'er pale Eliza's head!
Propitious grant an anguish'd mother's prayer,
And save a wedded lover from despair.
Vain was the hope—in Beauty's earliest pride,
E'en in the porch of life, Eliza died;
Ere yet the green leaf of her days was come,
The death-storm rose, and swept her to the tomb!'—p. 44.

The short poem entitled the Visionary, is sweetly expressed; though it is little more than an expansion of a well-known phrase, *the ghost of departed pleasure.*

'When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead!'

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

* 'The Countess Dowager of Jenison Walworth, Mrs. Spencer's mother, died at Heidelberg in Germany.'

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The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
They once were friendship, truth, and love!
Oh, die to thought, to mem'ry die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!'—pp. 67, 68.

The ballad of *Beth Gélert* has been so frequently printed, and has found so much favour with most readers, that we do not think it necessary to analyse it. The author has certainly 'dallied with the innocence' of his subject, 'like the old age.'

The *Emigrant's Grave* contains some pathetic lines, though the measure is unhappy:

'Why mourn ye, why strew ye those flow'rets around
To yon new-sodded grave, as ye slowly advance?
In yon new sodded grave (ever dear be the ground)
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow
For the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own breast could elate,
Though comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he mirth and pleasure to raise;
How sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sang the glad song of more fortunate days!'—pp. 134, 135.

Of the French verses, as we cannot speak well, we shall say nothing. It is impossible to close the volume, without regretting the trifling direction which the author has given to talents and acquirements which might have attained much higher praise, by more vigorous exertion. Where we perceive so much taste and feeling, we are willing to suppose that attention to subjects requiring some thought and research, would have roused the author to strains of a deeper tone. But in the pages before us, the celebration of beauty supersedes all thought, or, at least, only leaves the author a disposition to be ingenious. To become a dangler of the muses is a propensity as unfortunate in literature, as a similar turn in gallantry. The first impulses of imagination, like those of the affections, are debased, if they are not directed to an estimable object; and the generous warmth of those early feelings can hardly be recalled in either case.

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ART. XVI. *Euripidis Supplices Mulieres, Iphigenia in Aulide, et in Tauris, cum Notis Jer. Marklandi integris, et aliorum selectis. Accedunt de Græcorum quinta Declinatione imparisyllabica, et inde formata Latinorum tertia, Quæstio Grammatica, Explicationes veterum aliquot Auctorum, Epistolæ quædam ad D'Orvillium datæ, cum Indicibus necessariis.* Oxonii. 1811. 4to. et 8vo. pp. 544.

OUT of the long list of our countrymen who cultivated Greek literature during the eighteenth century, seven names of distinguished eminence have lately been selected by a very competent judge of the subject, who, if it were not for the unfortunate circumstance of his being still alive, would be fairly entitled to a place at the first table of grammatical or critical fame in preference to more than one of the guests whom he has admitted to it. These guests are Richard Bentley, Richard Dawes, Jeremiah Markland, John Taylor, Jonathan or John Toup,* Thomas Tyrwhitt, and Richard Porson. We do not object to this selection, although we are not quite certain that one of the preceding names ought not to be exchanged for that of Samuel Musgrave. To be one of seven or eight men who have attained the greatest eminence in a department of knowledge to the pursuit of which hundreds have devoted the greater part of their lives, must be acknowledged to be no inconsiderable achievement. The following character of Markland, which is contained in one of Hurd's letters to Warburton, and which we transcribe from the publication now before us,† must unquestionably be considered as a caricature.

'After all, I believe the author is a good man, and a learned; but a miserable instance of a man of slender parts and sense, besotted by a fondness for his own peculiar study, and stupified by an intense application to the *minutiæ* of it.'

Much of the asperity of this censure is, of course, to be attributed to that noble contempt, which men of cultivated understandings so frequently feel for literary and scientific pursuits different from their own. As, however, the bishop does not appear to have despised all verbal critics, and as the bishop's patron was also the

* 'It is remarkable, that though his name was *Jonathan*, in his later writings [for instance, in the title-page and dedication of his edition of Longinus] he always calls himself in Latin *Joannes Toupius*. In some of the books he had when young, he has written *E Libris Joan. Toup.*'—Gentleman's Magazine, March, 1785, p. 186. Before he became bold enough to write *Joannes Toupius* at length, he called himself in Latin *Jo. Topius*. He adopts this contraction in his *Emendationes in Suidam*, and he is called *Jo. Toupius* by Dr. Burney, who writes at full length the names of the other six 'Magnanimi Heroës.' The old controversy respecting *Consul Tertium* and *Consul Tertio* was decided in the same manner. A. Gellius, L. X, cap. 1.

† See pp. 148 and 149 of the first part or volume.

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patron of Toup, it is probable, that the low esteem in which poor Markland was held, arose, in some degree, from his blindness in not discovering that William Warburton was the first divine, philosopher, and critic of the age, and that Richard Hurd was the second. We are willing to recur to any mode of accounting for Hurd's unfavourable opinion of Markland's mental faculties, rather than to allow the enemy to maintain, on such grave authority, that, if labour and patience be not wanting, any blockhead may be fashioned into what is commonly called a great scholar. At the same time, it is not our intention to assert that Markland was a man of genius, or that he possessed a very vigorous understanding. When Dr. Burney saluted him by the name of 'Magnanimous Hero,' we apprehend that it was not Dr. Burney's intention that the expression should pass current for the highest value at which it is capable of being estimated.* Markland's literary character is not very difficult to describe. He was endowed with a respectable portion of judgment and sagacity. He was very laborious, loved retirement, and spent a long life in the study of the Greek and Latin languages. For modesty, candour, literary honesty, and courteousness to other scholars, he is justly considered as the model which ought to be proposed for the imitation of every critic. Gifted as he was, we are not aware that he could have applied his faculties to any object, with more credit to himself and more advantage to others, than to the cultivation of ancient literature. He certainly would not have been eminent as a theologian, a metaphysician, a political economist, an historian, a poet, an orator, a writer of farces, or a reviewer.

Of all Markland's critical writings, which are numerous, the most elaborate, as well as the most generally esteemed, is his Commentary on the Supplices of Euripides. This work, after it had lain by for several years, was given by the author to the late Dr. Heberden, with full liberty either to print it or to burn it. Dr. Heberden politely chose the former alternative, and, accordingly, in the year 1763, when Markland was more than seventy years of age,† the Supplices of Euripides and the Commentary of Markland, together with the *Quæstio Grammatica*, and the *Explicationes Veterum aliquot Auctorum*, mentioned in the title of this article, were very elegantly printed by William Bowyer in a thin quarto volume. The press was corrected by Dr. Jortin. A second edition, in octavo, with several additions, omissions, and corrections, was published

* It may also be said with great truth, that *Magnanimous Heroes* is not a fair translation of *Magnanimi Heroës*. See Warburton's translation of Thomas Bentley's dedication of his Horace. Notes to the Dunciad, B. II, v. 205.

† Markland died on the 7th of July, 1776. In a short account of his life, inserted in the Annual Register for that year, he is said to have been born in August, 1692.

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lished in the year 1775. Markland's notes on the Iphigenia in Aulide, and Iphigenia in Tauris, which are much less copious and valuable than those on the Supplices, were published in octavo in the year 1771, and were never reprinted until the appearance of the present volume.

In correcting the text of these three plays, Markland derived great assistance from the collation of three manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, which was communicated to him by Musgrave, and of which Musgrave himself afterwards made use in preparing his own edition of Euripides. Only two of these copies are manuscripts in the strict sense of the word. In the catalogue of the MSS. of the Royal Library they are numbered 2887 and 2817. The former is called A by Markland and E by Musgrave. The latter is called B by Markland and G by Musgrave. The third copy, which is called C by Markland and P by Musgrave, is thus described in Musgrave's list: *Liber Impressus ejusdem Bibliothecæ, collatus cum MSto usque ad finem Iphigeniæ Tauricæ.* In the library of Wadham College, Oxford, there is a copy of the Aldine edition of Euripides, collated with an unknown manuscript in some of the plays. This collation is called Codex Oxoniensis by Markland, who has made no use of it except in the Iphigenia in Tauris.

On comparing the various readings of the three Parisian copies, as they are exhibited by Markland, with Musgrave's representation of them, we observe that each of these editors has neglected to mention several readings which are noticed by the other, and which, in our opinion, ought to have been noticed by both. We also observe that Markland and Musgrave sometimes differ in their representation of the readings of the same passage in the same manuscript. In the Supplices, for instance, the common reading of v. 106 is as follows: Οἱ δ' ἀμφὶ τόνδε παῖδες, ἢ (ἦ *recte Barnesius*) τούτου τέκνα; If Markland is correct, the *Codex Regius* 2817 reads τῶνδε instead of τόνδε. If Musgrave is correct, the same manuscript reads τούτων instead of τούτου. If Markland, as well as Musgrave, had actually examined the manuscript in question, we should be tempted to suspect that the MS. reads both τῶνδε παῖδες and τούτων πέκνα, and that each collator had been guilty of a different oversight. But Markland's acquaintance with the Parisian manuscripts appears to have been derived entirely from Musgrave's collation. It is evident, therefore, that, in the present instance, either Markland or Musgrave has unintentionally misrepresented the reading of one of those manuscripts. There is nothing extraordinary in these omissions and misrepresentations, against which the greatest care and attention will hardly secure an editor. It frequently happens that two accounts of the readings of the

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same manuscript differ so widely from each other, as almost to outweigh the strongest evidence of the identity of the copies from which the collations are taken.

Markland's editions of these three tragedies having become scarce, we should have been glad to see a reimpression of them, even if it had been made without any improvement. This, however, is very far from being the case in the present instance. Although the editor of the volume (or rather volumes) now before us does not name himself, it is well known that the publication of it was superintended by Mr. Gaisford, of Christ Church, Oxford, who has lately been appointed Regius Professor of Greek in that University. We are informed by Mr. Gaisford, in a very short advertisement, that he has occasionally altered Markland's text, although never without sufficient authority; that to Markland's notes he has added a selection from those of Musgrave and others; and that he has been enabled to enrich the present edition with a number of short notes copied from Mr. Porson's writing in the margins of his copies of the preceding editions. Many of Mr. Porson's *notulæ* are very curious and valuable, and their number is considerable. If we did not foresee that this article will be intolerably long, we would point out the principal improvements of the text of which Mr. Porson is the author. With the greatest of all these improvements the friends of ancient literature are already well acquainted:—we mean the rejection of the last scene of the Iphigenia in Aulide, beginning with v. 1532. Several verses in this scene had excited the suspicions of Markland. For instance, v. 1589. Ἧς αἵματι βωμὸς ἐῤῥάνετ' ἄρδην τῆς θεοῦ.

Among other improvements in this edition, we ought to mention the readings of the Aldine edition, which are only occasionally mentioned by Markland, but which Mr. Gaisford has represented very diligently and faithfully. Mr. Gaisford has also printed the commentary on the Supplices in such a manner as distinctly to exhibit the variations of the quarto and octavo editions. To the *Explicationes Veterum aliquot Auctorum* Mr. Gaisford has subjoined five letters from Markland to D'Orville, copied from the originals in the Bodleian Library.* We are afraid that grown gentlemen, who wish to refresh their knowledge of Greek, will hardly allow us to include among these improvements the omission of the Latin version.

* In one of these letters, Markland enters into the tiresome and absurd disputes between D'Orville and De Pauw, (the Peacock,) and talks of *Tota grex absona de corte Junonia.* It is difficult to be witty and wise at the same time, and, accordingly, rather more than a year afterwards, Markland discovered, on reading over the foul copy of his letter, that he ought to have said *Totus grex absonus.* It is a proof of the tranquillity of his temper, that this discovery appears not to have affected his health.

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In Markland's own editions, the verses of these three plays are numbered exactly as in the edition of Barnes, with the exception of about a hundred lines at the end of the Supplices, in which Markland has produced a small variation, by counting, as two verses, v. 1127 of Barnes's edition. In Mr. Gaisford's edition of the Supplices, the first song of the Chorus, which is printed according to the arrangement of Dr. Burney, contains eleven lines more than in Markland's edition. Mr. Gaisford has also made one verse of vv. 278 and 279 of Markland's edition. In consequence of these two alterations, the verse which is numbered 280 in Markland's edition is numbered 290 by Mr. Gaisford. This difference is continued to the end of the play. Mr. Gaisford has not altered the numbers in the two other plays, and in Markland's Commentary on the Supplices Mr. Gaisford has exhibited Markland's numeration as well as his own. We adhere to the numeration of Barnes and Beck.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader, that notwithstanding the labours of Markland, the text of these three tragedies was full of difficult and corrupt passages. The number of these passages is, indeed, greatly reduced in the present edition, but it is still very considerable. The Iphigenia in Aulide, in particular, which is one of the finest of our author's tragedies, is so much depraved, that great part of the pleasure which ought to arise from the perusal of it, is lost to the reader. Could we hope that the present number of our Review would find its way into the study of Mr. Frederic Henry Bothe at Berlin, we would earnestly recommend the Iphigenia in Aulide to his earliest consideration. We have perused, with infinite delight, the fourteen admirable Greek tragedies which he has composed on the subjects of the fourteen surviving plays of Æschylus and Sophocles. By retaining all that is tolerable in the original tragedies, and by adding much that is excellent of his own, Mr. Bothe has produced two sets of dramatic compositions, which are as much superior to their prototypes, as the *Orlando Inamorato* of Berni is superior to that of Boiardo. Hereafter, the original Æschylus and the original Sophocles must be considered in the same light as the 'Six Old Plays, on which six of Shakspeare's plays are founded.' We are not certain that the task of re-writing the Iphigenia in Aulide could not be executed in England. But Mr. Bothe has already obtained possession of the ground, and it seems reasonable that he should be maintained in it.

We must not be understood as meaning to insinuate that passages which we are unable to explain or correct are inexplicable or incorrigible, when we profess to believe, that many of the difficulties and corruptions of these three plays are placed far beyond the reach of criticism. It is possible, indeed, that manuscripts may

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be discovered which differ widely from those which are already known, and that the true readings of some passages may lie concealed in those citations of ancient authors which have eluded the vigilance of Porson and other critics. It is probable that the printed and unprinted remains of the ancient grammarians would repay to an editor of these plays the labour of a minutely attentive examination. In the mean time, much may be done in a small way by a careful and reiterated perusal of the text. Although most of the observations contained in the following pages are of very little consequence when separately considered, perhaps they may derive some value from their number. Nothing but want of room has prevented us from enlarging the number very considerably. We request the reader, before he lays aside this article, to compare the following corrections with the received text. Suppl. 92. καινῶν. V. 303. σφάλλει. V. 393. ἔχοῦσά γ'. V. 408. τὸ πλεῖον. V. 455. νυμφεύσεται. V. 543. κρυφήσονται. V. 726. τοιόνδε τοι. V. 745. Οἳ τόξ' ἐπεντείνοντες. V. 767. Δεινὸν μὲν οὖν. V. 782. ἐμοὶ δὲ δὴ παίδων. V. 797. κοίν' εἰς Ἅιδου. V. 842. εἰπὲ δ'. V. 1022. Φερσεφόνας (Φερσεφονείας *Aldus*). Iph. Aul. 141. ἀλσώδεις ἕζη. V. 193. τὸν Οἰλέως. V. 194. τᾶς Σαλαμῖνος. V. 675. ἐστήξεις. Vv. 873, 880, 1131. κτενεῖν. V. 1358. μαχεῖ. V. 1438. μήτ' οὖν σὺ. V. 1450. ἔπος τι. V. 1458. δόλῳ γ', ἀγεννῶς τ'. V. 1484. ᾗ χρεὼν. Iph. Taur. 4. τοῦ δ'. V. 105. θεοῦ τε. V. 311. ἀπέψη. V. 375. ἰοῦσα Πηλέως. V. 400. δονακοχλόαν. V. 489. τάς τ' ἐμὰς. V. 658. ταυτὰ. V. 848. δόμοισιν. V. 856. ὦ ξύγγον'. V. 932. ἠγγέλθης. V. 950. παρέχον, οἴκων ὄντες. V. 961, 2. εἰς δίκην | ἔστην. V. 964. εἰπὼν δ'. V. 1014. πόλισμα Παλλάδος. V. 1064. καλόν τοι γλῶσσ'. V. 1206. κἀκκομιζόντων γε. V. 1210. ξυναντῶσιν. V. 1235. Δηλίοις. V. 1435. ποῖ δὴ διαγμὸν.

SUPPLICES.

V. 21. Ἄδραστος, ὄμμα δάκρυσιν τέγγων ὅδε, Κεῖται. The comma after ὅδε ought to be expunged. The words ὅδε κεῖται are to be translated *Lies here*. So in the Hecuba, v. 486. Αὕτη πίλας σοῦ, νῶτ' ἔχουσ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ, Ταλθύβιε, κεῖται. In English, *Here she lies*. Iph. Taur. 267. Ἔλιξε δ' οὐχ ὁρᾶτε; δαίμονές τινες Θάσσουσιν οἵδε. *Some gods are sitting here*. It is proper to admonish learners, that the pronouns ὅδε and οὗτος are frequently to be rendered *Here*, and still more frequently *Hither*. In the Heraclidæ, the Chorus says to Iolaus, v. 81. Ὅδ' ἐκ τίνος γᾶς ὦ γέρον τετράπτολιν Κύνοικον ἦλθες λαόν; So the passage is pointed in the two earliest editions. In the third edition, that is to say, the Basil edition of 1544, ὅδ' is followed by a note of interrogation, as if the meaning were, *Is this the man?* The ancient punctuation has never been restored. The nominative plural οἵδε, when joined to a verb which signifies motion to a place, is often corrupted into ὅδε. See Soph. Oed. Col. 111. where Brunck ought to have adopted the reading of his *Membranæ*, and of

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of the old editions: Σίγα. περιέρχονται γὰρ οἵδε δή τινες Χρόνῳ παλαιοὶ, σῆς ἕδρας ἐπισκόποι. So Eurip. Or. 348. Καὶ μὴν βασιλεὺς ὅδε δὴ στείχει Μενέλαος ἄναξ. Here also most of the editions read ὅδε.

V. 37. Κήρυξ πρὸς ἄστυ, δεῦρο Θησέα καλῶν. Markland and Mr. Gaisford, in their notes on this line, point out several verses, in which the last syllable of the accusative singular of nouns ending in ΕΥΣ is made short, contrary to the ordinary practice of the Attic poets. To these instances we are inclined to add Eurip. El. 409. Ἔλθ' ὡς παλαιὸν τροφέ' ἐμοῦ φίλου πατρός. The common reading is παλαιὸν τροφὸν, which we apprehend not to be better Greek than παλαιὸν παρθένον. Compare v. 16. Τὸν μὲν πατρὸς γεραιὸς ἐκκλέπτει τροφεύς. In v. 276. of the same play, the last syllable of the accusative plural is made short: Ἐλθὼν δὲ δὴ πῶς φονέας ἂν κτάνοι πατρός;

V. 50. Ρυσὰ δὲ σαρκῶν πολιῶν καταδρύματα χειρῶν. Read καταδρύμματα χειροῖν. So v. 774 many editions, including that now before us, read λελυμένος with a single M.

V. 87. Τίνων γόων ἤκουσα, καὶ στέρνων κτύπον, Νεκρῶν τε θρήνους, τῶνδ' ἀνακτόρων ἄπο Ἠχοῦς ἰούσης; Read, Τίνων γόους ἤκουσα. In order to establish this alteration, we will subjoin the Aldine reading of a few passages of our poet, in which the termination of a *substantive* has been improperly assimilated to that of an adjoining word. Some examples of the same depravation of the termination of an *adjective* will be given in a subsequent page. Phœn. 739. Τί δ' εἰ καθικπεύσαιμιν Ἀργείων στρατῶν (στρατόν); Suppl. 16. νεκροὺς δὲ τοὺς ὀλωλότας δορὶ Θάψαι θέλουσι τῶνδε μητέρων (μητέρες), χθονί. Ibid. 25. Νεκρὸν (νεκρῶν) κομιστὴν, ἢ λόγοισιν, ἢ δορὸς Ῥώμῃ γενέσθαι. Ibid. 1151. Χαλκέοισιν ὅπλοις Δαναιδῶν στρατηλατῶν (στρατηλάται). In this verse, the common reading is two degrees removed from the true reading, Δαναιδᾶν στρατηλάταν. Tro. 685. Ὁ μὲν, παρ' οἷαχ', ὁ δ' (ὅδ' *Aldus*) ἐπὶ λαίφεσιν βιβὼς, Ὁ δ' ἄντλων (ἄντλον) εἴργων ναὸς. Hel. 454. Ἄγγελον εἴσω δισπότοισι (δισπόταισι) τοῖσι σοῖς. Ion. 1181. Ἦν δὴ φιρόντων μόχθους (μόχθος) ἀργυρηλάτους Χρυσίας τε φιάλας.

V. 116. Οἶσθ' ἣν στρατείαν ἱστράτευσ' ὀλιθρίαν; *Efferri potest sine interrogatione.* M. Perhaps we may say, *Efferri* debet *sine interrogatione.* So Iph. Taur. 517. Τροίαν ἴσως οἶσθ', ἧς ἀπανταχοῦ λόγος. Androm. 564. Ἔρις δὲ τὴν κατ' οἶκον οἶσθά που κλύων. Bacch. 462. Τὸν ἀνθεμώδη Τμῶλον οἶσθά που κλύων. Heracl. 89. Τὸν Ἡράκλειον ἴστε που παραστάτην Ἴολαον. οὐ γὰρ σῶμ' ἀκήρυκτον τόδε. The enclitic που has not prevented the two last examples from being printed with the mark of interrogation. Mr. Porson has retained the interrogation in Hec. 239. Οἶσθ' ἡνίκ' ἦλθες Ἰλίου κατάσκοπος, and has omitted it in v. 994. Οἶσθ' οὖν Ἀθάνας Ἰλίας ἵνα στέγαι.

V. 133. Τῷ δ' ἐξέδωκας παῖδας Ἀργείων σέθεν; *Τοῖς pro τῷ optime conveniret, si quemadmodum τῷ pro τίνι, ita τοῖς pro τίσι ponerent Tragici. Quod non factum puto.* M. Soph. Trach. 986. Παρὰ τοῖσι βροτῶν κεῖμαι;

V. 149. Ὁ δ' Οἰδίπου παῖς, τίνι τρόπῳ Θήβας λιπών. Παῖς, *quod ab omnibus exemplaribus aberat, inserendum putavi metri gratia.* G. Mr. Gaisford's emendation is confirmed by the authority of Mr. Porson, who has collected several instances of the same omission.*

* A person who is not familiarly acquainted with the rude and inartificial economy of the Greek drama, can hardly read this verse without exclaiming, in the words of Mr.

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V. 158. Τί δὴ πλέον; ἦλθον Ἀμφιάρεω γε πρὸς βίαν. Instead of τί δὴ πλέον, Mr. Porson *(Praef. ad Hec. p. 40.)* silently reads τί πλεῖον, which reading Mr. Gaisford has admitted into the text. It is certain, that in tragic iambics, a monosyllable which is incapable of beginning a verse, as ἂν, γὰρ, δὲ, μὲν, τε, τις, is very rarely employed as the second syllable of a tribrach or dactyl. To the best of our knowledge, Æschylus affords no example of this license, and Sophocles only two: Phil. 999. Οὐδέποτέ γ' οὔδ' ἦν χρῄ με πᾶν παθεῖν κακόν. Ibid. 1392. Οὐδέποθ' ἑκόντα γ' ὥστε τὴν Τροίαν ἰδεῖν. Perhaps, however, in these verses οὐδέποτε is to be considered as one word, as it is commonly represented. In the remains of Euripides, we have observed the following examples; I. Or. 2. Οὐδὲ πάθος, οὐδὲ συμφορὰ θεήλατος. It is obvious that οὐδὲ may be considered as one word, as well as οὐδέποτε. We shall hereafter endeavour to shew, that the rhythm of the verse is not much improved by considering οὐδὲ as a disyllable. II. Phœn. 541. Ξυνδεῖ. τὸ γὰρ ἴσον, νόμιμον ἀνθρώποις ἔφυ. III. Suppl. 368. Εἰ γὰρ ἐπὶ τίρμα, καὶ τὸ πλέον ἐμῶν κακῶν. IV. Iph. Aul. 308. Οὐδὲ σὲ φέρειν γ' ἅπασιν Ἕλλησιν κακά. The common reading is, Οὐδέ σε φέρειν δεῖ πᾶσιν. V. Ibid. 498. Εἰ δέ τι κόρης σῆς θεσφάτων μέτεστί σοι. VI. Bacch. 192. Ἀλλ' οὐχ ὁμοίως ἂν ὁ θεὸς τιμὴν ἔχοι. The true reading seems to be, Ἀλλ' οὐχ ὁμοίαν ὁ θεὸς ἂν τιμὴν ἔχοι. VII. Ibid. 285. Ὥστε διὰ τοῦτον τἀγαθ' ἀνθρώπους ἔχειν. Perhaps Διὰ τοῦτον ὥστε.* It may be observed, that in five of these seven verses, as well as in the verse now under consideration, the foot which we consider as licentious, is the first foot of the verse.†

Sneer, *Pray, Mr. Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?* The ignorance of Theseus is more surprising, because it appears from the beginning of the play, that his mother Aethra, for an old lady, was reasonably well versed in the history of Thebes. There is, however, a greater defect in the character of Theseus than his inattention to foreign affairs:—we mean, the total absence of courtesy and delicacy in his conduct towards a great prince in distress. In one passage, (v. 513,) Adrastus, who very naturally wishes to ease his mind by railing at the representative of his enemy, is roughly interrupted by Theseus before he has time to pronounce three words. In another place, (v. 590,) he is desired to keep out of the way, that he may not do mischief by his unlucky presence. It must be confessed, that this is very different from the stile of Racine, and, to say the truth, from the stile of Racine's master, in his conversations with James the Second. Markland is sensible of the incivility of Theseus, but attributes it, in his second edition, to the poet's dislike of the Argives. See his note on v. 127.

* *Quam ex emendatione addidisti*, says Mr. Porson, *(Praef. ad Hec. p. 17.) particula τε (vel γε) si in MSS. omnibus reperiretur, ejicienda esset: quippe quae nunquam secunda pedis trisyllabi syllaba esse possit.* Mr. Porson notices, as exceptions to his rule, Aristoph. Plut. 345, 408. He passes over in silence v. 421 of the same play: Οὔτε θεὸς, οὔτ' ἄνθρωπος· ὥστ' ἀπολώλατον. So also Ran. 807, Οὔτε γὰρ Ἀθηναίοις ξυνέβαινεν Αἰσχύλος. Among the fragments of Alexis preserved by Athenæus, we find three verses beginning with οὔτε. P. 23, C. Οὔτε γὰρ ὕπνος δύναιτ' ἂν οὐδὲν ἂν λάβοι. P. 125, F. Οὔτε φιάλη. μετεῖχε δ' ἀμφοῖν τοῖν ῥυθμοῖν. P. 562, B. Οὔτε θεὸς, οὔτ' ἄνθρωπος, οὔτ' ἀβέλτερος. Mr. Porson has not noticed the following fragment of Menander *(apud Athen. p. 364, E.)*: Ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν, ὃν γε θεὸς, οὐκ εἴασα τὸν Ὀσφὺν ἂν ἐπὶ τὸν βωμὸν ἐπιθεῖναί ποτε, Εἰ μὴ καθήγιζέν τις ἅμα τὸν ἴγχελυν.

† In Brunck's edition of Aristophanes we have been able to discover only thirteen instances of the license in question in any foot except the first. Of these at least four are corrupt. I. Ach. 392. Ὡς σκῦψιν ἂν ἀγὼν οὗτος οὐκ ἐσδέξεται. The particle is omitted by Suidas v. Σίσυφος. The true reading, ὡς σκῦψιν ἀγών, is pointed out by Mr. Porson V. 220.

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V. 220. Ὅστις κόρας μὲν, θεσφάτοις Φοίβου ζυγείς, πίνοισιν ὧδ' ἴδωκας, ὡς ζώντων θεῶν. The δὲ which answers to this μὲν occurs in v. 229. Εἰς δὲ στρατείαν πάντας Ἀργείους ἄγων. We must read λαμπρόν τε v. 222, and εὐδαιμονοῦντάς τ' v. 225. The words χρὴν γὰρ οὔτε σώματα, v. 223, together with the five following verses, form a parenthesis.

V. 258. Ἀγ', ὦ γεραιαὶ, στείχετε, γλαυκὴν χλόην Αὐτοῦ λιπεῦσαι φυλλάδος καταστροφῆ. Read, Ἀλλ', ὦ γεραιαὶ, as in v. 359. Ἀλλ', ὦ γεραιαὶ, σέμν' ἀφαιρεῖτε στίφη Μητρὸς, πρὸς οἴκους ὡς νιν Αἰγέως ἄγω.*

V. 296. Αἰσχρόν γ' ἅλιξας, χρήσθ' ἱκετεύοντιν φίλους. Mr. Hermann's emendation, χρῆσθ' ἔστη κεύοντιν φίλους, is specious. See Erfurdt *ad Oed. Tyr.* 635, which verse may perhaps be read as follows: Δρᾶσαι δικαιοῖ, τοῖσδέ γ' ἀποκρίνας καλοῖν.

V. 346. Δράσων τάδ' εἶμι, καὶ νεκροὺς ἐκλύσομαι, Λόγοισι πείσων. Read, Λόγοισι πείσας. So Iph. Taur. 1048. ΟΡ. Λάθρα δ' ἄναντος, ἢ εἰδότος,

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in Maty's Review, Vol. IV, p. 65. II. Ibid. 1209. Τί μὲ σὺ κωτεῖς; τί μὲ σὺ δάκνεις. Read τί σύ με. III. Eq. 20. Ἀλλ' εὑρέ τιν' ἀπάκιον ἀπὸ τοῦ δεσπότου. Perhaps we ought to read τὸν ἀπάκιον. IV. Vesp. 767. Περὶ τοῦ; τι λυρεῖς; ταῦθ' ἅπερ ἐκεῖ πράττετε. V. Av. 1043. Σὺ δέ γ' οἷσί περ Ὀτοτύξιοι χρῆσαι τάχα. VI. Av. 1614. Νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, ταῦτά γε σύ (ταῦτά γε τοι Rav.) καλῶς λέγεις. Mr. Porson (*ibi*) reads ταυταγὶ καλῶς λέγεις. VII. Ibid. 1364. Τὸν μὲν πατέρα μὴ τύπτε· ταύτην δέ γε λαβών. The true reading is undoubtedly ταυτονὶ λαβών. VIII. Thesm. 8. Οὐδ' ἄρ ἀρᾶν δεῖ μ'; οὐχ, ἃ γ' ἂν ἀκούειν δέῃ. IX. Ibid. 554. Ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' ἂν ἔχοις. ὅσα γαρ ᾄδῃς, ἐξίχεας ἅπαντα. X. Ran. 1436. Περὶ τῆς πόλεως ὅντιν' ἔχετον σωτηρίαν. XI. Eccl. 1087. Ἕλκοντε τοὺς πλησίους ἂν ἀπεικαίετε. XII. Plut. 227. Καὶ δὴ βαδίζω. τοῦτο δὴ τὸ πρεῴδιον. The Ravenna MS. reads τοῦτο δὴ τὸ πρεῴδιον. We read τουτονὶ πρεῴδιον. XIII. Ibid. 813. Χαλεπὴ γίγνει. τοὺς δὲ πιναμισκοὺς τοὺς σαπρούς. The same eleven comedies contain near fifty instances of this licence in the first foot of an iambic verse.

* Theseus, however, does not conduct his mother to the mansion of Aegeus, but takes her behind the scenes, where she changes her dress, and soon afterwards returns in the habit and character of the Theban herald. The competitors for the prize of tragedy at Athens, like the competitors for the prize of equine velocity at Newmarket, were compelled to observe several regulations, which were instituted for the purpose of preserving some degree of equality in their performances. The actors were not only assigned by lot to the several competitors, but the number which each competitor was allowed to employ was limited to three. See Hesychius, v. Νέμεσις ὑποκριτῶν. In consequence of this regulation, when three characters were already on the stage, a fourth could not be introduced without allowing one of the three actors sufficient time to retire and change his dress. As the actors were not allowed to *edge away at the top*, like the confidant of Tilburina, it was always necessary to furnish the performer, whose services were required in a new capacity, with a decent reason for retiring. Thus, in the Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles, Ismene goes away to offer sacrifice at v. 509, and returns in the character of Theseus, after about forty lines, during which interval Œdipus and Antigone remain on the stage. Soon afterwards, (v. 847,) while Œdipus, Creon, and Antigone, are on the stage, Antigone is violently carried off by Creon's attendants, and returns as Theseus after about the same interval as before. It may be observed that, in this play, as in several others, it is impossible to distribute the parts to the three actors so as to give the whole of each part to the same actor. Theseus, at his second appearance, cannot chuse but be a different individual from his first representative. In the same play, Œdipus, Antigone, Ismene, and Polynices, are on the stage together from v. 1249 to v. 1446. But it is to be observed that Ismene is not only mute during the presence of Polynices, but that, in this part of the play, she does not speak a word from her entrance to her exit. The poet was at liberty to employ as many mutes as he thought proper. Perhaps this note may appear somewhat long, and rather irrelevant. We can only say, that the type is small, and that the French critics, in their interpretation of the *Nec quarta loqui persona laboret* of Horace, have omitted to point out the origin of that rule.

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δρόσοις τάδε; ΙΦ. Πείσασα μύθοις. οὐ γὰρ ἂν λάθοιμί γε. In the old editions of the Supplices, the contrary fault to that which we have just corrected, occurs in v. 542. Κἀμοὶ μὲν ἦλθες δεῦρ' ἀπωλήσας ἴσην. Markland reads ἀπωλήσων on the authority of all the MSS.

V. 469. Εἰ δ' ἔστιν ἐν τῇ, φρὶν θεοῦ δῦναι σέλας, Λύσαντα σίμβα στεμμάτων μυστήρια, Τῆσδ' ἐξελαύνειν. Although the common reading is defended by Musgrave, we do not hesitate to read with Markland, Εἰ δ' ἔστιν ἐν γῇ. We also read, Iph. Taur. 1454. Ἐπώνυμον γῆς Ταυρικῆς, πόνων τε σῶν. In v. 481 of the Helena, Aldus reads: Λακεδαίμονος τῆς δεῦρο νοστήσασ' ἄπο. Mr. Porson refers to a similar error in 1202. (1193 Barnes.) of the Phœnissæ.* Markland makes no observation on the expression τῆσδ' ἐξελαύνειν, which occurs twice in the Andromache: v. 651. Ἦν χρῆν σ' ἐλαύνειν τήνδ' ὑπὲρ Νείλου ῥοὰς, Ἴωΐς τε Φᾶσιν. v. 710. Καὶ ταῖς ἄτεκνος, ἣν ὅδ' ἐξ ἡμῶν γεγὼς, Ἑλᾷ δι' οἴκων τῆσδ' (τηνδ' MSS.) ἐπισπάσας κόμης. If τήνδ' is the true reading in these two passages, it probably ought to be adopted in the Supplices. We do not understand the expression.

V. 494. Σὺ δ' ἄνδρας ἐχθροὺς, καὶ θανόντας ὠφελεῖς, Θάπτων, κομίζων θ' οὓς ὕβρις ἀπώλεσεν. This is the reading of Markland's own editions, as well as of all the preceding editions. In the present edition, Mr. Gaisford has admitted into the text two emendations proposed by Markland. In the first line, Mr. Gaisford reads, Σὺ δ' ἄνδρας ἐχθροὺς θεοῖς, θανόντας ὠφελεῖς. With this reading, the truth of which seems to admit of no doubt, may be compared the Aldine lection of Androm. 1259. Τολυπευτὸν ἤδη καὶ θεὸς συνοικήσεις θεῷ. In the following verse, Mr. Gaisford reads, οὓς ὕβρεις ἀπώλεσαν. Mr. Porson and the Quarterly Reviewers prefer Musgrave's emendation, οὓς ὕβρισμ' ἀπώλεσεν. We believe that the plural ὕβρεις occurs only three times in the tragedies: Bacch. 247, Heracl. 924, Herc. 741. In the first of these passages, we prefer ὕβρισμ' ὑβρίζειν, and ὕβρισμ' ὑβρίζων in the third. In the Heraclidæ, Heath and Musgrave read ὕβριν on account of the metre. Perhaps, however, the true reading is, Ἔσχεν δ' ὕβρις ἀνδρὸς, in which ἔσχεν must be interpreted ἐπαύσατο. In v. 1296 of the Bacchæ, where the common reading is ὕβριν ὑβρισθεὶς, we read ὕβρις γ' ὑβρισθείς.

V. 506. Φιλεῖν μὲν οὖν χρὴ τοὺς σοφοὺς πρῶτον τέκνα, Ἔπειτα τοκέας, πατρίδα θ'· ἣν αὔξειν χρεών, Καὶ μὴ κατάξαι. As ἄγω has no other aorist than ἤγαγον, κατάξαι must be the aorist of καταγνύναι, *to break*. Notwithstanding the authority of Markland, who retains the version of Portus, *Et non frangere*, we do not believe that καταγνύναι πατρίδα is Greek. Read, Καὶ μὴ ταράξαι. All the editions of Aristophanes before that of Brunck read καταρξω for ταράξω, Ach. 621. Instead of κατάρξω, Reiske proposes to read κατάξω, *confringam*. Ταράξαι πατρίδα is good Greek, as *To disturb one's country* is good English. So Herc. 604. πόλιν τε σὴν Μὴ πρὶν ταράξῃς (*f.* μὴ ξυνταράξῃς), πρὶν τάδ' εὖ θέσθαι, τέκνον. See also a passage on the Heraclidæ, which we shall produce in our observation on Suppl. 732.

* Heracl. 163. Τί δῆτα φήσεις; ποῖα πεδ' ἀφαιρεθεὶς, Τιρυνθίοις θῆς πόλεμον Ἀργείοις ἔχειν; Read, ποῖα πεδ' ἀφαιρεθεὶς Τιρυνθίας γῆς.

V. 511.

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V. 511. Ἐξαρκέσας ἦν Ζεὺς ὁ τιμωρούμενος· Ὑμᾶς δ' ὕβριζειν οὐκ ἐχρῆν τοιάνδ' ὕβριν. In the old editions, these verses conclude the speech of the Theban herald. Markland has attributed them to Adrastus, with the consent of one MS. In our opinion, they ought to be given to the Chorus, which commonly interposes a pair of iambics between two long speeches. See vv. 193, 250, 332, 463. To Adrastus we give only the words ὦ ναγκάκιστε, as in the common editions. As he is interrupted by Theseus, that interruption is made more properly after two words, than after two lines and a half.

V. 573. Πολλοὺς ἔτλην δὴ χἀτέρους ἄλλους πόνους. *An Graece dicitur* ἑτέρους ἄλλους? *Credam cum exemplum indubitabile videro.* M. Aristophanes Θεσμοφοριαζούσαις B. Fr. 3. Ἄλλα τι τοιαῦθ' ἕτερα μυρί' ἐκικλίζετο.

V. 641. Ὦ φίλτατ', εἴθ μὲν νόστον ἀγγέλλεις σέθεν, Τήν τ' ἀμφὶ Θησέως τάξιν (βαξιν *Reiskius*). εἰ δὲ καὶ στρατὸς Σῶς ἐστ' Ἀθηνῶν, πάντ' ἂν ἀγγέλλοις φίλα. There are two difficulties in this passage which the editors have not noticed. In the first place, we suspect that στρατὸς Ἀθηνῶν is not quite so legitimate an expression in Greek, as *the army of Athens* is in English. Perhaps this difficulty might be removed by reading στρατὸς—Ἀθάνας, authority for which alteration may be found in v. 601. Στράτευμα μὲν Παλλάδος κριθήσεται. But another difficulty remains, from which we are unable to extricate ourselves by so simple a process. When the news of a victory is brought, instead of expressing apprehensions for the safety of the victorious army, we should rather have expected the old ladies of the Chorus to inquire after certain individuals, in whose safety they might be supposed to take a particular interest. Thus, in the Heraclidæ, when the messenger brings the account of the defeat of Eurystheus, Alcmena immediately asks whether her grandchildren are safe. V. 790. It is needless to multiply examples of a practice, which has been regularly transmitted from the days of Hercules to those of Lord Wellington. In the present instance, it appears to us that it was incumbent on the Chorus to appear very anxious respecting the fate of Theseus. These things being premised, we venture to prognosticate that in the edition of Mr. Bothe, the words in question will be thus represented: εἰ δὲ κοίρανος Σῶς ἐστ' Ἀθηνῶν. The answer of the Ἄγγελος agrees much better with this reading, than with that which extends the question of the Chorus to the whole army: Σῶς. καὶ πίπρασγεν ὡς Ἄδραστος ὤφελε Πρᾶξαι, ξὺν Ἀργείοισιν ὡς ἀπ' Ἰνάχου Στείλας, ἐπεστράτευσε Καδμείων πόλιν. The comparison between Adrastus, who is present, and Theseus, is just and proper, if not polite. Mr. Bothe will not fail to remark, that Theseus is addressed by the title Κοίρανε Ἀθηνῶν by Sophocles, Œd. Col. 1759. We hope that Mr. Bothe will be able to satisfy his readers respecting the process by which the letters ΚΟΙΡΑΝΟΣ were corrupted into ΚΑΙΣΤΡΑΤΟΣ. No conjectural emendation is *perfectly* satisfactory, unless the origin of the common reading can be made apparent. We are afraid that the frequent corruption of κοίρανος into τύραννος, of which one instance occurs in v. 1080 of the Iphigenia in Tauris, will hardly be accepted as a confirmation of Mr. Bothe's emendation, which we have taken the liberty to anticipate.

V. 732. Θεοὺς νομίζω, καὶ δοκῶ τὰς ξυμφορὰς Ἔχειν ἅλασσον, τῶνδε τισάντων δίκην.

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δίκην. The adverb ἴλασσον seems to require us to read τῆς ξυμφορᾶς or τῶν ξυμφορῶν, according to the well known expressions, ἄλις ἔχειν τοῦ δυστυχεῖν, ῥᾴον ἔχειν τῆς νόσου, εὖ ἔχειν τῶν φρενῶν, &c. See Valckenaer *ad Hippol.* 462, Brunck *ad Œd. Tyr.* 709, &c. So Heracl. 379. Μή μοι δορὶ συνταράξῃς Τὰν εὖ χαρίτων ἔχουσαν Πόλιν, ἀλλ' ἀνάσχου. The modern editions read, from the emendation of Brodæus, τὰν εὐχαρίστως ἔχουσαν. The reading of Aldus, τὰν εὐχαρίστων ἔχουσαν, approaches nearer to the truth.

V. 739. Ἐτεοκλέους τι σύμβασιν ποιουμένου, Μίτρια θέλοντος, οὐκ ἐχρῆζομεν λαβεῖν. Mr. Gaisford has admitted into the text Markland's conjectural emendation, μέτρια τι δόντος. *Notissimus est usus*, says Markland, δόντος *pro* dare volente *vel* offerente. It may be so: but we could have wished for a better example of this *notissimus usus* than the words of Plutarch, Πολλάκις αὐτοῦ πολλὰ καὶ διδόντος, καὶ δεομένου λαβεῖν, οὐκ ἠθέλησεν. Ἔδίδου, indeed, frequently signifies *he offered*, but we believe that ἔδωκε generally, if not always, signifies *he gave*. In the present instance, we are inclined to retain the common reading. We are not partial to unnecessary alterations of the text, except when proposed by ourselves, in which case we regard them with great complacency. It may be observed, that the tragedians love to join together participles, as in the two verses now before us, without the conjunctive particles. So v. 884 of the same play: Ἀγρὸν δὲ ναίων, σκληρὰ τῇ φύσει δίδους, Ἔχαιρε πρὸς τἀνδρεῖον εἰς τ' ἄγρας ἰών. Phoen. 77. Ὁ δ' Ἄρης ἐλθὼν, κῆδος Ἀδράστου λαβών, Πολλὴν ἀθροίσας ἀσπίδ' Ἀργείων, ἄγει. Iph. Taur. 695. Σωθεὶς δὲ, παῖδας ἐξ ἐμῆς ὁμοσπόρου Κτησάμενος, ἣν ἔδωκά σοι δάμαρτ' ἔχειν, Ὁμαίμα τ' ἐμοῦ γένοιτ' ἄν, οὔτ' ἄπαις δόμος Πατρῷος οὐμὸς ἐξαλειφθείη ποτ' ἄν. In this passage, both Markland and Musgrave conjecture ἥν τ' ἐμῆς ὁμοσπόρου.

V. 763. Οὐδεὶς ἐπίστη τῷδε δοῦλος ὢν πόνῳ. Φαίης ἄν, εἰ παρῆσθ', ὅτ' ἠγάπα νεκρούς. In all the editions, these two verses are given to the Ἄγγελος. We believe, rightly: but we also believe, that a verse is wanting, which ought to be interposed between them, and to be given to Adrastus. Of the two succeeding verses, the second alone ought to be given to the messenger, as in the common editions. ΑΔ. Ἔνιψεν αὐτὸς τῶν παλαιπωρῶν σφαγάς; ΑΓ. Κἄστρωσέ γ' ὐνὰς, κἀκάλυψε σώματα. Markland in his notes, and Mr. Gaisford in the text of the present edition, assign both these verses to the Messenger. 'It could hardly have occurred to Adrastus,' says Markland, 'to ask whether Theseus himself had washed the wounds of the dead bodies.' We apprehend that the next preceding question of Adrastus, which we suppose to be lost, would make every thing clear, if it were preserved.

V. 882. Παῖς ὤν, ἐτόλμησ' εὐθὺς οὐ πρὸς ἡδονὰς Μουσῶν τραπέσθαι, πρὸς τὸ μαλθακὸν βίου. One MS. reads βίον. See our observation on v. 87. Markland mentions, although not with approbation, the emendation of Reiske, πρός τι μαλθακὸν βίον. There can be little doubt, we think, that the poet wrote καὶ τὸ μαλθακὸν βίου, and that the present reading is formed from καὶ πρὸς τὸ μαλθακὸν βίου, a very natural corruption of the original reading. The propensity of transcribers to add the prepositions without necessity, and also to omit the wrong word in verses which have more than the proper number of syllables, is well known.

V. 916.

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V. 916. Ἃ δ' ἂν μάθοι παῖς, ταῦτα σώζεσθαι φιλεῖ Πρὸς γῆρας. *Lege* ἃ δ' ἂν μάθῃ παῖς. PORSON. The same correction is necessary in two passages of the second Iphigenia. V. 19. Πρὶν ἂν κόρην σὴν Ἰφιγένειαν Ἄρτεμις Ἀάβῃ σφαγεῖσαν. V. 1302. Οὔ' πρίν γ' ἂν εἴπῃ τοῦπος ἑρμηνεὺς τόδε. So Soph. Trach. 415. Οὔ' πρίν γ' ἂν εἴπῃς ἱστορούμενος βραχύ. No less than three examples of the same fault occur in the play just mentioned. I. v. 2. Ὡς οὐκ ἂν αἰῶν' ἐκμάθοις βροτῶν, πρὶν ἂν Θάνοι τις. The Florentine edition of 1547 reads θάῃ, which reading is also exhibited by Stobæus, Tit. cv, p. 562. II. v. 164. Χρόνοι προτάξας ὡς τρίμηνον, ἡνίκ' ἂν Χώρας ἀπείη, κἀπαύσιον βιβῶς. Read ἡνίκα without the particle, which ought to be retained, if the Aldine reading, χώρας ἀπίῃ, were correct. III. v. 686. Κἀμοὶ τάδ' ἦν πρόρρητα, καὶ τοιαῦτ' ἰδὼν, Τὸ φάρμακον τοῦτ' ἄπυρον, ἀκτῖνός τ' ἀεὶ Θερμῆς ἄθικτον, ἐν μυχοῖς σώζειν ἐμὶ, Ἕως ἂν ἀρτίχριστον ἁρμόσαιμί που. Read, Ἕως ΝΙΝ ἀρτίχριστον.

V. 928. Τὸν Οἰδίπου τε παῖδα, Πολυνείκην λέγω. V. 1217. Τυδέως, ὃν ὠνόμαζε Διομήδην πατήρ. Read Πολυνείκη and Διομήδη. If the Attic form of these accusatives admitted the N, it is probable that some verses would be found, in which the N could not be expunged without producing an unlawful *hiatus*. The old editions are very inconstant on this subject, as may be observed from the following examples, which we believe to be nearly all that are contained in the forty-four remaining Greek plays. I. Æsch. Theb. 1075. Τοὺς κλαίοντας Πολυνείκην. This verse ends an anapestic system. II. Soph. Œd. Col. 375. Τὸν πρόσθε γεννηθέντα Πολυνείκη θρόνων. III. Ant. 198. Τὸν δ' αὖ ξύναιμον τοῦδε, Πολυνείκην λέγω. IV. Eurip. Phœn. 72. Φεύγειν ἐκόντα τήνδε Πολυνείκην χθόνα. V. Ibid. 76. Φυγάδα δ' ἀπωθεῖ τῆσδε Πολυνείκην χθονός. VI. Ibid. 297. Καλεῖ δὲ Πολυνείκην μι Θηβαῖος λεώς. VII. Ibid. 639. Ἔξιθ' ἐκ χώρας. ἀληθῶς δ' ὄνομα Πολυνείκην πατήρ. VIII. Ibid. 1472. Οἱ μὲν πατάξαι πρόσθε Πολυνείκην δορί. IX. Cycl. 578. Ἅλις Γανυμήδην τόνδ' ἔχων ἀναπαύσομαι. X. Aristoph. Nub. 355. Καὶ νῦν ὅτι Κλεισθένη εἶδον, ἐρᾷς, διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες. Here we may observe, that the addition of the N would vitiate the metre. XI. Vesp. 1280. Εἶτ' Ἀριφράδην, πολύ τι θυμοσοφικώτατον. XII. Av. 513. Ὁ δ' ἄρ' εἰστήκην τὸν Λυσικράτη τηρῶν ὅτι δωροδοκοίη. XIII. Ibid. 1077. Ἦν ἀποκτείνῃ τις ὑμῶν Φιλοκράτη τὸν Στρούθιον. XIV. Lys. 1092. Οὐκ ἴσθ' ὅπως οὐ Κλεισθένη βίνήσομεν. XV. Thesm. 848. Οὐ τὸν Παλαμήδην ψυχρὸν ὄντ' αἰσχύνεται. XVI. Ran. 425. Τὸν Κλεισθένη δ' ἄκουε. XVII. Eccl. 366. Ἀντισθένην τις καλισάτω πάση τίχῃ. We subjoin Brunck's note: Ἀντισθένη. *Sic alter Reg. ut Suidas in* χιζητιάων. *Vulgo* Ἀντισθένην. We add an eighteenth example from the Κρόνος of Phrynichus, quoted by the Scholiast on Aristophanes, Av. 988. Βούλει Διοπείθη μεταδράμω καὶ τύμπανα.

V. 1044. φράζετ' εἰ κατοίδατε. Read κατείδετε. There is no such word as κατοίδατε in the Attic dialect. The second person plural of οἶδα is always ἴστε. In the present passage, κατεῖδον is on all accounts better than κάτοιδα. *Tell me if you have seen her.*

V. 1066. Ὦ θύγατερ, οὐ μὴ μῦθον ἐπὶ πολλοὺς ἰρεῖς. *Omnino lege* εἰς πολλούς. PORSON. When οὐ μή is prefixed to the future, in the sense of prohibition, we conceive that a note of interrogation ought to be added. In the preceding verse, the words οὐ μὴ ἰρεῖς, the literal translation

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lation of which is *will you not not speak*, are equivalent to μὴ εἴπῃς, in the same manner as the words οὐκ ἐρεῖς, when pronounced interrogatively, signify εἰπέ.*

V. 1123—1163. There can be no doubt, that Markland is quite right in depriving Iphis and Evadne of all participation in this dialogue, and quite wrong in permitting Adrastus to open his lips in it. The verses ought to be distributed between ΧΟΡΟΣ and ΠΑΙΔΕΣ, but it is not easy to assign exactly the parts of the grand-mothers and the grand-children, as they frequently interrupt each other. So v. 1152. ΠΑΙ. Ἔτ' εἰσορᾶν σε, πάτερ, ἐπ' ὀμμάτων δοκῶ. ΧΟ. Φίλον φίλαμα παρὰ γόνυ τιθέντα σόν. ΠΑΙ. Λόγων δὲ παρακέλευσμα σῶν. ΧΟ. Ἀΐρει φερόμενον οἴχεται. ΠΑΙ. Δυοῖν δ' ἄχη, ματέρε τ' ἐλπίς. ΧΟ. Σέ τ' οὖπον' ἄλγη πατρῷα λείψει.

V. 1179. Τί δῆτα δ' ὑμῖν ἄλλ' ὑπουργῆσαί με χρή; Read, Τί δῆτ' ἔθ' ὑμῖν.

V. 1195. Ἐν ᾧ δὲ τίμιοι χρὴ σφάγιά σ', ἄκουέ μου. Although we are satisfied that Milton wrote, *And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old*, we suspect that Euripides wrote, Ἐν ᾧ δὲ τίμιοι σφάγια χρὴ σ', ἄκουέ μου. So v. 1205. Ἢ δ' ἂν διοίξῃς σφάγια, καὶ τρώσῃς φόνον. Iph. Taur. 40. Κατάρχομαι μὲν, σφάγια δ' ἄλλοισιν μέλει. Ibid. 280. Θηρᾶν τι τῇ θεᾷ σφάγια τἀπιχώρια. Heracl. 373. Καὶ δὴ παρῆκται σφάγια τάξειν ἐμάς. We wish that it were in our power to improve the rhythm of the following verse by any transposition of the words: Iph. Taur. 566. Κακῆς γυναικὸς χάριν ἄχαριν ἀπώλετο.

V. 1221. Πικροὶ γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἥξετ', ἐκτιθραμμένοι, Σκύμνοι λεόντων, πόλεος ἀνερθότορες. We prefer the old punctuation, ἐκτιθραμμένοι σκύμνοι λεόντων, which Markland has silently altered. Portus, however, whose version is retained by Barnes, agrees with Markland: *Ubi enim creveritis, venictis acerbi ipsis* tanquam *catuli leonum, expugnatores urbis.*† These *mi-*

nutiæ

* For examples of this kind of negative imperative, see Æsch. Theb. 252, Soph. Trach. 980, Eurip. Med. 1151, Hippol. 213, 606, Androm. 758, Bacch. 343, 791, El. 383, 982, (Οὐ μὴ καπισθεὶς εἰς ἀνανδρίαν πεσεῖ;) Aristoph. Ach. 166, Nub. 296, 367, 505. Vesp. 397, Thesm. 1108, Ran. 298, 462, 524. When of two futures in the same sentence, the first is preceded by οὐ, and the second by μὴ, the first commands and the second prohibits. So Hippol. 498. Ὦ δεινὰ λέξας', οὐχὶ συγκλήσεις στόμα, Καὶ μὴ μαθήσεις αἴθις αἰσχίστους λόγους; So also Soph. Œd. Tyr. 637, Trach. 1185, Aj. 75, Eurip. Hel. 446. Aristoph. Eccl. 1144. On the other hand, we believe that οὐ μὴ prefixed to the subjunctive is equivalent to a negative future, as in Iph. Aul. 1465. ΚΛ. Ὦ τέκνον, οἴχει; ΙΦ. καὶ πάλιν γ' οὐ μὴ μόλω. *Yes, and I shall never return.* So also Iph. Taur. 18. Ἀγάμεμνον, οὐ μὴ ναῦς ἀφορμίσῃ χθονὸς, Πρὶν ἂν κόρην σὴν Ἰφιγένειαν Ἄρτεμις Λαβὴ σφαγεῖσαν. Mr. Gaisford reads ἀφορμίσει. The future is ἀφορμιεῖ. Notwithstanding the authority of Dawes and others, we believe that in this sense the subjunctive is more proper than the future, and that there is no difference between the subjunctive of the first aorist and that of the second. We must not conceal, however, that in the forty-four remaining Greek plays, there are three passages which we can neither correct, nor reconcile with our notion of the two different uses of the particles οὐ μή. I. Soph. Œd. Col. 176. Οὗτοι μήποτέ σ' ἐκ τῶνδ' ἑδράνων, Ὦ γέρον, ἄκοντά τις ἄξει. Here we cannot read ἄξῃ, because, as we have already observed, ἄγω has no other aorist than ἤγαγον. Ἀγάγῃ, the reading of the Vatican MS., is incompatible with the metre. We have sometimes suspected ἄρῃ to be the true reading. Compare v. 264, 358. II. El. 1052. Ἀλλ' εἶσιθ'. οὐ σοι μὰ μεθέψομαί ποτε, Οὐδ' ἣν σφόδρ' ἱμείρουσα τυγχάνῃς. The aorist μετάσπωμαι is too unlike the future to be substituted for it on mere conjecture. III. Aristoph. Ran. 508. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω, οὐ μή σ' ἐγὼ Περιόψομ' ἀπελθόντ'.

† We observe that Markland constantly attributes this Latin version to Canter.
Markland

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nutiæ are very apt to escape the attention of an editor, particularly when a tolerable sense is produced by the punctuation which he finds already established. The following passage of Sophocles, for instance, is printed in every edition with a comma after the word δυσσεβίστατον: Aj. 1293. Ἀτρέα δ', ὃς αὖ σ' ἔφυσε, δυσσεβίστατον Προβέντ' ἀδελφῷ δεῖπνον οἰκείων κρεῶν.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIDE.

V. 46. Σῇ γάρ μ' ἀλόχῳ τότε Τυνδάρεως Πέμπειν φερνὴν, ξυννυμφοκόμον τε δίκαιον. *Nota* πέμπειν *sine augmento, quod nescio an in anapæsticis legitime factum.* G. Compare Med. 1413. Οὓς μήποτ' ἐγὼ φύσας ὤφελον (ὄφελον *Bentleius)* Πρὸς σοῦ φθιμένους ἐσιδέσθαι. Mr. Porson has received Musgrave's emendation, ὤφελον Ἐκ σοῦ. Can πρός σοῦ be considered as a gloss for ἐκ σοῦ? Bentley's emendation derives support from Æsch. Pers. 917. Εἶθ' ὄφελες (vulgo ὤφελες), Ζεῦ, κἀμὲ μετ' ἀνδρῶν. Perhaps, however, the true reading is, Ὤφελες, ὦ Ζεῦ. The augment is certainly omitted in Agam. 1561. Τοῦτο. πρὸς ἡμῶν κἀπίπεσε, κάτθανε. In the passage now before us, we read πίμπει without hesitation.

V. 73. ἀνθηρὸς μὲν εἱμάτων στολῇ, Χρυσῷ τε λαμπρὸς, βαρβάρῳ χλιδήματι. *Scribi posset* δέ, *ob præcedens* μὲν; *sed Clemens retinet* τε. M. Μὲν is very significant in this expression, and has no corresponding δέ. Compare Bacch. 453. Ἀτὰρ τὸ μὲν σῶμ' οὐκ ἄμορφος εἶ, ξένε. Read λευκήν τε Bacch. 457.

V. 171. Ἀχαιῶν στρατιὰν ὡς ἴδοιμ' ἄν. V. 192. Κατεῖδον δὲ δύ' Αἴαντε συνίδῃν. *Heathius legit* ὡς ἂν ἴδοιμ' ἄν, *propter antistrophen. Verum puto,* ὡς ἂν ἰδοίμαν, *pro* ἰδοίμην. M. Neither the emendation of Heath, nor that of Markland can be admitted, as ὡς ἄν, *in order that*, always governs the subjunctive. Read therefore, ὡς ἐσιδοίμαν. In v. 649 of this play, read with Barnes εἰσορῶν instead of ὁρῶν. In the edition of Aldus, v. 617 of the Phœnissæ is thus represented: Ἔξειμι. πατέρα δέ μοι δὸς ἰδεῖν. οὐκ ἂν τύχοις. Mr. Porson reads ἔξιμεν from the conjecture of Musgrave, and εἰσιδεῖν on the authority of many MSS. In the edition of Barnes we find the following most harmonious tetrameter trochaic, of

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Markland was deceived by the title-page of the Geneva edition of 1602: *Euripidis Tragediæ quæ extant. Cum Latina Gulielmi Canteri interpretatione.* The Latin translation, which appears in this edition, is copied *verbatim* from the edition of Commelinus, which was printed at Heidelberg five years before. In the title-page of the Heidelberg edition the following words occur: *Latinam interpretationem M. Æmilius Portus, F. P. C. F. passim ita correxit et expolivit ut nova facie nitidoque cultu nunc primum in lucem prodeat.* The Latin version which Portus corrected and polished, was that of Gaspar Stiblinus, printed in the Basil edition of 1562. The Geneva editor has also suppressed poor Portus's dedication, in which he mentions the translation as his own work. It may be presumed, that the name of Canter was introduced by the Geneva bookseller, in order to promote the sale of the edition. In the Geneva edition of Stobaeus, printed in the year 1609, the name of Gesner is carefully suppressed, probably with the intention that Canter, who really translated the *Eclogæ*, might pass for the translator and editor of the whole work. We see, therefore, that the booksellers knew the value of a name two hundred years ago quite as well as at present. Here we may remark, that the tradesmen of Geneva have long been celebrated for *finesse*. 'The public justice of the city is quick and good, and is more commended than the private justice of those that deal in trade: a want of sincerity is much lamented by those that know the town well.'—Burnet's Travels, p. 9, ed. 1724.

which

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which only the three first feet are vitious: Ἔξειμι· πατέρα δέ γέ μοι δὸς ἰσιδεῖν. οὐκ ἂν τύχοις. Another reading is proposed in Barnes's note, which is, if possible, still more happy than than that which is exhibited in his text. Ἔξειμι χθονός· πατέρα δέ μοι δὸς ἰδεῖν. οὐκ ἂν τύχοις.

V. 209. Ἐξεπόνασεν. *Forte,* ἐξέπονασσεν. M. *Quid voluerit Marklandus, nescio.* G. Read ἐξεπόνησεν. In the Doric of the tragedies ἐπονεῖν cannot make ἐξεπόνασεν in the aorist.

V. 225. Πυῤῥότριχας, μονόχαλα δ' ὑπὸ σφυρὰ Ποικιλοδέρμονας, οἷς παρεπάλλετο Πηλεΐδας ξὺν ὅπλοισι παρ' ἄντυγα. These are three tetrameter dactylic verses, which in the editions are otherwise divided. The common reading is Πηλεΐδας σὺν ὅπλοις. The resolution of the diphthong is lawful in a choral song. So Οἰνεΐδας Rhes. 906. Read also Ἐρεχθεΐδαι Med. 824.

V. 349. Ταῦτα μέν σε πρῶτ' ἐπῆλθον, ἵνα σε πρῶτ' εὕρω κακόν. *Scribendum opinor,* εὗρον κακὸν, *et ita Reiskius.* M. If Markland had recollected his own emendation of Suppl. 1211, he would have removed all doubt, if any doubt can exist, of the propriety of reading εὗρον or ηὗρον.

V. 407. Ξυνσωφρονεῖν σοι βούλομ', ἀλλ' οὐ ξυννοσεῖν. Συσσωφρονεῖν γὰρ οὐχι συννοσεῖν ἴφυν *Plutarch. p.* 64. *C. et ita omnimo legendum.* PORSON. This is one of the many passages in these three tragedies, in which the accidental assistance of Plutarch or Stobæus has prevented the true reading from being irrecoverably lost. We regret that Plutarch has not also quoted Iph. Taur. 678. Δέξω δὲ τοῖς πολλοῖσι, πολλοὶ γὰρ κακοὶ, Προδούς σε, σώζισθ' αὐτὸς εἰς οἴκους μόνος. These two passages, together with Iph. Aul. 1141, of which we shall propose a correction in its proper place, are, we believe, the only instances of the elision of the diphthong AI which occur in these plays.

V. 417. Μήτηρ δ' ὁμαρτεῖ, σῆς Κλυταιμνήστρας δέμας, Καὶ παῖς Ὀρέστης. We should prefer σὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα δάμαρ. So Iph. Taur. 22. Παῖδ' οὖσ' ἐν οἴκοις σὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα δάμαρ Τίκτει.

V. 508. Ταραχή γ' ἀδελφῶν τις δ' ἔρωτα γίγνεται, Πλεονεξίαν τε δωμάτων. ἀπίπτυσα Τοιάνδε συγγένειαν ἀλλήλων πικράν. The anapest may be expelled by reading, Ταραχή γ' ἀδελφῶν διά τ' ἔρωτα γίγνεται. This emendation is so obvious, that we suspect that Heath, Markland, and others, were prevented from proposing it, by a doubt whether διά τ' ἔρωτα was equivalent to δι' ἔρωτά τε. A few examples will remove all doubt on the subject. Suppl. 383. Ἐλθὼν δ' ὑπέρ τ' Ἀσωπὸν, Ἰσμηνοῦ θ' ὕδωρ. Ion. 1283. Ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαυτοῦ, τοῦ θεοῦ θ', ἵν' ἔσταμεν. Herc. 477. Κήδη ξυνάψων, ἐκ τ' Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς, Σπαρτῆς τε, Θηβῶν θ'. So also Soph. Œd. Tyr. 253, Aj. 53, 492, Phil. 1294, El. 599, &c. Sometimes, instead of τε, the second conjunction is καί. So Aristoph. Vesp. 126. Ὁ δ' ἐξεδίδρασκε διά τε τῶν ὑδροῤῥοῶν, Καὶ τῶν ὀπῶν. These examples are sufficient to defend the common reading of Soph. Œd. Tyr. 541, Ἄνευ τε πλήθους καὶ φίλων, where Mr. Elmsley reads Ἄνευ γε.

V. 638. Ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, χρή. Φιλοπάτωρ δ' ἀεί ποτ' εἶ Μάλιστα παίδων τῶνδ', ὅσους ἐγὼ τεκον. Read παίδων τοῦδ'. Mr. Porson properly attributes these two verses to Clytæmnestra. He also rejects as spurious vv. 630, 635, 636, 637, and places 633 and 634 before 631 and 632.

V. 664. Μακρὰν ἀπαίρεις, ὦ πάτερ, λιπὼν ἐμέ; *Omnes codd.* μακράν γ' ἀπαίρεις.

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ἀπαίρεις. *Recte.* M. If μακρὰν γ' ἀπαίρεις is right, as we believe it to be, the note of interrogation is wrong.

V. 667. ΑΓ. Ἔτ' ἔστι καὶ σοὶ πλοῦς, ἵνα μήσει πατρός. ΙΦ. Ξὺν μητρὶ πλεύσασ', ἢ μόνη πορεύσομαι; *Forte* πλεύσουσ', navigatura: *quia de re futura loquitur.* M. The future of πλέω is not πλεύσω, but πλεύσομαι or πλευσοῦμαι. Neither is the future participle proper on the present occasion. It should be, ξὺν μητρὶ πλέουσ', if the metre would admit that reading. There is, however, nothing wrong in the common reading, except the punctuation. Read, Ξὺν μητρὶ πλεύσασ' (μήσομαι πατρὸς *scilicet*); ἢ μόνη πορεύσομαι; Here the preterite participle is proper, as the recollection of her father is supposed to come after, not during, the voyage.

V. 700. Τοῦ δ' Αἰάκου παῖς τίς κατίσχει δώματα. Read, Τὰ δ' Αἰάκου. This is a very common error.

V. 701. ΑΓ. Πηλεύς· ὁ Πηλεὺς δ' ἔσχε Νηρέως κόρην. ΚΛ. Θεοῦ διδόντος, ἢ βίᾳ θεῶν λαβών; *Vel* θεοῦ, *ut* θεοῦ διδόντος. *Per* θεοῦ *intelligit Nerea.* M. Θεὸν *legendum.* Θεῶν *est absurdum,* θεοῦ *tautologum.* PORSON. We do not perceive the absurdity of βίᾳ θεῶν, *against the will of the gods,* an expression of very frequent occurrence in the tragedies. Read: Τίνος διδόντος; ἢ βίᾳ θεῶν λαβών; Θεοῦ is an interlineary gloss. Agamemnon answers, Ζεὺς ἠγγύησε, καί δίδωσ' ὁ κύριος. A double answer to a double question.

V. 733. ΑΓ. Ἐγὼ παρεῖχον φῶς, ὁ νυμφίοις πρέπει. ΚΛ. Οὐχ ὁ νόμος οὗτος, καὶ σὺ δὴ φαῦλ' ἡγῇ τάδε. Musgrave reads, κἂν σὺ φαῦλ' ἡγῇ τάδε, *etiamsi tu hæc nihili facias.* As, however, two MSS. omit καὶ, we venture to propose Οὐχ ὁ νόμος οὗτος. σὺ δὴ τί φαῦλ' ἡγεῖ τάδε; *Why do you consider these things as of little importance?*

V. 740. Ἐλθὼν δὲ, τάξω πᾶσσι, τἀν δόμοις δ' ἐγὼ, Ἃ χρὴ παρεῖναι νυμφίοισι παρθένοις. Markland proposes, ἐλθὼν σὺ τάξω πᾶσσι. The alteration is not violent, but totally unnecessary. These lines ought to be printed as follows: Ἐλθὼν δὲ, τάξω πᾶσσι (τἀν δόμοις δ' ἐγὼ) Ἃ χρὴ παρεῖναι νυμφίοισι παρθένοις. The tragedies are full of parentheses of this kind, in which the speaker compares his own situation or occupation with that of the person of whom he is speaking, or *vice versa.* Such are δυσταλὰς δ' ἐγὼ γέρων Suppl. 1034, Μενέλεως δ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν Iph. Aul. 944, ἐγὼ δὲ δυσσεβὴς καὶ δυστυχὴς Iph. Taur. 694. We wish that more attention were generally paid to the punctuation of such passages.

V. 808. οὕτω δεινὸς ἐμπέπτωκ' ἔρως Τῇδε στρατιᾷ Ἑλλάδ', οὐκ ἄπνυ θεῶν. Although ἐμπίπτειν commonly governs the dative case, we recollect one passage, which, if the common reading is correct, will justify us in considering Ἑλλάδ' as the accusative. Soph. Œd. Col. 942. Οὐδείς ποτ' αὐτοὺς τῶν ἐμῶν ἂν ἐμπέσοι Ζῆλος ξυναίμων. Brunck reads αὐτοῖς, with the following note: *Aldus et codd. mendose* αὐτούς. The emendation, which is borrowed without acknowledgment from Heath, is perhaps unnecessary. Many verbs govern two different cases without any difference of signification. Hec. 587. Δεινόν τι πῆμα Πριαμίδαις ἐπίζεσε, Πόλει τε τἠμῇ. Iph. Taur. 987. Δεινή τις ὀργὴ δαιμόνων ἐπίζεσε Τὸ Ταντάλειον σπέρμα.

V. 900. Οὐκ ἐπαισθήσομαί γε προσπεσεῖν τὸ σὸν γόνυ, Θνητὸς ἐκ θεᾶς γεγῶτα. τί γὰρ ἐγὼ σεμνύνομαι; *Non male scriberetur,* Οὐκ ἐπαισθήσομαι γὼ

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γὼ προσπεσεῖν. M. So. v. 1396. Ἐμποδὼν γενήσομαι γὼ θνητὸς οὖσα τῷ θεῷ; Perhaps, however, the common reading is right. In the next verse, Markland reads γεγῶτος on the authority of three MSS., in which γεγῶτος is exhibited as a various reading. We prefer the common reading, in defence of which we subjoin two examples of the same construction. I. Æsch. Prom. 144. Λεύσσω, Προμηθεῦ· φοβερὰ δ' Ἐμοῖσιν ὄσσοις ὁμίχλα Προσῆξε πλήρης δακρύων Σὸν δέμας εἰσιδούσα. II. Soph. Ant. 1001. Ἀγνῶτ' ἀκούω φθόγγον ὀρνίθων, κακῷ Κλάζοντας εἴστρῳ καὶ βιβαξβαρωμένῳ, Καὶ σπῶντας ἐν χηλαῖσιν ἀλλήλους φοναῖς.

V. 1014. Ψυχρὰ μὲν ἐλπίς. τί δὲ χρή με δρᾶν, φράσον. V. 1365. Δηλαδὴ ξανθῆς ἰθείρης. ἐμὲ δὲ τί χρὴ δρᾶν τότε. In both of these verses τί occupies the place of a long syllable. In the former, Markland reads ὅτι δὲ χρή: in the latter, Mr. Gaisford reads ἐμὲ δὲ χρὴ τί δρᾶν τότε. We disapprove of neither emendation, but if it were possible, we could wish to apply the same correction to both verses, as the fault of both is the same.

V. 1141. Πάντ' οἶδα, καὶ πίπτουσα', ἃ σύ γε μέλλεις με δρᾶν. The elision of the diphthong may be avoided by reading, Πάντ' οἶδα, καὶ πεπύσμεθ', ἃ σὺ μέλλεις με δρᾶν. A similar change of number occurs immediately afterwards, v. 1146. Ἄκουε δὴ νυν· ἀνακαλύψω γὰρ λόγους, Κοὐκέτι παρῳδοῖς χρησόμεσθ' αἰνίγμασι. So also v. 516. Λάθοιμι τοῦτ' ἄν, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖν' οὐ λήσομεν (οὐ λήσομαι *Aldus*). V. 654. Ἀσύνετά* νυν ἐροῦμεν, εἰ σέ γ' εὐφρανῶ. V. 928. Καὶ τοῖς Ἀτρείδαις, ἢν μὲν ἡγῶνται καλῶς, Πεισόμεθ'. ὅταν δὲ μὴ καλῶς, οὐ πείσομαι (οὐ πεισόμεθα *Aldus*).

V. 1142. Αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ σιγᾶν, ὁμολογοῦντός ἐστί σου, Καὶ τὸ στενάζειν πολλά· μὴ κάμῃς λέγων. It is remarkable that the solecism μὴ κάμῃς instead of μὴ κάμνε or μὴ κάμῃς, should have escaped the observation of every editor.

V. 1149. Ἔγημες ἄκουσάν με, κἄλαβες βίᾳ. *Nescio quid sit* ἔγημες *quod tamen habent omnes quas vidi editiones. Scribo,* Ἔγημας. M. Ἔγημες arose from κἄλαβες. Aldus reads in v. 895 of the Medea, Ἐξέλθατ', ἀσπάσασθε, καὶ προσείπατε. In the play now before us, all the MSS. read, v. 917, Δεινὸν τό τίκτειν, καὶ φέρειν (φέρει *vulgo*) φίλτρον μέγα. Markland asks, *Num volucrunt* φέρον? These varieties mean nothing, nor is any plausible reading to be extracted from them.

V. 1164. Τίκτω δ' ἐπὶ τρισὶ παρθένοισι παῖδά σοι Τόνδ', ὧν μιᾶς σὺ τλημόνως μ' ἀποστερεῖς. Is not τλήμονός the true reading?

V. 1171. Ἀγ', ἢν στρατεύσῃ, καταλιπών μ' ἐν δώμασιν, Κἀκεῖ γενήσῃ δὰ μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας. Τίν' ἐν δόμοις με καρδίαν ἕξειν δοκεῖς, Ὅταν θρόνους τῆσδ' εἰσίδω πάντας κενούς, Κενοὺς δὲ παρθενῶνας; ἐπὶ δὲ δακρύοις Μόνη κάθημαι, τήνδε θρηνῳ-

* Mr. Gaisford reads ἀξύνετα. After a short vowel, we prefer σὺν to ξὺν, except where ξὺν is necessary to the metre. Mr. Porson says, in his note on Med. 11, *Hanc regulam mihi semel ipse statui, ut ξὺν semper pro σὺν scriberem, ubi per metrum et numeros liceret.* In the Medea, Mr. Porson has exhibited σὺν at least three times where the verse would have admitted the other form. V. 2. Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν, κυανέας Συμπληγάδας. V. 13. Αὐτὴ τῷ πάντα συμφόρους' Ἰάσονι. V. 911. Πολλὴν ἔθηκε σὺν θεοῖς προμηθίαν. Συμπληγάδας is probably an oversight, but in the other two verses we conceive σὺν to be retained intentionally. In the second verse of the Orestes, which, in all the editions is printed as follows, Οὐδὲ πάθος, οὐδὲ ξυμφορὰ θεάλατος, Mr. Porson has adopted οὐδὲ συμφορὰ, the reading of Lucian, Stobæus, and the majority of the MSS.

δοῦσ'

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δοῦσ' ἀεί. *Vox ἦν et sensus postulant, opinor, στρατεύσῃ, ut γενοῦ, modi subjunctivi, secundam personam.* M. Γενήσῃ is not the subjunctive, but the future. Read εἰ στρατεύσει—γενήσει. Στρατεύομαι occurs in v. 435 of the Phoenissæ, and ἐστρατευόμην in v. 967 of the play now before us. This passage, as it is commonly printed, contains another solecism besides ἦν—γενήσῃ. Read μόνη καθῶμαι in the last line, and transfer the mark of interrogation after παρθενῶνας to the end of the passage. Compare Soph. El. 266.

V. 1185. Θύσεις δὲ τὴν παῖδ'. ἔνθα τίνας εὐχὰς ἐρεῖς; Τί σοι κατεύξει τἀγαθὸν, σφάζων τέκνον; Read, Θύσας δὲ σὴν παῖδ', εἶτα τίνας εὐχὰς ἐρεῖς; In v. 539 of the Supplices, Markland has properly changed νοσφίσεις into νοσφίσας. In the passage before us, θύσας is to be interpreted ἰὰν θύσῃς. So v. 124. Καὶ πῶς Ἀχιλεὺς, λίκτρων ἀπλακὼν, Οὐ μίγα φυσῶν θυμὸν ἐπαρεῖ (*vulgo* ἐπαίρει) Σοὶ σῇ τ' ἀλόχῳ; If any authority be required for altering τὴν παῖδ' into σὴν παῖδ', we may mention that in v. 134 of this play, the edition of Barnes exhibits τὴν παῖδ' instead of σὴν παῖδ'. We agree with Markland in considering this variation as an error of the press.

V. 1209. Πιθοῦ. τὸ γάρ τοι τίκτειν συσσώζειν καλὸν,· Ἀγάμεμνον. οὐδεὶς πρὸς ταῦθ' ἀντείποι βροτῶν. *Demosthenes inseruisset ἄν.* M. We add, *neque omisisset Euripides.* One MS. reads ἀντείπῃ, but the poet probably wrote ἀντειρεῖ. So Hippol. 402. οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ βουλεύμασι. Alc. 618. Ἐσθλῆς γὰρ (οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ) καὶ σώφρονος Γυναικὸς ἡμάρτηκας.

V. 1239. Ἴν' ἀλλὰ (*ut saltem*) τοῦτο κατθανοῦσ' ἔχω σίθεν Μνημεῖον, εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πεισθῇς λόγοις. Mr. Hermann (*ad Vigerum, n.* 304), proposes ἢν μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πεισθῇς λόγοις. He did not recollect Hippol. 1088. Δρᾶσω τάδ', εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείσει λόγοις. Compare Æsch. Prom. 1013.

V. 1265. Πλεῖν ὡς τάχιστα βαρβάρων ἐπὶ χθόνα, Παῦσαί τε λίκτρων ἁρπαγὰς Ἑλληνικάς. By reading Ἑλληνικῶν, we may improve the sound of this verse, certainly without any injury to the sense. Lest our objection to unnecessary alterations of the text should be retorted against us, we wish the reader to know, that with respect to the termination of adjectives, the authority of the common copies of our poet's tragedies is absolutely null. In proof of this assertion, we will subjoin the Aldine reading of a few passages, which have been corrected by modern critics. Phœn. 30. Ἔθηκαν. ἡ δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν (τὸν ἐμὸν) ὠδίνων πόνον Μαστοῖς ὑφεῖτο. Ibid. 1633. Ὦ πάτερ, ἐν οἵοις κείμεθ' ἀθλίοις (ἄθλιοι) κακοῖς. Androm. 758. Οὐ μὴ γυναικῶν δειλῶν (δειλὸν) εἰσοίσεις λόγον. Suppl. 27. Μόνον (μόνῳ) τόδ' ἔργον προστιθεὶς ἐμῷ τέκνῳ. Ibid. 73. Ἴτ' ὦ ξυνωμόται κακοὶ (κακοῖς). Ibid. 658. παλαιᾶς (παλαιοὺς) Κεκροπίας οἰκήτορας. Ibid. 704. ἵκλιτε γὰρ κέρας Τὸ λαιὸν ἡμῶν. ἀξιῶ (ἀξιοῦ) δ' ὑσσώμενον, Φεύγει τὸ κείνων *. Ibid. 765. Ἔνιψεν αὐτῶν (αὐτὸς) τῶν ταλαιπώρων σφαγάς; Ibid. 1163. Φίλον (φίλας) ἄγαλμ' ὄψομαι σῆς (ὄψομαί σε) ματρός. Iph. Aul. 1223. ἆρά σ' ἦ τέκνον, Εὐδαίμονος (εὐδαίμον') ἀνδρὸς ἐν δόμοισιν ὄψομαι. In all these passages, and in a thousand more, the adjective has been corrupted by the vicinity of some other word. †

* To the examples quoted in Markland's note, add Heracl. 234. Τὴν δ' εὐγένειαν τῆς τύχης νικωμένην Νῦν δὴ μάλιστ' εἰσεῖδον. Æsch. Theb. 520. Κοὔπω τις εἶδε Ζῆνά του (*vulgo* που) νικώμενον.

† Athen. p. 3, F. Ὁ δὲ Χῖος Ἴων, τραγῳδίαν νικήσας Ἀθήνησιν, ἐκάστῳ τῶν Ἀθηναίων ἔδωκε

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V. 1459. Τίς μ' εἶσιν ἄξων, πρὶν σπαράξεσθαι κόμας; We suspect that πρὶν σπαράξεσθαι is a solecism. The usual construction is πρὶν γράψαι; instead of which the tragedians not unfrequently say πρὶν γράφειν, and sometimes πρὶν γεγραφέναι;* but never, we believe, πρὶν γράψειν. In these three plays, we find πρὶν δῦναι Suppl. 468, πρὶν ἰλθεῖν v. 696, Iph. Aul. 971. πρὶν θανεῖν Iph. Taur. 102, 529, 774, πρὶν πελάξαι v. 881, πρὶν ἰλθεῖν v. 989. In the present instance, as the middle form σπαράξεσθαι seems to be improper, we must read πρὶν σπαράσσεσθαι.

V. 1477. Στέφεα περίβολα δίδυτε, φέρετε. πλόκαμος ὅδε καταστέφειν. The three last words are properly explained by Markland. *Here is my hair to crown.* So Androm. 412. Ἰδού, προλείπω βωμόν. ἥδε χειρία Σφάζειν, φονεύειν, δεῖν, ἁπαρτῆσαι δέρην. So also Hippol. 293, if we retain the common reading, which ought not to be hastily rejected: Καί μὲν νοσεῖς τι τῶν ἀπορρήτων κακῶν, Γυναῖκες αἵδε συγκαθιστάναι νόσον.

V. 1502. Ἔθρεψας Ἑλλάδι μέγα φάος, Θανοῦσα δ' οὐκ ἀναίνομαι. These are two of five verses, four of which are undoubtedly dimeter iambics. In order to reduce the fifth to the same measure, we ought to read, Ἔθρεψας (or perhaps ἔθρεψαθ') Ἑλλάδι μὲ φάος. If this is the true reading, the enclitic μὲ must be considered as adhering to the preceding word. Another instance of the same licence appears in the Helena, v. 707. Μενέλαε, κἄμοὶ πρόσδοτέ τι τῆς ἡδονῆς. Here, however, we do not hesitate to read, κἄμοὶ προσδοτέα τῆς ἡδονῆς. In a fragment of Aristophanes, preserved by Athenæus (p. 95, F), we are inclined to read with Brunck: Καὶ μήν, τὸ δεῖν', ἀκροκώλιά γε σοι τέτταρα Ἥψησα ταυρεά. Mr. Porson reads (*ad Or.* 79) ἀκροκώλι', ἃ γε σοι τέτταρα.†

V. 5.

Χῖον περάμιον. Schweighaeuser, in his text, reads Χίου περάμιον, *a measure of Chian wine*, but in his notes appears inclined to retain Χῖον. That Χῖον is the true reading, will appear beyond all doubt from the following passages of Aristophanes: Lys. 196. Μελισσᾴαγοῦσα Θασίου οἴνου σταμνίον. Eccl. 1118. πολὺ δ' ἀμφιπίπτουσιν αὖ Τούτων ἀπάντων τὰ Θάσι' ἀμφορίδια. Vesp. 838. Τροφαλίδα τυροῦ Σικελικὴν κατεδήδοκα.

* Med. 78. Ἀπωλόμεσθ' ἄρ', εἰ κακὸν προσοίσομεν Νέον παλαιῷ, πρὶν τόδ' ἐξυπλωθέναι.

† See Dawes, Misc. Crit. p. 211, ed. 1781. A distinction ought to be made between the tragic and the comic poets. When we have a proper opportunity, we will endeavour to demonstrate that Dawes's canon is not so strictly observed by the comic poets as is commonly imagined. With regard to the tragic poets, their practice may be conveniently described in the following canon: *In tragic iambics, the second syllable of a tribrach or of a dactyl ought not to be either a monosyllable which is incapable of beginning a verse, or the last syllable of a word.* We apprehend that this rule is never transgressed by Æschylus or Sophocles. In this respect, as well as most others, the versification of Euripides is more licentious. In our observation on Suppl. 158, we have exhibited a few verses of this poet, in which the second syllable of a tribrach or dactyl is a monosyllable which cannot begin either a verse, or the second division of a verse which is divided by a perfect caesura. In a few other instances the first and second syllables of the tribrach or dactyl are joined together in a word of two syllables. Or. 99. Ὀφέ γε φρονῆς εὖ, τότε λιπὼν' αἰσχρῶς δόμους. Phoen. 404. Πετὲ μὲν ἐν' ἦμαρ εἶχεν, εἶτ' οὐκ εἶχεν ἄν. Suppl. 602. Διὰ δορὸς εἶπας, ἢ λόγων ξυναλλαγαῖς; Iph. Aul. 1142. Αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ σιγᾶν ὁμολογοῦντός ἐστι σοῦ. Ibid. 1164. Τίκτω δ' ἐπὶ τρισὶ παρθένοισι παῖδά σε. Ibid. 1460. Ἐγὼ μητά γε σου. μὴ σύ γ', οὐ καλῶς λέγεις. Markland conjectures, Ἐγὼ μετὰ σοῦ. Bacch. 938. Ὅταν παρὰ λόγον σώφρονας Βάκχας ἴδῃς. Ion, 931. Τί φάς; τίνα λόγον Λοξίου κατηγορεῖς. We believe that we may safely venture to assert, that the surviving plays of Euripides will not furnish eight other verses similar to the eight foregoing. Verses of the following construction are also rare in the plays of Euripides, and do not occur

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IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

V. 5. Τῆς Τυνδαρείας θυγατρὸς Ἰφιγένεια παῖς. For θυγατρὸς read παιδός. We subjoin Mr. Porson's note on Or. 368. (Τῆς Τυνδαρείας θυγατρὸς ἀνόσιον φόνον) Θυγατρὸς *Ald. et pauci MSS. plurimi* παιδός.

V. 93. Ἥκω δὲ, πεισθεὶς σοῖς λόγοισιν, ἐνθάδε Ἄγγωστον εἰς γῆν, ἄξενον. *Aliquando putavi legendum et distinguendum* Ἄγνωστος, εἰς γῆν ἄξενον. G. We prefer Mr. Gaisford's emendation to the common reading.

V. 193. Ἀλλάξας δ' ἐξέδρασ' ἱερᾶς ὅμμ' αὐγᾶς ἅλιος. There is no such word in Greek as ἐξέδρασ. The aorist of ἐκδιδράσκω is ἐξέδραν, the third person of which is ἐξέδρα, as ἀπέδρα from ἀποδιδράσκω. Read Ἀλλαξεν δ' ἐξ ἕδρας ἱερᾶς ὅμμ' αὐγας ἅλιος. So El. 737. Λέγεται [τότε] (τὰν δὲ πίστιν Σμικρὰν παρ' ἐμοιγ' ἔχει) Στρέψαι θερμὰν ἀείλιον Χρυσωπὸν ἕδραν ἀλλάξαντα δυστυχίᾳ βροτείᾳ.

V. 340. Θαυμάσατ' ἔλεξας τὸν φανέντ', ὅστις ποτὲ Ἕλληνος ἐκ γῆς πάντων ἦλθεν ἄξενον. *Olim erat* Ἕλληνος ἐκ γῆς: *mallem* Ἑλληνίδος, *et versui nil nocebit.* This is the observation of Barnes, who has admitted into his text, Ἕλληνι, ὃς ἐκ γῆς, the emendation of Scaliger. We conceive that the poet wrote Ἑλληνίδος γῆς, and that the original reading was afterwards corrupted into Ἑλληνίδος ἐκ γῆς, the reading proposed by Barnes. From this corrupt lection the common text was probably formed by a transcriber, who knew that anapests were not admissible into the even places of the tragic *senarius.* Another instance of Ἕλλην in the feminine gender occurs in v. 495 of the same play: Ποίας πολίτης πατρίδος Ἕλληνος γεγώς; read πατρίδος Ἑλλήνων. So Bacch. 20. Εἰς τήνδε πρῶτον ἦλθον Ἑλλήνων πόλιν. Ion. 8. Ἔστιν γὰρ οὐκ ἄσημος Ἑλλήνων πόλις. In defence of the common reading of these two passages, Markland cites two other examples of the feminine Ἕλλην, both of which we believe to be corrupt. I. Æsch. Agam. 1263. ΚΑ. Καὶ μὴν ἄγαν γ' Ἕλλην' ἐπίστασαι (ἐπίστασαι *Porsonus ex emendatione Marklandi*) φάτιν. ΧΟ. Καὶ γὰρ τὸ πυθόχρηστα. δυσμαθῆ δ' ὅμως. That the Chorus, which was composed of the principal citizens of Argos (πρέσβος Ἀργείων v. 864), understood Greek perfectly, cannot reasonably be doubted. At the same time, there seems to be no sufficient reason for mentioning that accomplishment on the present occasion. We apprehend that the poet wrote, Καὶ μὴν ἄγαν γ' ἡμῖν ἐπίστασαι φάτιν. The chorus is importuning Cassandra to speak more fully respecting the impending death of Agamemnon. She replies, *You have heard my prophecy very fully. So also,* answers the Chorus, *we hear the Pythian oracles. Yet they are difficult to understand.* The common reading arose from the resemblance of ΛΛ and Μ. II. Eurip. Heracl. 131. Καὶ μὴν στολήν γ' Ἕλληνα, καὶ ῥυθμὸν πέπλων Ἔχει· τὰ δ' ἄλλα βαρβάρου χερὸς τάδε. Read, Καὶ μὴν στολήν γ', Ἑλληνά τε ῥυθμὸν

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occur at all in those of Æschylus and Sophocles: Or. 631. Μενέλαε, ποῖ τὸν | πόδ' ἐστὶ συντομᾷ κιχλεῖς; Bacch. 826. Συνέθισθε κοινῇ | τάδ', ἴτε βακχεύσατ' ἀμφί. In these verses the second syllable of the dactyl adheres more closely to the preceding than to the following syllables. After this long and dull note, we will recreate the reader with three trimeters written by Philip Melanchthon, which, in Markland's first edition, are inserted between v. 262 and v. 263 of the Supplices: Τῶν συγγενῶν δ' αἰδεῖσθαι δάκρυά σε χρεών, Τοῖς εὖ παθοῦσιν ἀξί' ἀμύνειν εὐσεβές. Ἡ γὰρ τυραννὰς ἐστὶ θυγατὴρ Πιτθέως.

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πίωλων. It is well known, that the ignorance of the transcribers respecting the double power of the initial P, has been the cause of numerous corruptions.* So in v. 94 of the Supplices, all the editions prior to Markland read, Ξένους θ' ὁμοῦ γυναῖκας, οὐ ῥυθμόν γ' ἵνα. The true reading, οὐχ ἵνα ῥυθμὸν, was first restored from one MS. by Markland, who has collected in his note several instances of similar depravation. It may be observed, that in the passage of the Heraclidæ, as amended by us, the word Ἕλληνα, although joined to ῥυθμὸν, belongs also to στολήν. So Æsch. Agam. 597. Ὅτ' ἦλθ' ὁ πρῶτος νύχιος ἄγγελος πυρὸς, Φράζων ἅλωσιν, Ἰλίου τ' ἀνάστασιν. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 417. Καί σ' ἀμφιπλήξ μητρός τε καὶ τοῦ σοῦ πατρὸς Ἑλᾷ ποτ' ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε δισσόπους Ἀρά. Eurip. Suppl. 21. Ἄδραστος, ὅμμα θάκρυσιν τέγγων ὅδε Κεῖται, τό τ' ἔγχος, τήν τε δυστυχεστάτην Στένων στρατιάν. Ibid. 1092. Ὅστις φυτεύσας, καὶ νεαίραν τεκὼν Ἄριστον, εἶτα τοῦδε νῦν στερίσκομαι. To the above mentioned four instances of the feminine Ἕλλην, we are unable to add a fifth.

V. 558. Πατρὸς θανόντος τήνδε τιμωρούμενος. Nothing but the difficulty of accounting for the corruption prevents us from proposing with confidence, Πατρὸς θανόντος αἷμα τιμωρούμενος. So Alc. 736. Εἰ μή σ' ἀδελφῆς αἷμα τιμωρήσεται. Œneo fr. 3. Ἐγὼ δὲ πατρὸς αἷμ' ἐτιμωρησάμην. Cycl. 691. Εἰ μή σ' ἑταίρων φόνον ἐτιμωρησάμην.

V. 617. ΟΡ. Θύσει δὲ τίς με, καὶ τὰ δεινὰ τλήσεταί; ΙΦ. Ἐγώ. θεᾶς γὰρ τῆσδε πρόστροπὴν ἔχω. ΟΡ. Ἀζηλά γ', ὦ ναΐ, κοὐκ εὐδαίμονα. The construction of the third verse may be simplified by reading in the second, πρόστροπαί' ἔχω. See Photius v. Προστροπαιον.

V. 691. τὸ μὲν γὰρ εἰς ἐμ', οὐ κακῶς ἔχει, Πράσσοντ' ἃ πράσσω πρὸς θεῶν, λύσιν βίου. One MS. reads λήγειν, and two others λῆσιν. The true reading, however, is λύειν. Mr. Monk has properly edited λύειν instead of λύσειν, Hippol. 671, and ought to have edited λύω instead of λύσω, v. 1060. In v. 1442 of the same play, Brunck's *Membranæ* improperly read λύσω for λύω.

V. 719. Ἀτὰρ τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' οὐ διέφθορέν σε πω Μάντευμα, καίτοι γ' ἐγγὺς ἑστηκὰς φόνου. *Hunc versum ob inusitatam particularum τοι γε collocationem notavit Porsonus ad Med.* 675. G. Mr. Elmsley (*ad Œd. Tyr.* 60, *p.* 112) proposes, καίπερ ἐγγὺς ἑστηκὰς φόνου, as if the poet had written οὔπω διέφθορας in the passive sense. Harsh as the construction appears, which is produced by this emendation, the following passage, which Mr. Elmsley has not mentioned, proves that the emendation is not entirely destitute of probability. Hel. 294. Τὸ δ' ἔσχατον τοῦτ', εἰ μόλοιμεν εἰς πάτραν, Κλῄθροις ἂν εἰργοίμεσθα, τὴν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ Δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην Μενέλεω π' ἐλθεῖν μίτρᾳ. In translating the participle δοκοῦντες, we must suppose the preceding words to be, Κλῄθροις ἂν εἰργοίεν με, τὴν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ.

* Eurip. Hel. 499. Σπάρτα δὲ πού γῆς ἐστι, πλὴν ἴν' αἱ ῥοαὶ Τοῦ καλλιδίνακός εἰσιν Εὐρώτα μόναι. We have little doubt that the poet wrote πλὴν ἵνα ῥοαί. For information on the subject of the initial P, the student ought to consult Mr. Gaisford's notes on Hephæstion, pp. 219, 220. To the passages in which the double power does not take place, add Æsch. Eum. 232. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 1289. Eurip. Bacch. 1336. Theseo fr. 1. Aristoph. Vesp. 1067, where vv. 1066. 1070, ought to be divided into six dimeter trochaics, the last of which is catalectic. In the antistrophe, v. 1097, read, ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἐρίτιμος ἐναντ' ὄμματος.

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We hope that future editors of Aristophanes will restore the old reading of Av. 46. Ὁ δὲ στόλος νῷν ἐστι παρὰ τὸν Τηρέα, Τὸν ἔποπα, παρ' ἐκείνου πυθέσθαι δεομένω, κ. τ. ἑ. Kuster first adopted δεομένων from the Vatican MS. and has been tacitly followed by Brunck and Invernizius. In the tragedy now before us, the common copies read, perhaps rightly, v. 1343. τέλος δὲ πᾶσιν ἦν αὐτὸς (αὐτὸς *recte Gaisf.*) λόγος, Στείχειν ἵν' ἦσαν, καίπερ οὐκ ἐωμένοις. We should prefer ἐώμενοι, if that reading were found in any MS. In the following passage, we do not require the authority of MSS. Heracl. 836. Τὸ δεύτερον δὲ, πους ἐπαλλαχθεὶς ποδὶ, Ἀνὴρ δ' ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ στὰς, ἐκαρτέρει μάχῃ. Read ἐκαρτέρει μάχῃ, that is to say, μάχῃ ἦν καρτερά. So Soph. Ant. 259. Λόγοι δ' ἦν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐρρόθουν κακοὶ, Φύλαξ ἀλίγχων φύλακα.

V. 766. Καλῶς ἔλεξας τῶν θεῶν τ' ἐμοῦ θ' ὕπερ. Σήμαινε δ' ᾧ χρὴ τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς φέρειν Πρὸς Ἄργος, ὅτι τε χρὴ κλύοντά σου λέγειν. Can ὅς be used in this kind of interrogation instead of τίς or ὅστις? Read, Σήμαινε τῷ, χρή. So v. 256. Ἐκεῖσε δὴ πάντελθε, πῶς νιν εἴλετε, Τρόπῳ θ' ὁποίῳ.

V. 806. ΙΦ. Ἀλλ' ἡ Λάκαινα Τυνδαρὶς σ' ἐγείνατο; ΟΡ. Πέλοπός τε παιδὶ παιδὸς ἐκπέφυκ' ἐγώ. Is ἐκπέφυκα παιδὶ good Greek? We should rather have expected, Πέλοπός γε παιδὶ παιδὸς ἐξέφυσέ με. *Yes, she bare me to the son of the son of Pelops.* Or perhaps, Πέλοπός γε παιδὶ παιδὸς, οὗ πέφυκ' ἐγώ. It may be observed, that in the answer to a question, γε signifies *yes*, as in the preceding example. See Suppl. 122, 146, 294, 575, 755, 766. Iph. Aul. 326, 721, 1362, &c. In the following passages we have changed Τ into Γ. Suppl. 135. ΘΗ. Ἀλλὰ ξένοις ἔδωκας Ἀργείας κόρας; ΑΔ. Τυδεῖ γε, Πολυνείκει τε τῷ Θηβαγενεῖ. *Yes, to Tydeus and Polynices the Theban.* Iph. Taur. 74. ΟΡ. Θριγκοῖς δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῖς σκῦλ' ἑρᾶς ἠρτημένα; ΠΥ. Τῶν κατθανόντων γ' ἀκροθίνια ξένων. The particle γε also signifies *yes*, when the second speaker assents to some observation made by the first speaker, and enlarges it. So Suppl. 161. ΘΗ. Εὐψυχίαν ἔσπευσας ἀντ' εὐβουλίας. ΑΔ. Ὃ δή γε πολλοὺς ὤλεσε στρατηλάτας. *Yes, which has been the ruin of many generals.* Mr. Gaisford has adopted an emendation of Mr. Porson's, ὃ δῆτα πολλοὺς, the propriety of which we do not perceive. The particle δή is to be joined with πολλούς. For examples of this use of γε, see Iph. Aul. 334, 521, 661, 737, 1356, &c.

V. 905. Ὅπως τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομα τῆς σωτηρίας Λαβόντες, ἐκ γῆς βησόμεσθα βαρβάρου. Read, τὸ κλεινὸν ὄμμα τῆς σωτηρίας. See Iph. Aul. 354, where Markland has restored ὄμμα for ὄνομα on the authority of all the MSS.

V. 918. Ὅδ' ἔστι γ' Ἀτρεὼς θυγατρὸς, ὁμογενὴς ἐμοί. *Omnes Gallici*, ἐμός. *Bene, quamquam vulgata non male.* M. After the nominative case ὁμογενὴς, a transcriber is much more likely to convert ἐμοὶ into ἐμὸς, than ἐμὸς into ἐμοί. See our observation on Iph. Aul. 1266. For this reason, among others, we prefer the common reading of this passage. In the following instance, the construction is injured by the use of the possessive pronoun instead of the primitive: Heracl. 417. Τῶν μὲν λεγόντων, ὡς δίκαιον ἦν (*vulgo* ἦ) ξένοις Ἱκέταις ἀρήγειν· τῶν δὲ, μωρίαν ἐμὴν Κατηρεύντων. Read, μωρίαν ἐμοῦ Κατηγορούντων, *accusing me of folly*; not, as according to the common reading, *accusing my folly*. It is well known that κατηγορῶ governs the genitive of the person accused, and the accusative of

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the accusation. So Or. 28. Φοίβου δ' ἀδικίαν μὲν τί δεῖ κατηγορεῖν. *Why should I accuse Apollo of injustice?*

V. 937. ΟΡ. Φοίβου κελευσθεὶς, θεσφάτοις ἀφικόμην. ΙΦ. Τί χρῆμα δρά-σων; ῥητὸν, ἢ σιγώμενον; Κελευσθεὶς δράσειν is not Greek. Read therefore, Τί χρῆμα δράσων;

V. 1044. ΟΡ. Σοὶ δὴ τίς ἄλλος ἐν χεροῖν οἴσει βρίτας; ΙΦ. Ἐγώ. θιγεῖν γὰρ ἄλλον ἐστ' ἐμοὶ μόνῃ. Read, Σὺ δ' ἤ τις ἄλλος.

V. 1173. ΙΦ. Μητέρα κατειργάσαντο κοινωνῷ ξίφει. ΘΟ. Ἄπολλον, οὐδ' ἐν βαρβάροις τόδ' ἔτλη τις ἄν. *Anapæstum in quinta sede Editores intactum reliquerunt. Equidem τόδ' delendum putavi.* G. We are afraid that the word which Mr. Gaisford has expunged, can hardly be spared without some other alteration of the verse. Hel. 95. ΤΕΥ. Οἰκεῖον αὐτὸν ὧλεσ' ἁλμ' ἐπὶ ξίφος. ΕΛ. Μανίτ'; ἐπεὶ τίς σωφρονῶν τλαίη τάδ' ἄν; Med. 1339. Οὐκ ἔστις ἥτις τοῦτ' ἂν Ἑλληνὶς γυνὴ Ἔτλη ποθ'. If it were certain, that the two particles ὃ οὐ could coalesce into one syllable, we should not hesitate to propose, Ἄπολλον, οὐδ' ἐν βαρβάροις ἔτλη τις ἄν. The disposition of ὃ to unite with the following word (as οὐγὼ, οὐφοβεῖτο, &c.) and of οὐ to unite with the preceding word (as μὴ δῦ, ἐγὼ οὐ, ἐπεὶ οὐ, &c.) renders it not improbable that the crasis which we propose is legitimate. We are unable, however, to produce any example of it, except the common reading of Alc. 196, upon which very little reliance can be placed.

V. 1213. ΦΘ. Καὶ φίλων γ' οὐδεὶς μάλιστα. ΘΟ. τοῦτ' ἔλεξας εἰς ἐμέ. Οὐδεὶς *scilicet* πιλαζίτω. M. The only authority for οὐδεὶς πιλαζίτω which we recollect at present, is the following inscription, which is painted over one of the doors of the apartments of the Royal Academy in Somerset Place: ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΜΟΥΣΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ. If we had been of counsel with the author of the inscription, we should have recommended ΜΗΔΕΙΣ. In the verse under consideration, the true reading seems to be οὐ δεῖ.

V. 1480. Ἴτωσαν εἰς σὴν, ξὺν θεᾶς ἀγάλμασι, Γαῖαν, καθιδρύσαιντό τ' εὐτυ-χοῦς βρίτας. So also Ion. 1130. Θύσας δὲ γειτέναις θεοῖσιν, ἣν μακρὸν χρόνον Μένω, παροῦσι δαῖτες ἔστωσαν φίλοις. We believe that no third instance of this form of the imperative occurs in the forty-four remaining Greek plays. In the first passage, we are inclined to read, Ἴτων τε τὴν σήν. So Æsch. Eum. 32. Ἴτων πάλῳ λαχόντες. In the Ion, the true reading appears to be ἑστᾶσιν. The oldest examples of this imperative which we have observed, and which we do not suspect to be corrupt, occur in two fragments of Archestratus preserved by Athenæus: P. 4, E. Ἑστω-σαν δ' ἢ τρεῖς ἢ τέσσαρες οἱ ξυνάπτοντες. P. 56. C. Ῥυσαὶ καὶ δρυπεπεῖς πα-ρακείσθωσάν σοι ἐλαῖαι. Archestratus was probably contemporary with Aristotle. Περιμαξάτωσαν and περιθέτωσαν occur in a fragment of the Μητραγύρτης of Menander, p. 120, ed. Cler. In the age of Menander, the Attic language was in a state of rapid decline.

ERRATUM.

In No. 12, pages 447 and 449, *for* "second hypothesis," *read* "several hypotheses."

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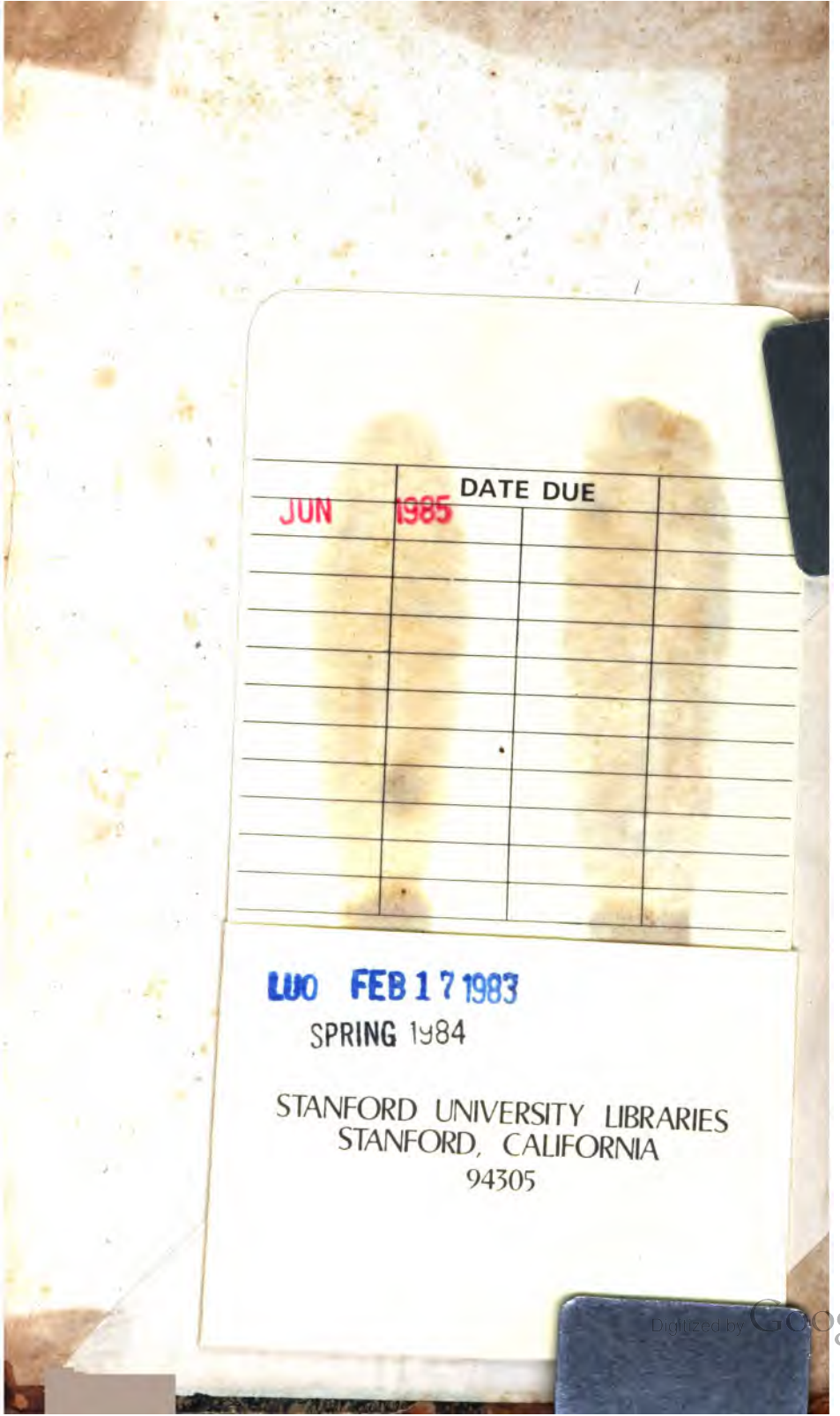

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